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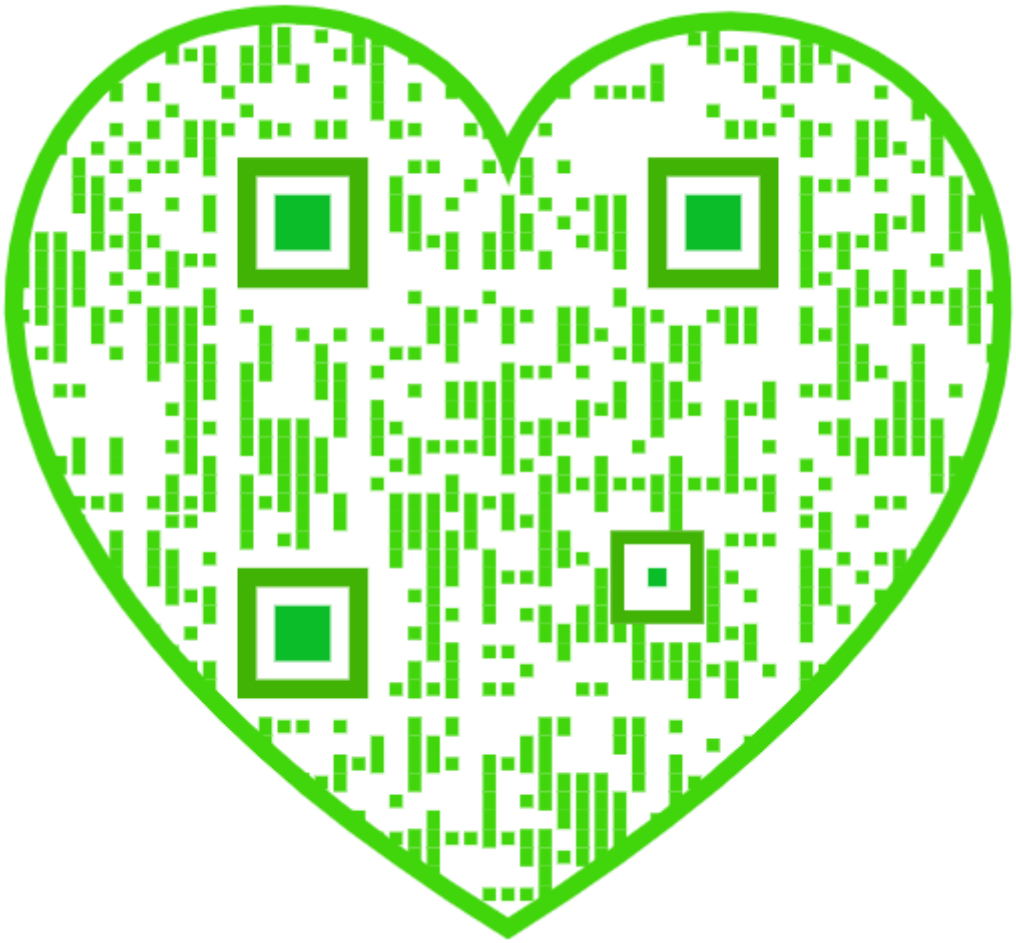

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PATRIOTIC READER;

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IN VERSE AND PROSE, FROM VARIOUS AGES, LANDS, AND RACES, WITH HISTORICAL NOTES.

BY

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IN SIXTEEN PARTS.

THE PATRIOT'S CRY.—PSALM CXXXVII.

PHILADELPHIA:

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PREFACE.

The "Patriotic Reader" has for its purpose the use of utterances that inspire good citizenship. The youth of America share in the excitements of the day, and, amid all their opportunities for the study of history and science, are tempted to overvalue sensational culture, and postpone until they enter upon the serious duties of active life the real preparation for those duties. No apology is made for selections, or omissions, in this effort to contribute to their reading material. The restoration to a more general use of the grand words of our fathers, and those of the earliest and of classical times, is based upon that plain logic of all human history which asserts the love of liberty and love of country to be the yearning desire of the human soul.

The trend of forty centuries was toward a "promised country;" and Jerusalem of old was sacred not only as a shrine "to which the tribes went up," but as a beloved capital. The nineteen following centuries only intensify the essential elements of that Hebrew devotion; and every form of dissent, whether of despotism or anarchism, is repulsive to the true interests of society, which find the best happiness of the many through the happiness of each. Mere heroism is not always patriotic, but its purest type is where the general welfare involves sacrifice of self; and the struggles for liberty and country in other lands are as worthy of study as those which are peculiarly American. The efforts of Poland, Hungary, and Ireland have not been failures because of temporary defeat. The very record of sacrifice for country

quickens and perpetuates patriotic sentiment, and to-day, more than ever before, the principles which actuated great leaders and adorned exemplar lives are more important, in the education of youth, than are the minute details of memorable battle action.

In all true progress, however modified by ignorance or superstition, there has been the influential sanction of some religious sentiment. The earliest Hebrew life was perfumed by its presence, and prophecy and song still compete with narrative, to exalt the valor of those who made homage to some Superior Being the interfusing force of the best national being.

In the United States there has been vouchsafed such a deliverance from inherited and antagonizing interests, that the youth of all sections, as never before, can value the utterances which called the nation into life, and as they cherish the fireside divinities of their own homes, no less proudly honor the words and deeds of those who early trod the wine-press, that through their labors the perfected liberty might come forth purified, clear, and wholesome.

A single volume for practical use, which seeks to stimulate toward higher citizenship, through patriotic expression and example, can, at best, only open a door of the temple, and invite a considerate regard for the limited view presented.

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PATRIOTIC READER.

PART I.

HEBREW AND RELATED NATIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

The identification of long-lost cities, hierarchies, characters, and customs, through deciphered hieroglyphics, papyri, and exhumed ruins, gives new value to the Old Testament records. The civilized world cannot separate its accepted principles of jurisprudence, nor its highest conception of the history and dignity of man, from the narrative, the philosophy, and the development of those records. That which the brightest statesmen, philanthropists, and poets have found to be an inexhaustible source of material from which to guide men to better living, cannot be ignored, in a proper outline of patriotic life and expression. Where lofty purpose, sublime self-denial, and a harmonious trend toward enlightenment and universal peace form the predominant element, it is impossible for any one justly to deny its presence and its power.

Already we find well-preserved confirmatory memorials that recite the heroic deeds and utterances of Pharaohs who lived and reigned five hundred years before the exodus of the Hebrew from Egyptian bondage, with snatches from epic song that vie with the Song of Deborah in brightness of patriotic fervor, and move with the majestic sweep with which the jubilant outburst of Moses and of Miriam announced, for the benefit of succeeding generations, the First National Independence of a delivered people. Already the "Annals of Thothmes III." minutely de-

scribe a battle of his period, which was fought on that remarkable field of Megiddo, whose natural strategic relations were so permanent as to have determining value as late as the days of Napoleon. "The Book of the Dead" is to be read in our own language. Ramses II. delivers to the nineteenth century his narrative of the deliverance of his country from assailing "myriads," and amid his pompous assumptions of mighty personal prowess there is never wanting the glorification of country, with appeals to the people, high and low, that they "honor their king, as inspired by the Lord of all the gods to be their deliverer and their protector."

The essential unity of all history, in its recognition of patriotic service, is thus made manifest through the explorations of science; imparting new dignity and value to discovery, and crowning with fresh endorsement the historical records which form so large a portion of the Hebrew Bible.

The poet Bryant caught the spirit of the past so fully, that his lines may well introduce a record of patriotic expression and struggle which foreshadows the dawning of a universal liberty, when the endearments of a safe home and a free country shall belong to everybody.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarléd pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade; and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds,
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades,—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old,—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,

And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailéd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands.
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thine enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler; he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send

Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets.
Oh! not yet
May'st thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lips
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood and rejoiced.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE EQUALITY OF MAN.

GENESIS stands at the head of the literature of the world, the oldest complete book in existence. The earliest writings that compete with it are those recovered in late years from the ruins of Nineveh and the tombs of Egypt; but neither the Euphrates nor the Nile has given us anything that will compare in manifold value, far less in spiritual grandeur, with this Hebrew relic.

The very plan of Genesis is enough to show its superiority to all other primeval literature. It is an introduction to the dealings of God with man. Human interests and human occupations of all kinds are touched in the development of this one subject. It gives us glimpses of ancient life more than a thousand years before Herodotus, the great father of history, was born, and these are corroborated by every advance of knowledge from other sources. Nor is the history given in Genesis like the pompous inscriptions of equal antiquity left in Egypt or

Babylon. We have the every-day life of the people, the light and shadow of human hopes and fears, the flesh-and-blood forms of beings like ourselves, though separated from us by forty centuries.

Written during widely different states of society and culture, with men of all ranks, from the Eastern king to the simple husbandman and herdsman, among their authors, all the books introduced by Genesis are linked together in a mysterious harmony of tone and aim, the last completing what all the rest slowly advance. All other writings of antiquity fail to realize the dignity of man as man, and ignore the existence of the people, except as a mere background to the deeds and glory of the dignified few. In Scripture, however, including its first book, a higher spirit of liberty and respect for man is breathed. If these be found on a throne, its occupant has corresponding notice; but if they have retired to the tent or the slave hut, they are followed thither, and the throne is passed by to reach them. The story of the common people of the chosen race is the great theme begun in Genesis, and all the subsequent books continue it to its culmination, Anno Domini.

Respect for manhood, as such, colors the whole. From their first simple patriarchal constitutions, by which the community at large is represented through elders chosen from its own members, through the oppressions of Egypt, the wanderings in the desert, and the life in Canaan, till the destruction of the nation by the Romans, despotism never extinguishes this vigorous national life. At times the elders are the channels of communication between the higher authorities and the people, and then again the community itself is gathered in one vast assembly to hear and decide great questions directly; but in all cases liberty is respected, and the concurrence of the people as a whole is required in all public action. While all the world beside was sunk in political slavery, the noblest ideas of liberty found a home in the pages of Scripture. These fostered a spirit of national independence which made the Jew invincible; for, though he might be overpowered, he never submitted.

The noblest inspirations of freedom have ever been found among the populations which have drunk in most of the spirit of the Bible. It has been the charter of human rights from the

remotest ages, and it still silently protests against every social injustice and oppression. Even in Genesis this lesson is emphatically taught, that true dignity consists, not in mere outward rank or illustrious birth, but in the higher qualities of the intellect and heart.

CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE.

NOTE.—Published in two hundred and fifty-six languages; including Japanese, in 1888.—ED.

LOYALTY TO COUNTRY.

Extract from "Pentaur's Egyptian Epic," of about the fifteenth century B.C., giving a description, by Ramses II., of his combat with the army of the Khita;* probably the Hittites of Old Testament history.

THE king pierced the lines of the miserable Khita. He was alone. He turned to look behind him, and, lo! around him were two thousand five hundred chariots of the vile Khita. Each chariot bore three men. The king had with him no chief, no marshal, no captain, no officer. Fled were his troops and his horses! Then lifted he up his voice to God, and said, "I call on thee, Father Ammon. I am amid unknown multitudes. Nations are gathered against me. My numerous soldiers have forsaken me. When I called to them not one listened to my voice. But I think Ammon worth more to me than a million of soldiers. I have never disobeyed thy word. Lo, have I not glorified thee, even to the ends of the earth?" Ammon heard when I called. He gave me his hand. He called to me, from behind: "Ramses, Miamon, I hasten to thy aid. It is I, thy Father. I am worth to thee more than a hundred thousand men."

My prayer was answered. To the right I hurled my arrows. To the left I overthrew mine enemy. I was like Baar† in his fury. The twenty-five hundred chariots encircling me were broken into splinters. Not a Khitan finds a hand to fight with. Their hearts faint within them, and fear palsies their limbs. I tumbled them into the waters like crocodiles. Head first I

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* In proper names the vowels have the same value as in Continental languages.

† Boar,—*i.e.*, the Devil.

pitched them over, one after the other. I slew them by thousands!

Then called the king to his archers, to his cavalry, to his chiefs who had failed to fight. He said, "Of what profit are such cowards? Is there one among you who has done his duty to his country? Had I not been given power from above, ye would all have perished. Every day I have made some of you princes. To sons, I have transmitted the honors of their fathers. If any evil has happened to Egypt I have not held you responsible. Whoever has come to me with his complaints, it is I who have administered justice, in person. Never did royal master for his soldiers what I have done for you. Yet you have played the coward, all of you. Not one of you stood by me when I had to fight. What a military deed is this to present at the Theban altar as an offering to Ammon! What a shame! What a disgrace, and to *my* soldiers, and to *my cavalry!* Yet the whole world has seen the path of my victory and my might. People saw it, and will repeat my name even in remote and unknown lands. Of the millions who saw me to-day, not one paused in his flight. All dropped their arrows and fled or turned to me in supplication."

LYSANDER DICKERMAN.

HYMN TO AMMON RA.

From the fifteenth chapter of the Egyptian epic, "The Home of the Dead."

HAIL to thee, Ra! O self-created God!
With crowns of the North and the South on thy head,
While on thy brow sits the goddess Ne-bun.*
How watchful is she, of thy on-moving bark,
And of thy foes, how mighty to punish!
All those who dwell in the land of the dead
Pay homage to thee, O Father of light;
Lo, I bow once more at sight of thy disk,
Not hiding from thee in slothful repose,
But, renewed and restored by thee each day,

---

* The viper, especially the Egyptian Uræus.

Am numbered among thy loved ones on earth.
Into this world of ages I entered;
Back to eternity hope to return,
Because thou hast said that I am thine own.
* * * * * *
O God! sublime in thy splendor,
Begetter of self, not begotten,
Permit my ascent from this earth
To dwell evermore with the blest,
The spirits complete in Kher Neter.*
* * * * *
I stretch out my hands to thy disk,
O thou creator of ages,
Gloriously sinking to Nun,†
Who in his bosom thee keepeth,
Thou grandest, supremest of gods.
Oh, glory to Ra, and glory to Tum,‡
Resplendent with beauty, diadems, power.
Ye traverse the heavens, encompass the earth,
Gilding the zenith in majesty bright.
Before thee, abased, behold the two lands,
The gods of the West in thy beauty rejoice,
And nations unknown give thee homage and praise,
While kings whom thou hast created and saved,
To thee their trophies as offerings bring.
From farthest horizon, they homage ascribe,
Saying, "Hail to thy coming, O power divine!
O bringer of peace! O author of life!"

LYSANDER DICKERMAN.

THE MEMORIAL DAY OF THE EXODUS.

(About 1491 B.C. "This day shall be a memorial day, throughout your generations." Book of Exodus, chapter xii. v. 14.)

THE Passover Feast of the Hebrew, symbol of physical, moral, and intellectual freedom, occurs when nature awakens from her long winter sleep, the blossoms appear, the grass decks the meadows, the birds' sweet music is again heard in the land.

* Elysium. † Pronounced *noon*. ‡ The setting sun: pronounced *toom*.

and over all shines the sun in resplendent glory. All utter the song of freedom. Freedom is the word that finds a joyous echo in every human heart. It is the shibboleth of nations, the magic call from the Angel's trumpet of resurrection, a ray of heaven's own light, penetrating the vale of darkness. For, what are slavery, darkness, and death, but the loss of freedom; as light, life, and liberty are but freedom actualized?

Every living creature, like the merry lark, rising skyward with joyous song, feels that freedom is his birthright, and, deprived of it, mourns the loss and pines away to death. Only he who has felt its restriction can rightly value it. We who live in a land where we act as we please, in harmony with beneficent law, do not appreciate as we should the great boon that we enjoy. Ask him who has the fetters felt, and been subject to a tyrant's rule, and he will say that freedom is the sweetest word the lips can utter or the mind contain.

Therefore let us salute the Pasch Festival with triumphant hymns, for it is the Memorial birthday of the earliest national liberty. It declares to the world that nations have the right to govern themselves; that they are not subject to a despot's will; that government exists for the good of the governed, and that all who administer it, act in that capacity, for the people only.

It is no less the day of personal freedom, which must not be drowned in the nation's liberty. Man is infinitely more than the citizen of any commonwealth; an intelligent, moral, and free being, created in the image of his Maker. He is not merely a member of society subject to the nation's will and rule, but the nation and government are his creatures. Man was not made for the state, but the state for man. Personal freedom is therefore the highest species of liberty, the fundamental principle of all. This was proclaimed by the Hebrew Exodus from bondage. Laws are still enacted to protect communities and individuals against danger to limb, life, health, honor, moral and intellectual progress; but in all other respects man retains individual personal freedom.

On this natal day of religious liberty and freedom of conscience, all hearts throb anew with that love of country which is one of the holiest and most elevating aspirations of the human soul. The beautiful old English word "Home," no idle

name, no empty sound, has a sublimity and pathos which touch the tenderest chords, and brings to mind the recollection of all we hold most dear on earth. But even the precious word "Home" would fail of its happiest influence if we did not connect with it the idea of our country, the land of our birth, or where all our temporal interests are concentred.

A man's country is not merely that of his birth, so often a matter of chance; but the land of his happiness. Born in one quarter of the globe, without attachment for its associations, he may become so bound up and identified with that of his adoption as to hold it in every respect as his own true native land. In this light do very many of our citizens consider America. It has afforded shelter and refuge; it has recognized the liberty which is theirs through a common humanity. In no other land is there like freedom in matters of conscience, such recognition and appreciation of the great principles of religion, and the universal obligation of all men to seek the highest happiness of all.

Truth unites, ennobles, humanizes, and makes men both free and just. So shall we become more worthy of freedom, more worthy of our country, more sacredly consecrated to its welfare and its glory, and thus maintain our part as children of blessing and teachers of the world.

RABBI RAPHAEL LASKER.

PATRIOTIC SONG OF MOSES.

(Book of Exodus, chapter xv. About 1491 B.C.)

I WILL sing to Jehovah, for He hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and its rider hath He hurled into the sea.
Jehovah is my Victory and Song, He is my deliverer;
He is my God, I will praise Him;
The God of my fathers, I will exalt Him.

Jehovah is a hero of war; Jehovah is His name!
The chariots of Pharaoh and his might He cast into the seas;
His chosen captains were drowned in the Weedy Sea.*

* Heb., "Sea of Weeds." Historically, the Red Sea.

The depths covered them;
They sank to the bottom like a stone.
Thy right hand, O Jehovah, glorious in power,
Thy right hand, O Jehovah, broke in pieces the foe.

In the greatness of Thy excellency Thou hast overthrown them
that opposed Thee!
Thou didst let loose Thy fiery indignation, and it consumed them
like stubble!
Before the breath of Thy nostrils the waters piled themselves up;
The floods stood up like a dam,—
The waves were congealed in the midst of the sea.

The foe said, "I will pursue, I will overtake,
I will divide the prey, I will glut my revenge on them,
I will draw out my sword and destroy them."
Then Thou breathedst with Thy wind; the sea covered them;
They whirled down like lead in the rushing waters.

Who is like unto Thee among the gods, O Jehovah?
Who is like unto Thee,—so great in Thy majesty,
So fearful in glory, doing such wondrous deeds?
Thou stretchedst out Thy right hand,
Then the earth swallowed them up.
Thou leadest by Thy grace the people whom Thou didst redeem,
Thou leadest them by Thy strength to Thy holy habitation.

The peoples shall hear it and be afraid,
Trembling shall seize the inhabitants of Philistia.
The princes of the tribes of Edom are already in terror;
The mighty men of Moab, trembling seizes them;
The inhabitants of Canaan melt for fear.
Fear and dread fall on them,
At the greatness of Thine arm they stiffen, in terror, like stone,
Till Thy people, O Jehovah, have passed over;
Till Thy people, whom Thou hast made Thine own, have passed
over;
Till Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them on the mount of
Thine inheritance,
The place, O Jehovah, which Thou hast made Thy dwelling;

The Sanctuary, O Jehovah, which Thy hands have prepared.
Jehovah is king for ever and ever;
For Pharaoh's horse, and his chariots, and his riders, went into the sea;
And Jehovah brought back over them the waters;
But the children of Israel went on dry land through the depths.

MOSES IN SIGHT OF THE PROMISED LAND.

(About 1451 B.C. See Book of Deuteronomy, chapter xxxiv.)

THE legislation of Moses! Let me ask, what other legislation of ancient times is still exerting any influence upon the world? What philosopher, what statesman of ancient times can boast a single disciple now? What other voice comes down to us, over the stormy waves of time? But this man is at this day—at this hour—exerting a mighty influence over millions; the whole Hebrew nation do homage to his illustrious name. Though the daily sacrifice has ceased, and the distinction of the tribes is lost, though the temple has not left one stone upon another, and the altar-fires have been extinguished long ago, still, wherever a Jew is found,—and they are found wherever the foot of an adventurer travels,—he is a living monument of the power which this great Hebrew statesman still has over the minds and hearts of his countrymen.

And now let us take one glance at this prophet, at the close of a life so laborious and honored. Up to his one-hundred-and-twentieth year, his eye was not dim, nor had his strength abated. But now, when he stands almost on the edge of the promised land, his last hour of mortal life has come. To conduct his people to that land had been his daily effort, and his nightly dream, and yet he is not permitted to enter it, though it would never have been the home of Israel, but for him. He ascends a mountain to die, and there the land of promise spreads out its romantic landscape at his feet. There is Gilead, with its deep valleys and forest-covered hills; there are the rich plains and pastures of Dan; there is Judah, with its rocky heights, and

Jericho, with its palm-trees and rose-gardens; there is Jordan seen from Lebanon downward, winding over its yellow sands; the long blue line of the Mediterranean can be seen over the mountain battlements of the west. On this magnificent deathbed the Statesman of Israel breathed his last. Lest the gratitude which so often follows the dead, though denied to the living, should pay him Divine honors, they buried him in darkness and silence; and no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day. ANDREW P. PEABODY.

HEBREW PATRIOTISM.

THE race which contended with the idolatry, the art, the science, and the luxury of ancient dynasties, and, through war, captivity, and reproach, handed down to us the writings of Moses, David, and the prophets, was imbued with the spirit of the loftiest patriotism. The songs of Moses and Deborah are above imitation in the grandeur of their patriotic zeal. The recitations of Job, and the mingled thunderings, wails, and jubilant anticipations of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and their co-patriots and prophets, have no rivals in the history of the race. Never did classic or modern pen so vividly set forth the wild rage of war, as when, through their glowing page, we seem to see the fire flash from grinding chariot-wheels, the very heavens to be shrouded in the dust of clashing squadrons, the air filled with the flight of arrows, and hear the snorting of impassioned horses and the mighty din of battle.

The Hebrews first learned to protect their flocks and herds from wild beasts and robbers. Without cities, until they mastered those of their foes, inured to exposure, inspired by the promise of an inheritance of marvellous extent and richness, they acquired such dexterity in the fabrication of arms that, when once overpowered by the Philistines, they were only allowed to retain files, for sharpening ploughshares, lest they might convert the simplest tools into weapons for war.

The Hebrew march into Canaan, intrusted by Moses to Joshua, was well directed. To have entered from the south would have

brought them at once into contact with the martial Philistines along the Mediterranean Sea, and the equally fierce people who dwelt between Philistia and the Dead Sea. The decimal organization, established by Abraham and continued up to the present day, furnished an ever ready basis for the organization and mobilization of their fighting men. As successive appliances for war were invented by their enemies, so did they supplement their primitive arms and armor with the most modern and the best.

Surrounded, they became self-dependent, and, so long as they sought no foreign alliances, they maintained their liberty. The marvellous secret of their power was a true independence of the sensual nations with whom they had contact. Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Egypt fell, as predicted by the Hebrew sages, because sensuality was mightier to waste than the sword to save.

It was this Hebrew people that entered Canaan, to realize a destiny of mighty achievement and gain the country which had been the inspiration of their history. Never did crusade have like incentive; for the triumphs of their ancestors were accepted as simple guarantees of the full fruition of their hopes as a nation. The Hebrew conquest is full of scenes which pass like the sweep of some grand diorama. It was an age of heroes, even until we reach that most extraordinary period of human history, in which the entire region embracing Egypt, Greece, Persia, and the valley of the Euphrates, bore witness to the glory of their valor, so long as patriotic instinct and training held them up to the plane of pure patriotic obligation. That was indeed a grand occasion, when Joshua, on completing his first conquest, and on the eve of retirement to private life, assembled the mighty host in two grand divisions, upon the opposite mountains of Ebal and Gerizim, and commanded them to recite aloud, responsively, the real conditions of true, permanent independence. It is thus described by Geikie: "Such a scene, transacted twelve hundred years before the first Punic war, a thousand years before the birth of Socrates, is unique in the history of the world. When did any other nation thus pledge itself to a high religious life, as the recognized condition of its prosperity, wherein disobedience of parents, inhumanity to the blind, to strangers, widows, and orphans, and even the

removal of a neighbor's landmarks, were made crimes, to be severely punished?"

The custodian of the Alexandrian Library is mute; his records are lost forever; but the heroism, loyalty, and patriotism of Moses, of Joshua, of Gideon, Deborah, and David, have survived Babylon, Nineveh, and Egypt, as examples for all times and races, that loyalty to country embodies in its purest exercise every principle that makes a nation great.

NOTE.—Beside the original organization of the people, by fifties, hundreds, and thousands, upon a careful census basis, the Hebrew nation made pro-rata levies, enforced drafts, hired auxiliaries, supplied money and rations, distinguished between men "trained to keep rank," and light troops or scouts, and combined all possible elements that could unify purpose and redound to the honor and success of their arms. Their exposure, eastward, to hostile incursions, led to the adoption of a "Signal System" of communicating watchmen by day, and fires by night, which called forth that matchless prediction, by Isaiah, of a future reign of peace, when "the watchmen should see eye to eye, and the Lord bring again Zion."

THE HEBREW JUBILEE.

(About 1490 B.C. "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof. It shall be a Jubilee unto you." Book of Leviticus, chapter xxv. v. 10.)

FREE is the bondman now; each one returns
To his inheritance. The man, grown old
In servitude, far from his native fields,
Hastes joyous on his way. No hills are steep;
Smooth is each rugged path. His little ones
Sport as they go; while oft the mother chides
The lingering step, lured by the way-side flowers.
At length the hill, from which a farewell look,
And still another parting look, he threw
On his paternal vale, appears in sight.
The summit gained, throbs hard his heart with joy
And sorrow blent, to see that vale once more.
Instant his eager eye darts to the roof

Where first he saw the light; his youngest-born
He lifts, and, pointing to the much-loved spot,
Says, "There thy fathers lived, and there they sleep."
Onward he wends; near and more near he draws.
How sweet the tinkle of the palm-bowered brook!
The sunbeam, slanting through the cedar grove,
How lovely, and how mild! But lovelier still
The welcome in the eye of ancient friends,
Scarce known at first; and dear the fig-tree shade,
'Neath which, on Sabbath eve, his father told
Of Israel from the house of bondage freed,
Led through the desert to the promised land!
With eager arms the aged stem he clasps,
And with his tears the furrowed bark bedews;
And still, at midnight hour, he thinks he hears
The blissful sound that breaks the bondman's chains,
The glorious peal of freedom and of joy.

SYLVESTER GRAHAM.

PATRIOTIC SONG OF DEBORAH AND BARAK.

"On the avenging of wrongs in Israel, when the people willingly offered themselves." Book of Judges, chapter v. (about 1285 B.C.).

THE petty kingdom of Hazor, overrun by Joshua a century before, had recovered under a successor of the same name, Jabin, who invaded Palestine. Deborah, "The Bee," a woman of rare wisdom and exalted patriotism, had been intrusted with judicial authority, and this she exercised under a palm-tree, bearing her own name, near the city gate. Fired by the cowardice of her countrymen, whom she could still arouse by her lofty and passionate appeals, she peremptorily detailed Barak, "The Thunderer," to march with ten thousand men to punish the invaders, predicting a complete success. He protested against the expedition unless she would accompany him in person to the field. She promptly assented, but warned him that the glory he might have achieved for himself, by prompt obedience, would fall to the lot of a woman, and not to him. The result was the first

great victory since the days of Joshua. It quickened the passion for freedom, which had already received new impulse from the commanding genius of this judicial prophetess.

The song briefly glances at the early glory of her people, deplores their apathy and the desolation of their homes and marts of trade, and then mingles her praise of the brave volunteers who accompanied Barak, with stinging rebuke of the selfish and cowardly "stay-at-home" element. Some preferred to pipe to their flocks, and hear the bleatings of their sheep, out of danger. Others could not break away from their boats and their fishing at Acre and Joppa; while the irony with which the indecision of Reuben is styled "great heart revolves," is relieved by the praise of Issachar, who kept at the front with Barak, and of Zebulun and Naphtali, whose highest joy was to risk life for country "on the high field of battle." The fruits of the victory are set forth in the picture of a fresh security around the scattered springs of water, which in times of disorder were infested by robbers, but by the overthrow of Jabin had been made secure. The river Kishon, which runs tumultuously in the wet season, and the stars themselves, are described as in sympathy with the national cause. The memorable field of Megiddo is the scene of the victory.

DEBORAH'S SONG.

Praise ye Jehovah,
That the Leaders acted as became them in Israel,
That the People showed themselves valiant.
Hear, O ye Kings,—give ear, O ye Princes.
I, to Jehovah, even I,—to Jehovah,—I will sing,—
I will sing (sound the harp) to Jehovah, Israel's God.

Jehovah, when Thou wentest forth from Seir,
When Thou marchedst hither from the land of Edom,
The earth trembled, and the heavens streamed down;
The clouds poured forth (dropped) waters,
The mountains melted (flowed down) before Jehovah,
Sinai flowed down, before the face of Jehovah,
Before the God of Israel.

In the days of Shamgar, son of Anath,
In the days of Jael, the (village) roads lay idle,
(The caravans on the highways ceased)
And travellers (wanderers) went round by secret (crooked) paths.
Leaders had ceased in Israel;—there were none,
Until that I, Deborah, arose, a Mother in Israel.
They chose new gods. Therefore was war (even) at the gates.
Was there a shield seen, or a (single) spear,
Among forty thousand in Israel?

My heart thanks you, ye leaders of Israel,—
Ye brave ones, who offered yourselves from the people.
Praise ye Jehovah!
Tell of it, ye that ride on white asses,
Ye that sit in the gate of judgment,
And ye that walk by the way.
Far from the noise of archers; in the places of drawing water,
There, shall they rehearse the righteous deeds of Jehovah,—
Even the righteous deeds of His leading Israel;
For then did the people (in safety) have judgment at the gates.

Up, then! Up, then, Deborah!
Up, then! Up, then! sing (lead) the song of battle.
Arise, Barak! thou son of Abinoam,
And lead back thy captives!

Then rushed down a small band of the chiefs and the people.
Jehovah, Himself, came down to my help, against the mighty.
Out of Ephraim came they whose root is in Amalek.
After them Benjamin; thou, (Benjamin) with thy people.
The Leaders (law-givers) came down from Machir (Manasseh),
And from Zebulun they that handle the marshal's staff,
And the princes of Issachar were with Deborah,
Issachar pressed closely by Barak, on foot, into the valley.

By the water-courses of Reuben
There were great (consultations) heart revolves.
Why lingerest thou (Reuben) in the sheep-folds

To hear the pipings for the flocks?
By the water-courses of Reuben there were great heart-recoils.
Gilead (Gad) still lingered beyond Jordan;
And, Dan, why keep to thy boats on the beach?
Asher still sits by the shore of the sea, and clings to his creeks.
Zebulun was a people to jeopard their lives to the death;
And Naphtali, also, on the field of battle.

The kings came and fought;
Then fought the kings of Canaan,
At Taanach, by the waters of Megiddo;
But they took (not a single piece of silver)—
No gain of money did they take.

The heavens fought for us;
Even the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.
The River Kishon swept them away, that ancient river,
(That torrent stream) the River Kishon.
Step forth, my soul, march on in strength.
Then battered were the hoofs of the horses
By reason of the gallopings,
The gallopings of the mighty ones, their riders.

"Curse ye Meroz,"* cried the Angel of Jehovah,
"Bitterly curse ye the inhabitants thereof;
For they came not to the help of Jehovah,
To the help of Jehovah against the mighty."

Blessed above women shall Jael be,
The wife of Heber the Kenite.
Blessed shall she be above women in the tent.
He begged for water, and she gave him milk;
In the bowl of a prince she (gave) brought him (even) cream.
But her (left) hand she stretched out to the tent-pin,
Her right hand to the workman's hammer,
And with the hammer she smote Sisera through the head.

* A village on the line of pursuit, which refused to take part in the victory.

Yea, she pierced and struck through his temples.
At (between) her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay,—
At her feet he bowed, he fell,
Where he bowed, there he fell (overpowered) dead.

Through the window she looked out, the mother of Sisera,
Looked forth through the lattice and cried,
"Why is his chariot so long in return?
Why tarry the wheels (steeds) of his chariot?"

Her wise ladies answered her;
Yea, she returned answer to herself,
"Have they not found? have they not been dividing the spoil?
A damsel, two damsels, to every man.
To Sisera, a spoil of divers colors of embroidery,
Of divers colors of embroidery on both sides,
A spoil for the neck."

So let all Thine enemies,
So let all Thine enemies perish, Jehovah;
But let them that love Him be as the sun
When he goeth forth in his might.

THE PATRIOT'S CRY.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXXXVII.

Verses 1, 2, and 3.

By Babylon's still waters we sat down and wept,
Yea, we wept as we thought of Zion our pride,
And we hung our mute harps, once in harmony swept,
On the willows that mournfully bent o'er the tide;
For they who had carried us captives away
Would awaken our bosoms to gladness once more:
Our spoilers commanded that Salem's sweet lay
Should be breathed from our lips on Assyria's shore.

Verses 4, 5, and 6.

But how could we sing the high song of the Lord
  In the land of the stranger, or yield us to mirth,
When back to our bosoms, on every loved word,
  Would cluster regrets for the land of our birth?
O Jerusalem dear, when no remembrance shall come
  Of thy splendors and glories, to darken my heart,
Let my tongue be in silence perpetual dumb,
  Let my hand be forgetful of cunning or art.

Verses 7, 8, and 9.

Remember the children of Edom, O God,
  When the day of Jerusalem's vengeance is found.
Oh, blast with thy lightning and smite with thy sword
  All who shouted, "Raze, raze her proud walls to the ground."
And thou, O daughter of Babylon, doomed to the dust,
  Blest ever be he that rewardeth thy crime,
Who meteth thee measure thou gavest to us,
  And leaveth thee shattered, to ruin and time.

GIDEON, THE PATRIOTIC LEADER.

DELIVERS HIS COUNTRY, BUT DECLINES A CROWN.

(About 1245 B.C. See Book of Judges, chapter vii.)

AGAIN, for seven years, the oppression of Israel by Midian had been galling and complete. Aroused by the presence of a vast host, which filled the valley of Jezreel, "as locusts and the sands of the sea, for multitude," Gideon, who commands but thirty-two thousand men, without armor or chariots, resolves to rescue his people.

He needs brave, patriotic men, more than numbers, and publishes a General Order,—"Whoever is fearful and trembling, let him return, and depart from Mount Gilead." The official record reads as follows: "And there returned of the people twenty and two thousand, and there remained ten thousand."

We can conceive the emotions of his men as the lines of the

depleted regiments were contracted, and they began to measure their chances against a foe so mighty, and anxiously awaited the next command from their trusted leader.

Descending into the very midst of the hostile camp, attended by one faithful orderly, or body-servant, Gideon listens to the camp gossip, until, through the recital of a dream by one of the nervous Midianites, he catches an inspiration, which his soldierly wisdom converts into one of the most brilliant strategic movements known to history.

He resolves upon a night attack, in three divisions. His numbers are too many for a surprise and too few to contend in formal battle-array. The crisis is instant, and a test must be immediate. The thirsty troops are sent to the river, and the great Captain calmly reads character, as they drink. Every man who deliberately dips water with his hand, self-possessed and with conscious benefit, is marked, and these number three hundred. All who dash their faces into the stream with silly haste, as if expecting a javelin or dart to cut short their drink, are summarily discharged.

Gideon has applied his test, and is ready for action.

The chosen three hundred form three equal bands. Each man has a lamp, in an earthen vessel, one day's rations, a sword, and a trumpet. The three divisions take position, so as best to concentrate the execution of their commander's will.

Gideon, in person, leads one division, issuing an order to the two elsewhere assigned. "Look on me, and do likewise, and behold, when I come to the outside of the camp, it shall be that, as I do, so shall ye do." Distinct and clear, he makes his Order minute in every detail. His battle-cry rings down the centuries.

"At the beginning of the second watch, when they had newly set the watch," Gideon was ready. At such an hour, when incoming sentries make report, and the new guard goes fresh into the air, for a time hardly conscious of proper beat, or duty, a camp is presumed to be safe. Except that the usual flambeau on the idle chariot before the tent of some chief commander might break the gloom only to intensify the sense of security, profoundest darkness, and silence as that of the grave, enwrap the slumbering invaders of Canaan.

In an instant, on three sides, as if universal, there is heard the strange crash of earthen vessels, while flashing signal lights, each to represent a division General, leap out of the black night. These multiply until three hundred flaming torches only intensify the enveloping gloom, as from three hundred trumpets and three hundred unseen trumpeters, each presumed to be responsible to some great leader, a charge is sounded; and, quick as flash and trumpet note, from three hundred voices, as of so many official heralds, the official War-Cry, fearful watchword, goes through the night air into the very souls of the half-awakened Midianites, —"For Jehovah and for Gideon!"

It is no longer the feeble and despised Hebrews who seem to girdle the plain with fire and trumpet and sword. It is the Lord, the despoiler of Pharaoh! It is the Lord, who divides rivers and seas, and before whose breath the mightiest armies are as gossamer! Every tradition of Hebrew history, every vaguely reported exploit which had marked their early triumphs, must have come fresh to the souls of the disturbed multitude, as the watchword echoed and re-echoed above and around them.

As when some building rocks with the quaking earth, or leaping flames enclose some crowded audience-hall, and panic makes men wild to do, they know not what, in delirium of fright, so the paralyzed but struggling Midianites rush for quickest relief from impending doom, cutting, no matter whom, or how, in the madness of the hour.

Amid the screech and fury of frenzied camels, dashing driverless among the writhing mass of men, the destruction goes on, merciless, remediless, complete. Victory is only limited by the endurance of the Hebrews; for, at the first dawn of day, the men of Israel rally by thousands, to win easy mastery over the bewildered fugitives, who still destroy each other in the lingering tragedy of the night.

The triumph is complete. The offer of a crown, with hereditary succession, is the spontaneous will of a grateful, liberated people; while the patriot hero, a model for emulation and honor to latest time, rejects all but thanks, as he replies, "I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you; but Jehovah, God, He shall rule over you."

THE PATRIOT CITIZEN'S CHALLENGE.

(About 1530 B.C. Book of Job, chapter xxxi. Extract.)

Now, what is the portion of Jehovah from above,
And the heritage of the Almighty from on high?
Is it not calamity to the unrighteous,
And disaster to the workers of iniquity?
Doth He not see my ways, and number all my steps?

If I have walked with vanity,
And my foot hath hasted to deceit,
Let me be weighed in an even balance,
That Jehovah may discern my integrity.

If my step hath turned out of the way,
And mine heart walked after mine own eyes,
And if any spot hath cleaved to mine hands,
Then let me sow, and another reap.

If I did despise the cause of my man-servant, or
Of my maid-servant, when they contended with me,
What, then, shall I do when Jehovah rises up,
What, indeed, shall I do when Jehovah ariseth,
And when He visiteth, what shall I answer Him?
Did not He that made me in the womb, make him?
And did not one fashion us in the womb?

If I have withheld the poor from their desire,
Or have caused the widow to fail,
Or have eaten my morsel alone,
And the fatherless hath not eaten thereof;
If I have seen any perish for want of clothing,
Or that the needy had no cover;
If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless,
Because I saw my power as a judge in the gate,*

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* Allusions are frequent, in ancient history, to the custom of hearing causes at law near the principal gate of the city. An accused bore upon his breast, or shoulder, the complaint against him. The writer not only

Then let my shoulder fall from the shoulder-blade,
And mine arm be broken from the bone.

If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me,
Or elated myself when evil overtook him
(In truth, I have not suffered my mouth to sin,
Nor wished a curse to his soul),
If the men of my tent said not,
"Who can find one that hath not been satisfied from his meat?"
The stranger did not lodge in the street;
But I opened my doors to the traveller.

Oh that I had one to hear me, that the Almighty would judge!
Here is my pledge (signature),
Would that my accuser would write out his complaint!
Surely I would carry it on my shoulder,
And bind it upon me as a crown.
I would declare to my accuser the number of trusts I have filled,
As a prince I would enter his presence.

If my land cry against me, and the furrows thereof complain (weep together),
If I have eaten the fruits thereof without return,
Or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life,
Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and noxious weeds instead of barley.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

(About 710 B.C. See Rollin, vol. i. p. 141. Kings, Book II. chapter xix.)

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;

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demands a full trial and examination of his discharge of duty as a good citizen, but puts in evidence his general character and the offices he has held, especially his fairness when acting officially in the gate.

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride,
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

GEORGE GORDON NOEL (LORD BYRON).

THE OVERTHROW OF BELSHAZZAR.

(About 538 B.C. See Rollin, vol. i. p. 130. Book of Daniel, chapter vi.)

BELSHAZZAR is king! Belshazzar is lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board:
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood;

Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring,
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

"Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold
Which my father tore down from the temples of old:
Bring forth; and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone:
Bring forth!"—and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;
While the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring,
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

Now, what cometh?—look, look!—Without menace, or call,
Who writes, with the lightning's bright hand, on the wall?
What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
"Chaldeans! magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read;—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
Hark!—the Persian is come,
On a conqueror's wing,
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

THE PATRIOTIC MACCABEES.

BETWEEN the closing of the Old Testament and the opening of the New lies a space of about four hundred years. It was a long, weary time of oppressions and misfortunes; but it is lighted up by one of the noblest incidents of history, the struggle for independence under the heroic Judas Maccabeus.

Judea, first a province of Persia, and then of Alexander's vast empire, enjoying peace and prosperity, fell to Syria at his death. The Syrian kings, essentially Greek,—a Greek debased

in language, fashions, and religion,—sought to reduce their new subjects, the Jews, to the same Greek ways. A party, called Sadducees, favored the court, while a sect of Jewish Puritans called Separatists, the historical Pharisees, were zealous monotheists, and opposed the new ways and manners. Still, Greek dress and methods so prevailed at Jerusalem that it seemed as if the simple Jewish worship of one God, with its sturdy moral law, would silently fade away. The Syrian kings, to hasten the process by force, even inflicted death for the circumcision of a child, or the observance of the Sabbath. The people were forced to eat swine's flesh, and, at last, swine were driven into the temple and their blood was sprinkled upon the Jewish Scriptures, wherever they were found. This stirred the people to a frenzy of national feeling and open revolt.

Twenty miles from Jerusalem, on a rocky hill-side, in the village of Modin, dwelt the aged patriarch Mattathias and five strong sons. Here the Syrian officers erected a Greek altar and ordered all to sacrifice. The aged Mattathias not only refused, but slew the officer, as well as a renegade Jew who came to the altar, destroyed the altar itself, and in an hour had chased the Greeks from the village. The great Maccabean movement once begun, numbers joined Mattathias and his sons in the mountains, where they took refuge, and Judas, the ablest and bravest of them, surnamed "Maccab," the Hammer, the hammer of the Gentiles, became their leader. A thousand of the patriots were slaughtered on one Sabbath, when they would not lift a weapon; but thenceforth they fought, Sabbath or no Sabbath, with ever-increasing desperation. It is simply amazing to read what they accomplished. The great Syrian empire was combined against Judea, which was but some thirty miles square. Again and again Judas fell like a thunder-bolt against their armies and routed them. At last, forty thousand foot with seven thousand horse, under three generals, accompanied with Syrian slave-merchants having their gold and silver ready for purchase of the Hebrew prisoners, enforced a crisis. In the spirit of Gideon at an earlier time, Judas bade all of his men who were fearful to go home, and but three thousand remained. By a quick night march he surprised and captured the main body, seized their camp and immense spoil, and then, reinforced by gathering

numbers, and inspired by the war-cry "Eleazar, the help of God!" overwhelmed the Greeks and Syrians, and for two years the Jews remained quietly masters of their country.

Then came the restoration of the temple, which was in ruins, with altar broken, strewed with polluting filth, and the courts overgrown with brush. It was a mighty work to purify it all; but slowly all was done, and, for a whole week, illuminations, songs, and thank-offerings marked the feast of dedication, which was to be one of their gladdest yearly festivals.

A brief truce ensued, for independence had yet to be won. Within three years an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, with elephants, was on its way to crush the national party. Eleazar, the brother of Judas, sacrificed his life to show how the dreaded elephants might be destroyed; but the little army of Judas, defeated, fled to Jerusalem and took refuge in the fortified temple. Then came one of those surprises of Providence, such as had from time to time in their past history given to the Jews their indomitable confidence. The Syrian general, advised of disturbance at home, on a pledge of the ordinary tribute of subject peoples, left them free to carry out their own laws and religion, and withdrew his army from the land.

The clouds had cleared, and Jewish nationality was saved. And still there were years of struggle. Traitors at home, and enemies at the Syrian Court, brought other armies against the new independency. Upon the first, Judas fell in his old dreaded way, lying in ambush with a thousand warriors, and once more the country is saved. With the second invasion came disaster. In spite of divisions in the national party, Judas, with eight hundred faithful warriors, attacking with the old courage, "fighting with their hands and praying with their hearts," as the chronicles tell, fought a whole day in vain, and, alas, Judas Maccabeus was among the slain.

For a moment it seemed as if all was over; but Judas had breathed a spirit into his people which was indomitable. Compelled once more to fly to caves and mountains, they chose his brother for their captain, and when he was slain, Simon, the last survivor, took up the blood-stained mantle of leadership. And so, by arms, and then by policy, they kept the nation from perishing, until the last of the brethren, 142 B.C., saw Jerusalem

clear of its foreign garrison, and the little Jewish nation once more established in acknowledged independence. Sixty years passed by, when conquering Rome made of Judea a Roman province. But those sixty years were enough to gather the national and religious life of the Jews into new action and intensity which were to leave an indelible influence upon the world ever after.

BROOKE HERFORD.

THE HEBREW MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

FROM the hills of the west, as the sun's setting beam
Cast his last ray of glory o'er Jordan's lone stream,
While his fast-falling tears with its waters were blent,
Thus poured a poor minstrel his saddened lament:

"Awake, harp of Judah, that slumbering hast hung
On the willows that weep where thy prophets have sung;
Once more wake for Judah thy wild notes of woe,
Ere the hand that now strikes thee lies mouldering and low.

"Ah, where are the choirs of the glad and the free
That woke the loud anthem responsive to thee,
When the daughters of Salem broke forth in the song,
While Tabor and Hermon its echoes prolong?

"And where are the mighty, who went forth in pride
To the slaughter of kings, with their ark at their side?
They sleep, lonely stream, with the sands of thy shore,
And the war-trumpet's blast shall awake them no more.

"O Judah, a lone scattered remnant remain,
To sigh for the graves of their fathers in vain,
And to turn toward thy land with a tear-brimming eye,
And a prayer that the advent of Shiloh be nigh.

"No beauty in Sharon,—on Carmel no shade,—
Our vineyards are wasted, our altars decayed;
And the heel of the heathen, insulting, has trod
On the bosoms that bled for their country and God."

N. E. Mag., 1832, p. 60, "Z."

PART II.

GRECIAN AND ROMAN PATRIOTIC EXPRESSION.

INTRODUCTION.

The leaven of pure patriotism, as the basis of true national success, was the energizing force which gave to the best statesmen, leaders, and teachers of Greece and Rome their exemplary place in human history. The grandeur of Homer's verse, written nearly three thousand years ago, had its true magic, "its best omen," in "Our Country's Cause," as much as in the physical details of heroic battle. The voluntary martyrdom of Leonidas, B.C. 492, and the contests between the small Grecian States, were marked by a patriotic ardor which was never wholly suppressed by the personal uses to which many rulers of Sparta and Athens made the national spirit contributive. Herodotus, born about 484 B.C., recites the argument of Otares before King Darius, in behalf of a Republic, as the best form of government, the one most prolific in patriotic sentiment. Lucius Quinctius (Cincinnatus), drawn from his farm into the public service about 458 B.C., deplored the deadly nature of discord at home, as fatal to a disinterested devotion to country; and nearly at the same time Canuleius secured the annulment of restraints upon plebeian advancement.

In the contest of Demosthenes and Æschines for the crown of oratorical supremacy, B.C. 320, each alike advocated "popular suffrage," "veneration for the fathers," and a just recognition of "true virtue as the conditions of a happy people." In the same period Socrates "invoked the memory of the fathers," and a conscious "responsibility to some invisible and holy divinity," as his chief allies in teaching the law of true love of country to youth. In 216 B.C., Paulus Emilius enjoined confidence in "well-

selected representatives as the hopeful basis of national glory;" and Scipio, Gracchus, and Marius declared "popular rights to be superior to titled privilege," "merit to be in place of birth," "wealth to be inferior to personal excellence," and that these principles alone secured true national strength.

The contest between Rome and Carthage, in the second century B.C., was brilliant in its sacred heroism, notwithstanding the personal ambitions of Hannibal and Scipio; and the patriotism of Regulus (225 B.C.) is immortal. Even the gladiator Spartacus developed out of his youthful endurance of outrage the spirit of a genuine aspiration for freedom and national independence.

The closing century B.C., through Cicero, Cato, Cæsar, Brutus, Antony, Cassius, Catiline, and their contemporaries, evoked utterances which should not be wholly lost to the present generation, if only to assure them that devotion to country has always been the true fulcrum on which to rest effort for national happiness and true liberty.

In modern times, the genius of Shakespeare and Addison, and the delineations of Hugo, Croly, Ames, Sargent, and others, have imparted fresh vividness to the scenes and utterances of classic expression, while Bulwer and Miss Mitford have given to the year 1347 A.D., and the career of Rienzi, Last of the Tribunes, the cast of a grand patriotic tragedy. If Byron has imparted to modern Greece the air of struggle to regenerate the glories of a buried past, the monuments to Dante, at Florence and Ravenna, are equally expressive of the devotion of Italy to the memory of one whose whole being was the living principle of patriotic love.

"THE BEST OMEN OUR COUNTRY'S CAUSE."

From Homer's Iliad, Book XII.

When flying eagle, from the skies above,
Dropped from his loosened talons, struggling yet,
A serpent great, between the Trojan lines,

And, shuddering, they beheld the prodigy,
Blood-stained, spotted, within their opened ranks
(Dread messenger of Ægis-bearing Jove),
Polydorus to gallant Hector spoke,
As, standing near, he augured ill for Troy:
"Hector, ever chiding me in councils,
E'en though my words proposed are ever wise;
Too proud to brook that any cross thy path,
By sage advice, no less than active war,
I will again speak forth, as suits me best:
Go not to fight the Grecians for their ships,
For thus I venture to divine the end.

"An eagle dropped his prey between the ranks,
Nor bore it to his hungry, waiting brood;
So shall we leave our Trojan dead behind,
Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.
He who has skill this omen to unfold,
Would thus its word declare and men obey."

To him the stern, crest-tossing Hector spoke,
With quick reply and solemn mien:
"Thy words,
Indeed, are hateful to my earnest will;
Beside, thou knowest, counsels better far
Are in thy power to give, if give thou wilt;
And yet, if serious thou in thy advice,
The gods have robbed thee of thy judgment sound,
To bid me mind the wide-expanding birds,
Whose flight to right or left, to rising sun
Or to the darkening west, I care not for.
Let us obey the will of mighty Jove,
Who mortals and immortals rules alike.
One augury, alone, my mind can reach,—
The best omen is, '*to fight for country's cause!*'
Why dost thou dread the battle shock of war?
Forsooth, if all thy comrades shall be slain,
Thy life will not be lost, nor courage thine
Suffice to bear thee into heated fight;

Yet dare withhold thy presence from the test,
Or by dissuading word keep back a man
Who seeks to do a soldier's worthy part,
Then by this spear, and stricken by my hand,
Thou shalt as quickly die."

SELF-SACRIFICE FOR COUNTRY.

Translated from the tragedy "Leonidas," of Michel Pichat, by Epes Sargent, and used by permission. Theme, "Address to the Three Hundred" (B.C. 492). The monument to commemorate the desperate resistance of Leonidas to the mighty army of Xerxes bore the inscription, "Go, traveller, tell at Lacedæmon that we fell here in obedience to her laws."

Ye men of Sparta, listen to the hope with which the Gods inspire Leonidas! Consider how largely our death may redound to the glory and benefit of our country. Against this barbarian king, who, in his battle-array, reckons as many nations as our ranks do soldiers, what could united Greece effect? In this emergency there is need that some unexpected power should interpose itself; that a valor and devotion, unknown hitherto, even to Sparta, should strike, amaze, confound, this ambitious despot! From our blood, here freely shed to-day, shall this moral power, this sublime lesson of patriotism, proceed. To Greece it shall teach the secret of her strength; to the Persians, the certainty of their weakness. Before our scarred and bleeding bodies we shall see the great king grow pale at his own victory and recoil affrighted. Or, should he succeed in forcing the pass of Thermopylæ, he will tremble to learn that, in marching upon our cities, he will find ten thousand, after us, equally prepared for death. Ten thousand, do I say? Oh, the swift contagion of a generous enthusiasm! Our example shall make Greece all fertile in heroes. An avenging cry shall follow the cry of her affliction. Country! Independence! From the Messenian hills to the Hellespont every heart shall respond; and a hundred thousand heroes, with one sacred accord, shall arm themselves in emulation of our unanimous death. These rocks shall give back the echo of their oaths. Then shall our little band, the brave three hundred, from the world of shades, revisit

the scene; behold the haughty Xerxes, a fugitive, recross the Hellespont in a frail bark; while Greece, after eclipsing the most glorious of her exploits, shall hallow a new Olympus in the mound that covers our tombs.

Yes, fellow-soldiers, history and posterity shall consecrate our ashes. Wherever courage is honored, through all time, shall Thermopylæ and the Spartan three hundred be remembered. Ours shall be an immortality such as no human glory has yet attained. And when ages shall have swept by, and Sparta's last hour shall have come, then, even in her ruins, shall she be eloquent. Tyrants shall turn away from them appalled; but the heroes of liberty—the poets, the sages, the historians of all time—shall invoke and bless the memory of the gallant three hundred of Leonidas!

MICHEL PICHAT.

THE SPARTANS' MARCH.

'TWAS morn upon the Grecian hills, where peasants dressed the vines;
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills, Arcadia's rocks and pines,
And brightly, through his reeds and flowers, Eurotas wandered by,
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers, of solemn harmony.
Was it the hunter's choral strain, to the woodland goddess poured?
Did virgins' hands, in Pallas' fane, strike the full-sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream; spears ranged in close array;
And shields flung back a glorious beam to the morn of a fearful day;
And the mountain-echoes of the land swelled through the deep-blue sky,
While, to soft strains, moved forth a band of men that moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast, nor bade the horn peal out,
And the laurel-groves, as on they passed, rung with no battle-shout.

They asked no clarion's voice to fire their souls with an impulse high,
But the Dorian reed, and the Spartan lyre, for the sons of liberty;
And still sweet flutes, their path around, sent forth Æolian breath;
They needed not a sterner sound to marshal them for death.
So moved they calmly to the field, thence never to return,
Save bringing back the Spartan shield, or on it proudly borne.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

IT was the wild midnight,—a storm was in the sky,
The lightning gave its light, and the thunder echoed by;
The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the shore,—
Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in gore.

Swift from the deluged ground, three hundred took the shield,
Then, silent, gathered round the leader of the field.
He spoke no warrior-word, he bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal thunder roared, and they rushed upon the foe.

The fiery element showed, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart and flag and tent, like the spectres of a dream.
All up the mountain-side, all down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide, waved the Persian banners pale.

And King Leonidas, among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass, like the lightning's living brand.
Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased to moan,
But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw a blood-red canopy.
A host glared on the hill; a host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rushed onward still, like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell, and the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartans' bloody steel on the silken turbans came;
And still the Greeks rushed on, beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun, shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet, there;
And the treasures of the East lay beneath the Doric spear.
Then sat to the repast the bravest of the brave;
That feast must be their last, that spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name, in cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame was sung in strains divine;
They took the rose-wreathed lyres from eunuch and from slave,
And taught the languid wires the sounds that freedom gave.

But now the morning star crowned Œta's twilight brow,
And the Persian horn of war from the hill began to blow:
Up rose the glorious rank, to Greece one cup poured high,
Then, hand in hand, they drank—"To Immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell, when, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell, he saw the warriors come;
But down swept all his power, with chariot and with charge,
Down poured the arrowy shower, till sank the Dorian targe.

They marched within the tent, with all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent, then on high their torches flung;
To heaven the blaze uprolled like a mighty altar-fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold were the Grecians' funeral pyre.

Their king sat on his throne, his captains by his side,
While the flame rushed roaring on, and their pæan loud replied.
Thus fought the Greek of old! Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould bring forth the self-same men?

GEORGE CROLY.

THE GREEKS' RETURN FROM BATTLE.

Io! they come, they come! garlands for every shrine!
Strike lyres to greet them home! bring roses, pour your wine!
Swell, swell the Dorian flute, through the blue, triumphant sky!
Let the cittern's tone salute the sons of victory!
With the offering of bright blood they have ransomed hearth and tomb,
Vineyard, and field, and flood. Io! they come, they come!

Sing it where olives wave, and by the glittering sea,
And o'er each hero's grave, sing, sing, the land is free!
Mark ye the flashing oars, and the spears that light the deep!
How the festal sunshine pours, where the lords of battle sweep!
Each hath brought back his shield; maid, greet thy lover home!
Mother, from that proud field, Io! thy son is come!

Who murmured of the dead? Hush, boding voice! We know
That many a shining head lies in its glory low.
Breathe not those names to-day! They shall have their praise ere long,
And a power all hearts to sway, in ever-burning song.
But now shed flowers, pour wine, to hail the conquerors home.
Bring wreaths for every shrine. Io! they come, they come!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

A COUNTRY IMPERILLED BY DISCORD.

The Roman historian Livy, introducing the protest of Consul Titus Quintius Capitolinus, B.C. 458, against the small jealousies and local discord which afflicted Rome at the time, adds, that "Moderation is so difficult in upholding liberty that the very attempt to equalize rights leads men to raise themselves at the expense of others, and, through fear of being imposed upon, do wrong themselves; as if it were necessary either to endure or commit injustice." The mortification of the consul that the city was actually harassed by enemies whom it could afford to despise if local feuds were checked, is one of the best features of his patriotic appeal.

(Extract from the address.)

Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it, posterity will know it! In the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a month for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away unchastised! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs have long been such that I had no reason to presage much good; but could I have imagined that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death (if all other means had failed), have avoided the station I am now in. What! Might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt! Rome taken, whilst I was consul! O! honors I had sufficient, of life enough; more than enough; I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise? The consuls or you, Romans! If we are in fault, depose us or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame, may neither gods nor men punish your faults! only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished not to know both themselves and you.

Discord, discord is the ruin of this city! The eternal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure patrician magistrates, and we plebeian, our enemies take heart, grow elated and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired tribunes: for the sake of peace we granted them. You were eager to have decemvirs: we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these decemvirs: we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them, when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the tribunesship; we yielded: we quietly saw consuls of your own faction elected. You have

the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill; you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer. The enemy is at our gates, the Esquiline is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it! But against us you are valiant; against us you can arm with diligence.

Come on, then! besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles; and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at last, sally out at the Esquiline gate, with the same fierce spirit, against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go, then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you anything here to repair these damages? Will the tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words, as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end; but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth. If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict, which I will not submit to, if I do not, in a few days, drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

TITUS QUINTIUS.

THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE UPHELD.

Two years after the appeal of Titus Quintius had induced the citizens of Rome to unite and put to rout the threatening enemy, the old antagonism between the patricians and common people was revived, and Caius Canuleius, a tribune of the people, secured the passage of a law, respecting intermarriage, which was intended to remove the obstacles to plebeian advancement. The proposition was also made to make the common people eligible to the consulship, regardless of birth. The result was that within a year tribunes were elected, with consular power. The impetuous appeal of Canuleius in favor of his proposed law is thus presented in "Sargent's Standard Speaker." (See also Livy, Book IV., chapter iii.)

This is not the first time, O Romans, that patrician arrogance has denied to us the rights of a common humanity. What do we now demand? First, the right of intermarriage; and then, that the people may confer honors on whom they please. And why, in the name of Roman manhood, my countrymen, why should these poor boons be refused? Why, for claiming them, was I near being assaulted, just now, in the senate-house? Will the city no longer stand, will the empire be dissolved, because we claim the plebeians shall no longer be excluded from the consulship? Truly these patricians will, by and by, begrudge us a participation in the light of day; they will be indignant that we breathe the same air; that we share with them the faculty of speech; that we wear the form of human beings. But I cry them mercy. They tell us that it is contrary to religion that a plebeian should be made consul! The ancient religion of Rome forbids it! Ah! verily? How will they reconcile this pretence to the facts? Though not admitted to the archives, nor to the commentaries of the pontiffs, there are some notorious facts which, in common with the rest of the world, we well know. We know that there were kings before there were consuls in Rome. We know that consuls possess no prerogative, no dignity, not formerly inherent in kings. We know that Numa Pompilius was made king at Rome, who was not only not a patrician, but not even a citizen; that Lucius Tarquinius, who was not even of Italian extraction, was made king; that Servius Tullius, who was the son of a captive woman by an unknown father, was made king. And shall plebeians, who formerly were not ex-

cluded from the throne, now, on the juggling plea of religious objection, be debarred from the consulship?

But it is not enough that the offices of the state are withheld from us. To keep pure their dainty blood, these patricians would prevent, by law, all intermarriage of members of their order with plebeians. Could there be a more marked indignity, a more humiliating insult, than this? Why not legislate against our living in the same neighborhood, dwelling under the same skies, walking the same earth? Ignominy not to be endured! Was it for this we expelled kings? Was it for this that we exchanged one master for many? No. Let the rights we claim be admitted, or let the patricians fight the battles of the state themselves. Let the public offices be open to all; let every invidious law in regard to marriage be abolished; or, by the gods of our fathers, let there be no levy of troops to achieve victories in the benefits of which the people shall not most amply and equally partake!

CAIUS CANULEIUS.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

Plutarch says that "Pericles began his career as the leader of the democratic party" (about 470 B.C.); "he kept the public good in his eye, pursued the straight path of honor, and, with admirable dignity of manners, acquired a force and sublimity of sentiment superior to all demagogues." Aspasia, his wife (a foreigner, and therefore not legally a wife), is described by Madame de Staël "as a model of female loveliness, such as Alexander was of heroism." She survived her husband, dying about 429 B.C.; but a just record, however brief, of true patriotism, could not neglect a tribute to their memory.

THIS was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held, or won;

Feared, but alone as freemen fear;
Loved, but as freemen love, alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind.

Resistless words were on his tongue;
Then eloquence first flashed below;
Full-armed, to life, the portent sprung,
Minerva, from the thunderous brow;
And his the sole, the sacred hand
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

Then, throned, immortal, by his side,
A woman sits, with eye sublime,—
Aspasia,—all his spirit's bride;
But if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in that darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won;
He perished in his height of fame;
Then sank the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die:
Her conquest was posterity.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

VIRTUE BEFORE RICHES.

Socrates before his accusers and judges, B.C. 400.

I AM accused of corrupting the youth, and of instilling dangerous principles into them, as well in regard to the worship of the gods as the rulers of government. You know, Athenians, I never made it my profession to teach; nor can envy, however violent against me, reproach me with having ever sold my instructions. I have an undeniable evidence for me in this respect, which is my poverty.

My whole employment is to persuade the young and old against too much love for the body, for riches, and all other

precarious things, of whatever nature they be, and against too little regard for the soul, which ought to be the object of their affection. For I incessantly urge you, that virtue does not proceed from riches, but, on the contrary, riches from virtue; and that all the other goods of human life, as well public as private, have their sources in the same principle.

If to speak in this manner be to corrupt youth, I confess, Athenians, that I am guilty, and deserve to be punished. If what I say be not true, it is most easy to convict me of my falsehood. I see here a great number of my disciples; they have only to appear. But perhaps the reserve and consideration for a master who has instructed them will prevent them from declaring against me. At least their fathers, brothers, and uncles cannot, as good relations and good citizens, dispense with their not standing forth to demand vengeance against the corrupter of their sons, brothers, and nephews. But these are the persons who take upon them my defence, and interest themselves in the success of my cause.

Pass on me what sentence you please, Athenians; but I can neither repent nor change my conduct. . . .

Should you resolve to acquit me for the future, I should not hesitate to make answer, Athenians, I honor and love you, but I shall choose rather to obey God than you; and to my latest breath shall never renounce my philosophy, nor cease to exhort and improve you according to my custom. . . .

Do not take it ill, I beseech you, if I speak my thoughts without disguise, and with truth and freedom. Every man who would generously oppose a whole people, either amongst us or elsewhere, and who inflexibly applies himself to prevent the violation of the laws and the practice of iniquity in a government, will never do so long with impunity. It is absolutely necessary for him who would contend for justice, if he has any thoughts of living, to remain in a private station and never to have any share in public affairs.

For the rest, Athenians, if, in extreme danger as I now am, I do not imitate the behavior of those who, upon less emergencies, have implored and supplicated their judges with tears, and have brought forth their children, relations, and friends, it is not through pride or obstinacy, or any contempt for you, but

solely for your honor and for that of the whole city. At my age, and with the reputation, true or false, which I have, would it be consistent for me, after all the lessons I have given upon the contempt of death, to be afraid of it myself, and to belie in my last action all the principles and sentiments of my past life?

I am more convinced of the existence of God than my accusers; and so convinced that I abandon myself to God and you, that you may judge of me as you shall think it best.

SOCRATES.

POPULAR VIGILANCE THE BULWARK OF THE CONSTITUTION.

(B.C. 330.)

You ask, Athenians, "What real advantage have we derived from the speeches of Demosthenes? He rises when he thinks proper; he deafens us with his harangues; he declaims against the degeneracy of present times; he tells us of the virtues of our ancestors; he transports us by his airy extravagance; he puffs up our vanity; and then sits down."

But could these, my speeches, once gain an effectual influence upon your minds, so great would be the advantages conferred upon my country that, were I to attempt to speak them, they would appear to many as visionary. Yet still I must assume the merit of doing some service by accustoming you to hear salutary truths.

And if your counsellors be solicitous for any point of moment to their country, let them first cure your ears, for they are distempered, and this, from the inveterate habit of listening to falsehoods, to everything rather than your real interests.

There is no man who dares openly and boldly to declare in what case our constitution is subverted. But I shall declare it. When you, Athenians, become a helpless rabble, without conduct, without property, without arms, without order, without unanimity, when neither your general nor any other person hath the least respect for your decrees, when no man dares to inform you of this your condition, to urge the necessary reformation,

much less to exert his effort to effect it, then is your constitution subverted. And this is now the case.

But, oh, my fellow-citizens! a language of a different nature hath poured in upon us; false, and highly dangerous to the state. Such is that assertion, that in your tribunals is your great security, that your right of suffrage is the real bulwark of the constitution. That these tribunals are our common resource in all private contests, I acknowledge.

But it is by arms we are to subdue our enemies, by arms we are to defend our state. It is not by our decrees that we can conquer. To those, on the contrary, who fight our battles with success, to these we owe the power of decreeing, of transacting all our affairs, without control or danger. In arms, then, let us be terrible, in our judicial transactions humane.

If it be observed that these sentiments are more elevated than might be expected from my character, the observation, I confess, is just. Whatever is said about a state of such dignity, upon affairs of such importance, should appear more elevated than any character. To your worth should it correspond, not to that of the speaker.

And now I shall inform you why none of those who stand high in your esteem speak in the same manner. The candidates for office and employment go about soliciting your voices, the slaves of popular favor. To gain the rank of general is each man's great concern, not to fill this station with true, manlike intrepidity.

Courage, if he possess it, he deems unnecessary, for thus he reasons: he has the honor, the renown, of this city to support him; he finds himself free from oppression and control; he needs but to amuse you with fair hopes; and thus he secures a kind of inheritance in your emoluments. And he reasons truly.

But do you yourselves once assume the conduct of your own affairs, and then, as you take an equal share of duty, so shall you acquire an equal share of glory. Now your ministers and public speakers, without one thought of directing you faithfully to your true interest, resign themselves entirely to these generals. Formerly you divided into classes, in order to raise the supplies; now the business of the classes is to gain the management of public affairs.

The orator is the leader; the general seconds his attempts; the Three Hundred are the assistants on each side; and all others choose their parties and serve to fill up the several factions. And you see the consequences.

This man gains a statue; this amasses a fortune; one or two command the state; while you sit down unconcerned, witnesses of their success, and, for an uninterrupted course of ease and indolence, give up to them those great and glorious advantages which really belong to you.

DEMOSTHENES.

POPULAR RIGHTS ABOVE PRIVILEGE.

Address of Caius Gracchus* to the Romans (B.C. 128).

IT is now ten years, O Romans, since my brother, Tiberius Gracchus, was elected your tribune. In what a condition did he find you! The great mass of the people pined in abject poverty! Thousands, eager to work, without a clod of dirt they could call their own, actually wanted daily bread. A few men, calling themselves "the aristocracy," having enormous wealth, gotten by extortion and fraud, lorded it over you with remorseless rigor. The small land proprietors had disappeared. Mercenary idlers, their fingers actually itching for bribes; tricky demagogues, insatiate usurers, desperate gamblers, all the vilest abettors of lawless power, had usurped the places of men who had been the glory and strength of the Republic. What a state of things! infinite wretchedness to the millions, but riches and prodigality to the hundreds. The rich could plunder the poor at will, for your rulers and judges were corrupt, cowardly, and venal, and money could buy them to do anything. Bribery at elections, open, unblushing, flagrant, kept

* The mother of Caius and Tiberius Gracchus, a daughter of Scipio Africanus, married Sempronius Gracchus. When a Campanian lady, boasting of her jewels, asked to see those of Cornelia, she presented her sons, with the simple answer, "These are the only jewels of which I can boast." A statue to her memory bears the inscription, "Cornelia mater Gracchorum."

the very men in power who were sucking the life-blood of the country. Do I exaggerate? Oh, no! It is too faint a picture of the woe and degradation of the people, and of the rapacity, arrogance, and depravity of their oppressors.

At such a time my brother, Tiberius Gracchus, presented himself, and was elected tribune. His heart had been wrung by your distresses. He resolved to rescue the oppressed and down-trodden people. He defied your tyrants. He swiftly ended the fraud which had robbed you of your lands. No shelter of wealth, no rank or place, could shield from his fiery wrath. In vain did they hurl at him the cheap words "demagogue," "factionist," "anarchist." There was that truth in his tones, that simplicity and nobility in his bearing, that gentle dignity in his very rage at the wrongs done, that carried conviction of his sincerity to every heart.

Oh! how pale with anger were those "aristocrats," as they styled themselves, as their power melted away, as they saw the people resume their rights under the resistless eloquence of that young, devoted spirit! But he must be silenced, this audacious tribune, this incorruptible critic of the privileged class, this friend and saviour of the people. A bloody revenge must quiet their fears lest they should lose their illegal plunder.

Alas! the foul deed was done! In a tumult instigated for the purpose, your tribune, champion of the poor, and friend of the friendless, was slain. Even his body was refused to his friends; but the sacred Tiber was made more sacred by receiving to its bosom all of Tiberius Gracchus that could perish.

And now, men of Rome, if you ask, as those who fear me do ask, why I left my quæstorship in Sardinia without leave of the Senate, here is my answer: I had to come without leave or not at all. Why, then, did I come at all? To offer myself for the office my brother held, and for serving you in which he was brutally murdered. I have come to vindicate his memory, to re-inaugurate his policy, to strip the privileged class of its privileges, to restore popular rights, to lift up the crushed, to break down the oppressor.

And, O Romans, I come with clean hands, with no coffers filled with gold wrenched from desolated provinces and a ruined people. I can offer no bribe for votes. I come back poor as I

went; poor, indeed, in all but hatred of tyrants and zeal to serve my country. Shall I be your tribune?

CAIUS GRACCHUS.

ROME AND CARTHAGE LOCKED IN STRIFE.

(Translated by Epes Sargent.)

ROME and Carthage! Behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world! Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burdened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization. She can mount no higher. Any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is demi-barbarous, and has her education and her fortune both to make. All is before her, nothing behind. For a time these two nations exist in view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor; the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart. Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity, they impend. With their contact must come the thunder-shock.

The catastrophe of this stupendous drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races, that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two nations, the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two republics, the one theocratic, the other aristocratic. Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage old, rich, and crafty, Rome young, poor, and robust; the past and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, the demon of war; the East and the South on one side, the West and the North on the other; in short, two worlds,—the

civilization of Africa, and the civilization of Europe. They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers. She utters that cry of anguish, Hannibal at the gates! But she rallies, collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort, throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth.

VICTOR HUGO.

MERIT BEFORE BIRTH.

Speech of Caius Marius to the Romans (B.C. 157).

IT is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behavior of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another.

They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; but they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice. It is undoubtedly no easy matter to discharge, to general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times.

You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honorable body? a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience!

What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your patrician general would in fact have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a plebeian.

So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myself, known those who have been chosen consuls begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between patrician haughtiness and plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters.

Want of birth and of fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth, against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man.

If the patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honors bestowed upon me? Let them envy, likewise, my labors, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them.

But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honors you can bestow; while they aspire to honors, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors.

And they imagine they honor themselves by celebrating their forefathers, whereas they do the very contrary; for as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices.

The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the patricians by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the patricians. They arrogate to themselves honors on account of exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person.

He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors than to become illustrious by one's own good behavior?

What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armor, and the trappings which I have myself taken from the vanquished. I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country.

These are my statues. These are the honors I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valor; amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate patricians, who endeavor, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

CAIUS MARIUS.

THE DIGNITY OF CITIZENSHIP.

Part of Cicero's Oration against Verres.

WHAT punishment ought to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cofanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape?

The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting with fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy.

The bloodthirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted.

Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him that, while he was asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, now trampled upon! But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen?

Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster who, in confidence of his own riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes that your wisdom and justice, fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

INDUSTRY AND INTEGRITY THE HOPE OF THE STATE.

Address to the Roman Senate after Catiline's expulsion.

I HAVE often spoken to you, fathers, and at some extent, to complain of that luxury and greediness for money, the twin vices of our corrupt citizens, now so prevalent. I have thereby drawn down upon myself the hatred of many enemies. As I

never palliated my own faults, I was not so easily inclined to favor or overlook the excesses of others. You paid very slight regard to my protests, and yet, in the face of your neglect, the commonwealth bore itself up and subsisted by its own intrinsic strength. But the issue to-day is a different issue. Our manners, whether good or bad, are no longer the vital question, nor how to maintain the glory and lustre of the Roman Empire, but to determine whether all that we possess and govern, well or ill, shall continue to be ours or be transferred with ourselves to open enemies.

At such a time, in such a state of affairs, some talk to us of lenity and compassion. Long ago we lost the right names of things. The commonwealth is in its present deplorable condition simply because we call giving away other people's estates "liberality," and call audacity in crime "courage." Let such men, since they will have it so and it has become the established style, pride themselves upon their liberality at the expense of the allies of the empire, and their lenity to the robbers of the public treasury; but let them not make a largess of our blood, and to spare a small number of vile wretches expose all good men to destruction.

Do not imagine, fathers, that it was by arms that our ancestors made this commonwealth so great from a beginning so small. If it had been so, we should now see it much more flourishing, since we have more allies and citizens, more horse- and foot-soldiers, than they had. But they had other things that made them great, of which no traces remain among us: at home, labor and industry; abroad, just and equitable government; a constancy of soul and an innocence of manners that kept them perfectly free in their councils, unrestrained either by the remembrance of past crimes or by craving appetites to satisfy. In the place of these virtues we have luxury and avarice; madness to squander, with no madness to gain. The state is poor, while private citizens are rich. We give ourselves up to sloth and effeminacy. We make no distinction between the good and the bad, while ambition absorbs all the rewards of virtue.

Do you wonder that dangerous conspiracies are formed? Just so long as you regard nothing, nothing but your private interests, so long as voluptuousness wholly employs you at home, and

only avidity to rule, or control favor, governs you here,—in this very senate-chamber,—the commonwealth, defenceless, remains exposed to the devices of any person whomsoever, who thinks fit to attack it.

MARCUS PORTIUS CATO.

CICERO DENOUNCES THE TRAITOR CATILINE.

How far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long wilt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extent will thy unbridled effrontery carry thee? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch set to secure the Palatium? Nothing, by the city guards? Nothing, by this rally of all good citizens? Nothing, by the assembling of the senate in this fortified place? Nothing, by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy plots are exposed? that the wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge here in the senate? that we all know of thy doings last night, of the night before, the place of meeting, the company assembled, the measures adopted? Alas! the times! Alas! the public morals! The senate understands all this. The consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council, takes part in our deliberations, and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us, for slaughter. And we, all this time, urgent as we are, think we have fully discharged our duty to the state if we but avoid this madman's sword and fury!

O Catiline! the consul ought long since to have ordered thee to execution and brought upon thy head the doom thou hast been planning for others. There was once such virtue in Rome that a vile citizen was held more worthy of a curse than the deadliest foe. Catiline! we have a law for thee. Think not that we are powerless because forbearing. We have a decree, though it rests among our archives as a sword in its scabbard, a decree by which thy life would be held as the forfeit of thy crimes. And should I order thee to instant seizure and death, I justly doubt whether all good men would not deem it done too late, than any man count it done too cruelly. But, for good reasons,

I will still defer the blow so long deserved. When no man is found so lost, so vile, nay, so like thee, but shall confess that it was justly done, I will fix thy doom. While there is one man that dares uphold thee, live! But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized by the vigilant guards that I have girt about thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to note thy slightest motion, and ears to catch thy slightest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not hide thy treason; the walls of privacy shall not smother its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy subtlest purposes clear as noonday, what canst thou have to plan? Go on, plot, conspire as thou wilt, there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and quickly understand. Soon shalt thou be conscious that I am even more vigilant to provide for the preservation of the state than thou in plotting its destruction.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

THE TRAITOR CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

From the Tragedy of "Catiline."

CONSCRIPT fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words.
Let that plebeian talk; 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right—let him show proofs
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master—judges, Romans, slaves!
His charge is false! I dare him to his proofs!
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!
But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me, turning out

The Roman from his birthright; and for what?
To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below!
Come, consecrated lictors, from your thrones,
Fling down your sceptres, take the rod and axe,
And make the murder, as you make the law.

SECOND SELECTION.

Banished from Rome? What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried, and convicted, traitor"? Who says this?
Who'll prove it at his peril, on my head?
Banished? I thank you for 't! It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you, in your lazy dignities.
But, here I stand and scoff you! Here I fling
Hatred, and full defiance, in your face!
Your consul's merciful! For this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a head of Catiline!

"Traitor"? I go; but I return. This,—trial!
Here, I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus; all shames and crimes,
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones,

Till anarchy comes down on you, like night,
And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

GEORGE CROLY.

VIRTUOUS LIBERTY PRICELESS.

From the Tragedy of "Cato." (Period B.C. 46.)

CATO, LUCIUS, *and* SEMPRONIUS.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council;
Cæsar's approach has summoned us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold, aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fixed
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sempronius. My voice is still for war.
Heavens! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death!
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and avenge her slaughtered citizens,

Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, delib'rating in cold debates
If we shall sacrifice our lives to honor,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rise up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point to their wounds, and cry aloud, To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged among us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason.
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides.
All else is towering frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who drew the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to the field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
We lavished at our death the blood of thousands
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Lucius. My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace.
Already have our quarrels filled the world
With widows and with orphans. Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
'Tis time to sheathe the sword and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers;
The gods declare against us, repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair,
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome;
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,

Arms have no further use; our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do
Is done already. Heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immoderate valor swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks round us.
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heats, and seasoned to the sun.
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods,
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No! let us draw our term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last.
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish; but in Cato's judgment
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

CASSIUS INSTIGATES BRUTUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

From the Tragedy of "Julius Cæsar."

HONOR is the subject of my story—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in, with me, into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in,
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas our great ancestor
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan.
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"—
As a sick girl.
Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
Brutus and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

From the Tragedy of "Julius Cæsar." (Period, B.C. 44.)

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar!
The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept!
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuse: Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there, with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong. I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
This, this was the unkindest cut of all.
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him! Then burst his mighty heart,
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue
(Which all the while ran blood), great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.
Good friends! Sweet friends! Let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it! They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend, and that, they knew full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him!
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
To stir men's blood.
I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BRUTUS'S SPEECH ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

From the Tragedy of "Julius Cæsar."

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me, for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honor; and have respect for mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer; not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.

There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that he would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply——

None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. And as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE CHARACTER OF BRUTUS.

ASK any one man of morals, whether he approves of assassination; he will answer, No. Would you kill your friend and benefactor? No. The question is a horrible insult. Would you practise hypocrisy and smile in his face, while your conspiracy is ripening, to gain his confidence and to lull him into security, in order to take away his life? Every honest man, on the bare suggestion, feels his blood thicken and stagnate at his heart. Yet in this picture we see Brutus. It would, perhaps, be scarcely just to hold him up to abhorrence; it is, certainly, monstrous and absurd to exhibit his conduct to admiration.

He did not strike the tyrant from hatred or ambition; his motives were admitted to be good; but was not the action, nevertheless, bad?

To kill a tyrant is as much murder as to kill any other man. Besides, Brutus, to extenuate the crime, could have had no rational hope of putting an end to the tyranny; he had foreseen and provided nothing to realize it.

The conspirators relied, foolishly enough, on the love of the multitude for liberty; they loved their safety, their ease, their sports, and their demagogue favorites a great deal better. They quietly looked on, as spectators, and left it to the legions of Antony, and Octavius, and to those of Syria, Macedonia, and Greece, to decide in the field of Philippi whether there should be a republic or not. It was accordingly decided in favor of an emperor; and the people sincerely rejoiced in the political calm that restored the games of the circus, and the plenty of bread.

Those who cannot bring their judgment to condemn the killing of a tyrant must nevertheless agree that the blood of Cæsar was unprofitably shed. Liberty gained nothing by it, and humanity lost much; for it cost eighteen years of agitation

and civil war, before the ambition of the military and popular chieftains had expended its means, and the power was concentrated in one man's hands.

Shall we be told the example of Brutus is a good one, because it will never cease to animate the race of tyrant-killers? But will the fancied usefulness of assassination overcome our instinctive sense of its horrors? Is it to become a part of our political morals, that the chief of a state is to be stabbed or poisoned whenever a fanatic, a malecontent, or a reformer shall rise up and call him tyrant? Then there would be as little calm in despotism as in liberty.

But when has it happened that the death of an usurper has restored to the public liberty its departed life? Every successful usurpation creates many competitors for power, and they successively fall in the struggle. In all this agitation, liberty is without friends, without resources, and without hope. Blood enough, and the blood of tyrants, too, was shed between the time of the wars of Marius and the death of Antony, a period of about sixty years, to turn a common grist-mill; yet the cause of the public liberty continually grew more and more desperate. It is not by destroying tyrants that we are to extinguish tyranny; nature is not thus to be exhausted of her power to produce them. The soil of a republic sprouts with the rankest fertility; it has been sown with dragons' teeth. To lessen the hopes of usurping demagogues, we must enlighten, animate, and combine the spirit of freemen; we must fortify and guard the constitutional ramparts about liberty. When its friends become indolent or disheartened, it is no longer of any importance how long-lived are its enemies: they will prove immortal.

FISHER AMES.

CÆSAR CROSSING THE RUBICON.

A GENTLEMAN speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!" How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private prop-

erty, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights?

How dared he cross that river? Oh! but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished upon the brink before he had crossed it. Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon.

Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province! From what did it separate that province? From his country! Was that country a desert? No! It was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous. Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity. Its daughters were pure, lovely, and ingenuous. Friendship was its inhabitant. Love was its inhabitant. Domestic affection was its inhabitant. Liberty was its inhabitant. All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon.

What was Cæsar, who stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country. No wonder that he paused. No wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs. No wonder if some Gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot. But no: he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged, he crossed, and Rome was free no more.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

PART III.

THE PATRIOTISM OF OUR FOUNDERS.

INTRODUCTION.

The centennial year of American Independence, 1876, introduced such a memorial review of general and local history as belongs only to countries which have produced men, or have established landmarks, well worthy of notice through successive generations. The world's recognition of our political and material progress, and the settlement of issues which retarded, if they did not seriously endanger, American liberty, have already done much to restore a waning veneration for the founders of the republic. Monuments, statues, libraries, colleges, and other memorial buildings and institutions have been made tributary to the more distinct and permanent recognition of the great and good men of the past. America is indeed no longer young, but had become so absorbed in the stirring events of these busy times as to be tempted to underestimate the severity of the sacrifices which secured the blessings and glories of to-day.

In the enjoyment of exceptional civil and religious freedom, it is well to revive and cherish the associations which reach far behind the actual war for independence, even though they lack the exciting elements of battle on land or sea. Thereby we honor the personal experience of those pioneer settlers whose life was chiefly that of intense soul-struggle, with very faint conceptions of the vast range of prosperity and blessing which would be the result.

Our founders, in common with all who seek a foreign shore for a new home, or even for mere adventure, shared the hope that worldly prosperity would be the result, and that escape from the oppressive restraints of the Old World would insure

a healthy independence of action and the corresponding benefits in the New.

The purpose to administer their own government in the interests of both civil and religious liberty was nowhere more distinctly asserted than by the founders of Maryland, but they did not cross the ocean under such an overwhelming pressure of religious obligation as did those who had no alternative but emigration or the surrender of religious convictions. The settlers of Maryland had the high privilege of being accompanied by their religious faith, and building for freedom, without the sacrifice of home ties and home endearments. Many of our founders, however, came to these shores because their religious faith was itself exiled, and they followed, rather than abandon or betray it. The Dutch at New York, the Swedes in Delaware, and the hardy colonists who first tilled other plantations along the Atlantic coast, alike command our respect and grateful tribute. From their varied activities and temperaments we derived much of the force which united all in final resistance to British dictation. But there was a distinctive moral force which shaped our destiny as a nation, never to be slighted or forgotten. It is only by a just appreciation of that class of labor and sacrifice that our youth can comprehend the magnitude and wisdom of their labors, so as to be just to all, unjust to none.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

The breaking waves dashed high, on a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark, the hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums, and the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang to the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—this was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim band,—
Why had *they* come to wither there, away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high, and the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—freedom to worship God!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

THE FOUNDERS OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

THE love of liberty has always been the ruling passion of our nation. It was mixed at first with the "purple tide" of the founders' lives, and, circulating with that tide through their veins, has descended down through every generation of their posterity, marking every feature of our country's glorious story. May it continue thus to circulate and descend to the remotest period of time!

Oppressed and persecuted in their native country, the high, indignant spirit of our fathers formed the bold design of leaving

a land where minds as well as bodies were chained, for regions where Freedom might be found to dwell, though her dwelling should prove to be amid wilds and wolves, or savages less hospitable than wilds and wolves. An ocean three thousand miles wide, with its winds and its waves, rolled in vain between them and liberty. They performed the grand enterprise, and landed on this then uncultivated shore. Here, on their first arrival, they found

> The wilderness "all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

Their courage and industry soon surmounted all the difficulties incident to a new settlement. The savages retired, the forests were exchanged for fields waving with richest harvests, and the dreary haunts of wild beasts for the cheerful abodes of civilized man. Increasing in wealth and population with a rapidity which excited the astonishment of the Old World, our nation flourished about a century and a half, when England, pressed down with the enormous weight of accumulating debts, and considering the inhabitants of these States as slaves, who owed their existence and preservation to her care and protection, now began to form the unjust, tyrannical, and impolitic plan of taxing this country without its consent. The right of taxation, however, not being relinquished, but the same principle under a different shape being pursued, the awful genius of Freedom arose; not with the ungovernable ferocity of the tiger, to tear and devour, but with the cool, determined, persevering courage of the lion, who, disdaining to be a slave, resists the chain. As liberty was the object of contest, that being secured, the offer of peace was joyfully accepted, and peace was restored to free, united, independent Columbia.

William Merchant Richardson.

THE PILGRIMS.

From the dark portals of the Star Chamber, and in the stern text of the Acts of Uniformity, the pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little

company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause, and if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

Their trials of wandering and of exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurances of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and snow. No, they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the pilgrims; their own cares, their own labors, their own counsels, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn; and as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favor which had always been withholden was changed into wrath, when the arm which had never supported was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions; crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison;

delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route, and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landing at last, after five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm beating on the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea? was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

EDWARD EVERETT.

CHARACTER OF THE PURITAN FATHERS.

One of the most prominent features which distinguished our forefathers was their determined resistance to oppression. They seemed born and brought up for the high and special purpose of showing to the world that the civil and religious rights of man, the rights of self-government, of conscience and independent thought, are not merely things to be talked of and woven into theories, but to be adopted with the whole strength and ardor of the mind, and felt in the profoundest recesses of the heart, carried out into the general life, and made the foundation of practical usefulness, visible beauty, and true nobility.

Liberty, with them, was an object of too serious desire and stern resolve to be personified, allegorized, and enshrined. They made no goddess of it, as the ancients did; they had no time nor inclination for such trifling; they felt that liberty was the simple birthright of every human creature; they called it so; they claimed it as such; they reverenced and held it fast as the unalienable gift of the Creator, which was not to be surrendered to power nor sold for wages.

It was theirs as men (without it they did not esteem themselves men; more than any other privilege or possession it was essential to their happiness, for it was essential to their original nature), and therefore they preferred it above wealth and ease and country; and, that they might enjoy and exercise it fully, they forsook houses and lands and kindred, their homes, their native soil, and their fathers' graves.

The principles of revolution were not the suddenly acquired property of a few bosoms; they were abroad in the land in the ages before; they had always been taught, like the truths of the Bible; they had descended from father to son, down from those primitive days when the pilgrim, established in his simple dwelling, and seated at his blazing fire, piled high from the forest which shaded his door, repeated to his listening children the story of his wrongs and his resistance, and bade them rejoice, though the wild winds and the wild beasts were howling without, that they had nothing to fear from great men's opposition and the bishops' rage.

Here were the beginnings of the revolution. Every settler's hearth was a school of independence; the scholars were apt, and the lessons sunk deeply; and thus it came that our country was always free; it could not be other than free.

As deeply seated as was the principle of liberty and resistance to arbitrary power in the breasts of the Puritans, it was not more so than their piety and sense of religious obligation.

They were emphatically a people whose God was the Lord. Their form of government was as strictly theocratical, if direct communication be excepted, as was that of the Jews; insomuch that it would be difficult to say where there was any civil authority among them entirely distinct from ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

God was their king; and they regarded him as truly and literally so as if he had dwelt in a visible palace in the midst of their state. They were his devoted, resolute, humble subjects; they undertook nothing which they did not beg of him to prosper; they accomplished nothing without rendering to him the praise; they suffered nothing without carrying up their sorrows to his throne; they ate nothing which they did not implore him to bless.

That there were hypocrites among them is not to be doubted; but they were rare; the men who voluntarily exiled themselves to an unknown coast, and endured there every toil and hardship for conscience' sake, and that they might serve God in their own manner, were not likely to set conscience at defiance and make the service of God a mockery; they were not likely to be, neither were they, hypocrites. I do not know that it would be arrogating too much for them to say that, on the extended surface of the globe, there was not a single community of men to be compared with them in the respects of deep religious impressions, and an exact performance of moral duty.

FRANCIS WILLIAM PITT GREENWOOD.

TWO CENTURIES FROM THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

If, on this day, after the lapse of two centuries, one of the fathers of New England, released from the sleep of death, could reappear on earth, what would be his emotions of joy and wonder! In lieu of a wilderness, here and there interspersed with solitary cabins, where life was scarcely worth the danger of preserving it, he would behold joyful harvests, a population crowded even to satiety, villages, towns, cities, States, swarming with industrious inhabitants, hills graced with temples of devotion, and valleys vocal with the early lessons of virtue. Casting his eye on the ocean which he passed in fear and trembling, he would see it covered with enterprising fleets returning with the whale as their captive, and the wealth of the Indies for their cargo. He would behold the little colony which he planted grown into gigantic stature, and forming an honorable part of a glorious confederacy, the pride of the earth, and the favorite of heaven.

He would witness, with exultation, the general prevalence of correct principles of government and virtuous habits of action. How gladly would he gaze upon the long stream of light and renown from Harvard's classic fount, and the kindred springs of Yale, of Providence, of Dartmouth, and of Brunswick! Would you fill his bosom with honest pride,—tell him of Franklin, who made thunder sweet music, and the lightning innocent fireworks; of Adams, the venerable sage reserved by heaven, himself a blessing, to witness its blessing on our nation; of Ames, whose tongue became, and has become, an angel's; of Perry,—

> "Blest by his God with one illustrious day,
> A blaze of glory, ere he passed away;"

and tell him, Pilgrim of Plymouth, these are thy descendants. Show him the stately structures, the splendid benevolence, the masculine intellect, and the sweet hospitality of the metropolis of New England. Show him that immortal vessel, whose name is synonymous with triumph, and each of her masts a sceptre. Show him the glorious fruits of his humble enterprise, and ask him

if this, all this, be not an atonement for his sufferings, a recompense for his toils, a blessing on his efforts, and a heart-expanding triumph for the pilgrim adventurer?

And if he be proud of his offspring, well may they boast of their parentage.

WILBUR FISK CRAFTS.

IN MEMORY OF THE PILGRIMS.

1820.

WAKE your harps' music! louder! higher!
And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire,
In all the pride of song!
Shout like those godlike men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blest soil their anthem rolled
Two hundred years ago!

From native shores by tempests driven,
They sought a purer sky,
And found beneath a milder heaven
The home of liberty.
An altar rose,—and prayers,—a ray
Broke on their night of woe,—
The harbinger of Freedom's day,—
Two hundred years ago!

They clung around that symbol too,
Their refuge and their all,
And swore, while skies and waves were blue,
That altar should not fall.
They stood upon the red man's sod,
'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,
With home, a country, and a God,
Two hundred years ago!

Oh, 'twas a hard, unyielding fate
That drove them to the seas;
And Persecution strove with Hate
To darken her decrees;
But safe above each coral grave
Each blooming ship did go:
A God was on the western wave
Two hundred years ago!

They knelt them on the desert sand,
By waters cold and rude,
Alone upon the dreary strand
Of ocean solitude!
They looked upon the high blue air,
And felt their spirits glow,
Resolved to live or perish there,—
Two hundred years ago!

The warrior's red right arm was bared,
His eye flashed deep and wild:
Was there a foreign footstep dared
To seek his home and child?
The dark chiefs yelled alarm, and swore
The white man's blood should flow,
And his hewn bones should bleach their shores,—
Two hundred years ago!

But lo! the warrior's eye grew dim,
His arm was left alone;
The still, black wilds which sheltered him
No longer were his own!
Time fled, and on the hallowed ground
His highest pine lies low,
And cities swell where forests frowned
Two hundred years ago!

Oh! stay not to recount the tale,—
'Twas bloody, and 'tis past;
The firmest cheek might well grow pale
To hear it to the last.

The God of heaven, who prospers us,
  Could bid a nation grow,
And shield us from the red man's curse,
  Two hundred years ago!

Come, then, great shades of glorious men,
  From your still glorious grave;
Look on your own proud land again,
  O bravest of the brave!
We call you from each mouldering tomb,
  And each blue wave below,
To bless the world ye snatched from doom
  Two hundred years ago!

Then to your harps,—yet louder! higher!
  And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire,
  In all the pride of song!
Shout for those godlike men of old,
  Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blest soil their anthem rolled
  Two hundred years ago!

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

NEW ENGLAND'S dead! New England's dead!
  On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife made red
  By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle poured
  Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
  With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
  And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
  And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!
Oh! few and weak their numbers were,—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half garnered, on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe;
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
I call: the hills reply again
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they not heed its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away.

ISAAC MCLELLAN, JR.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS,—WHERE ARE THEY?

The pilgrim fathers,—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile,—sainted name!
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now,
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;
But the pilgrim, where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast,
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim spirit has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE ROCK OF THE PILGRIMS.

A ROCK in the wilderness welcomed our sires,
From bondage far over the dark-rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled their fires,
Jehovah! which glow in our bosoms for Thee.

Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by Thy hand;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in Thy power,
And heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

The pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love,
Which beams like a star in the blue vault of heaven,
A beacon-light hung in their mansion above.

In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer,—
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill;
But God is the same, in the aisle or the air,
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

The breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,
And, bounding with the wave and wind,
We leave old England's shores behind;
Leave behind our native shore,
Homes, and all we loved before.

The deep may dash, the winds may blow,
The storm spread out its wings of woe,
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud
Hung in the folds of every cloud;
Still, as long as life shall last,
From that shore we'll speed us fast.

For we would rather never be,
Than dwell where mind cannot be free,
But bows beneath a despot's rod,
Even where it seeks to worship God.
Blasts of heaven, onward sweep!
Bear us o'er the troubled deep!

Oh, see what wonders meet our eyes!
Another land and other skies!
Columbia's hills have met our view!
Adieu! old England's shores, adieu!
Here, at length, our feet shall rest,
Hearts be free, and homes be blest.

As long as yonder firs shall spread
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head,
As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,
Where join the ocean and the land,
Shall those cliffs and mountains be
Proud retreats for liberty.

Now to the King of kings we'll raise
The pæan loud of sacred praise,

More loud than sounds the swelling breeze!
More loud than speak the rolling seas!
Happier lands have met our view!
England's shores, adieu! adieu!

THOMAS COGSWELL UPHAM.

THE FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BEHOLD! they come, those sainted forms,
Unshaken through the strife of storms;
Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down,
And earth puts on its rudest frown;
But colder, ruder, was the hand
That drove them from their own fair land,
Their own fair land,—refinement's chosen seat,
Art's trophied dwelling, learning's green retreat,
By valor guarded, and by victory crowned,
For all but gentle charity renowned.
With streaming eye, yet steadfast heart,
Even from that land they dared to part,
And burst each tender tie;
Haunts where their sunny youth was passed,
Homes where they fondly hoped at last
In peaceful age to die,
Friends, kindred, comfort, all they spurned,—
Their fathers' hallowed graves,—
And to a world of darkness turned,
Beyond a world of waves.

When Israel's race from bondage fled,
Signs from on high the wanderers led;
But here—Heaven hung no symbol here,
Their steps to guide, *their* souls to cheer;
They saw, through sorrow's lengthening night,
Naught but the fagot's guilty light;
The cloud they gazed at was the smoke
That round their murdered brethren broke;

Nor power above, nor power below,
Sustained them in their hour of woe;
A fearful path they trod,
And dared a fearful doom,
To build an altar to their God,
And find a quiet tomb.

Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand,
On yonder ice-bound rock,
Stern and resolved, that faithful band,
To meet fate's rudest shock.
Though anguish rends the father's breast
For them, his dearest and his best,
With him the waste who trod,—
Though tears that freeze, the mother sheds
Upon her children's houseless heads,—
The Christian turns to God!

In grateful adoration now,
Upon the barren sands they bow.
What tongue of joy e'er woke such prayer
As bursts in desolation there?
What arm of strength e'er wrought such power
As waits to crown that feeble hour?
There into life an infant empire springs!
There falls the iron from the soul;
There liberty's young accents roll
Up to the King of kings!
To fair creation's farthest bound
That thrilling summons yet shall sound;
The dreaming nations shall awake,
And to their centre earth's old kingdoms shake.
Pontiff and prince, your sway
Must crumble from that day;
Before the loftier throne of heaven
The hand is raised, the pledge is given,—
One monarch to obey, one creed to own,
That monarch, God,—that creed, His word alone.

Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds, to reverence dear.
A zeal like this what pious legends tell?
On kingdoms built
In blood and guilt
The worshippers of vulgar triumph dwell;
But what exploit with theirs shall page,
Who rose to bless their kind,
Who left their nation and their age,
Man's spirit to unbind?
Who boundless seas passed o'er,
And boldly met, in every path,
Famine and frost and heathen wrath,
To dedicate a shore
Where piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow;
Where liberty's glad race might proudly come,
And set up there an everlasting home?

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE HUGUENOT EXODUS TO AMERICA.

INDIVIDUALS, led on by an ambitious desire to improve their personal fortunes, have abandoned the home of their fathers. None of these motives prompted the Huguenot ancestors of the people of Carolina to leave the delightful hills and valleys of their native France. They were no instruments in the hands of ambitious princes for the increase of their wealth or power. They did not seek a home in America through mere love of adventure, or the ordinary inducements of pecuniary gain. They sought an asylum from persecution, a home in which they might enjoy, unmolested, the sweets of political and personal liberty. They longed to bear away their altars and their faith to a land of real freedom, a land allowing free scope to the exercise of conscience in worship of their Maker.

Their name is synonymous with patient endurance, noble fortitude, and high religious purpose. In reverting to the period when a plain but high-souled, energetic people were driven, by persecutions of the Old World, to take refuge in this uncultivated

wild, we trace the origin of these people, and tread upon the ashes of the pioneers of religion, of domestic peace, and social virtue. To revive the memories of the generous dead, to hold up to praise and emulation ancestral virtue, are grateful tasks, which seldom fail to achieve lasting and beneficial results. We look back to our fathers for lessons of wisdom and piety. We take pleasure in recalling their brave deeds and their exalted virtue. We like to frequent their walks and haunts. With pleasure we sit around the firesides at which they sat, and worship before the altars at which they worshipped; and who will quarrel with this just principle of our nature?

Our Huguenot ancestors came to this country in the complete armor of grown-up, civilized men. They had been raised under the auspices of an old and refined civilization. Their minds and hearts had undergone the severest discipline of an improved age and of bitter experience.

Prohibited from acting in any branch of the learned profession, not even allowed to pursue the calling of any business by which to support their families, taking shelter in deserts and forests, with property confiscated, and religious worship of their choice interdicted, they quit their native land. Quiet and unobtrusive in their manners, faithful to their king, obedient to the civil and political laws of their country, they begged only for freedom in religious worship. No violence, no contempt of their rights, no harsh vituperation, could impair their fealty to their sovereign in all things pertaining to the legitimate claims of his station. Over his losses they lamented. He received from them sincere condolence for his misfortunes and fervent prayers for his happiness. His heart was steeled against such generous, simple, and truly loyal worship, and their cup of bitterness was full. The fiat of injured nature went forth. Resolved to endure no longer the oppressions of a home they loved so fondly, they prepared, even as a child still loves a parent who has mercilessly cast him upon the broad bosom of the world, friendless and penniless, to bid adieu to all they loved in their dear, native France, and find in America a new country, a real home.* W. C. Moragne.

* From address at Abbeville, S.C., 1886, through the courtesy of Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas, of New York.

THE LANDING OF THE HUGUENOTS.

We behold in imagination the vessel as it begins to spread its sails to the breeze on the distant voyage. We see the devoted group—the grave husband, the anxious mother, the unconscious babe—as they crowd the deck to gaze for the last time upon the receding shore. The bright sun gilds the distant coast, and behind those vine-clad hills they yet behold their native woods, beloved friends, the soil that gave them birth, with the remembrance of school-days and the joy of manhood. But soon they turn their vision to the blue heavens above them, arched by the span of hope, and with unwavering courage nerve their hearts to follow the appointments of their heavenly leader. The sufferings of the mind are worse than those of the body, yet this, all this, did our ancestors brave for freedom of conscience; nay, more, perils by sea and land, with the sickening horror of hope deferred, the pangs of disappointment, and the untold miseries of colonization.

We cast our eyes toward them in their new homes and watch the group. There, still, are the resolute husband, the brave-hearted matron, and the trembling infant sheltered in its mother's arms. Casting the eye through the opening forests, they behold, for the first time, the majestic oak. All is new, striking, grand! Excited by the sublime exhibition of Nature's works, they fall upon the earth, and in tears of gratitude send up the first evangelical prayer ever offered in these wilds.

From among the thousands who at this time fled from persecution, South Carolina received a noble population,—the Marions, Horries, Legares, Laurens, De Saussures, Manigaults, Hugers, Porchers, Lessesnes, Prioleaus, Gaillards, Mazycks, Ravenels, Du-boses, Couturiers, St. Juliens, and other well-known names; a race of men gifted with every manly virtue, who have breathed a high-souled, chivalric spirit into Carolina character, and have added to her fame. May their memories be ever blessed for their fortitude and their wise resolve to bear that character unstained to a land of spiritual freedom! May no blight arise to retard our onward progress or to damp the moral energies of our people! May generations yet unborn, in dwelling upon the

virtues of those who have gone before them, find something to respect and admire in the recollection of those times and names!

May we acquire a character so distinguished for moral and mental beauty that in ages to come, when collected multitudes shall gather to commemorate the virtues of the fathers, there shall be no dark shade in the fair face of our being to break the bright moral view of the past!

WILLIAM CAIN MORAGNE.

THE FRIENDS IN NEW JERSEY.

I HAVE no time to-day to describe the rise of the Society of Friends. Considered only as a political event, and in its bearing upon the struggle for civil and religious liberty, it is a strange chapter in the history of progress, and it is one of the peculiar glories of those whom the world calls Quakers that without justice to their achievements such a history would be incomplete. It was in the midst of the stormiest years of the civil war that George Fox, an humble shepherd youth from the fields of Nottingham, began his ministry. A mystery even to himself, and believing that he was divinely appointed, Fox went forth to preach to his countrymen the new gospel, founded on freedom of conscience, purity of life, and the equality of man. The times were ripe for such a mission. The public mind was like tinder, and the fire that came from the lips of the young enthusiast set England in a blaze. The people flocked to hear him, and his enemies became alarmed. Here was not only a new religious creed, but a dangerous political doctrine. Here was an idea that, once embodied in a sect, would strike a blow at caste and privilege, and shake the very foundations of society. But nothing availed to tie the tongue of Fox or cool the fervor of his spirit. Threatened, fined, beaten, and imprisoned, he turned neither to the left hand nor to the right.

At Cromwell's death the Quakers were already a numerous people. At the Restoration they had grown to dangerous proportions. Against them, therefore, was directed the vengeance of all parties and of every sect. Under all governments it was

the same, and the Quaker met with even worse treatment from the Puritan government of New England than he had received from either the stern republican of Cromwell's time or the gay courtier of the Restoration. Though his hand was lifted against no man, all men's hands were laid heavily on him. He was persecuted, but nowhere understood. His religion was called fanaticism, his frugality avarice, his simplicity ignorance, his piety hypocrisy, his freedom infidelity, his conscientiousness rebellion.

But, though they fought no fight, they kept the faith. None can deny that they sought the faith with zeal, believed with sincerity, met danger with courage, and bore suffering with extraordinary fortitude. "They are a people," said the Protector, "whom I cannot win with gifts, honors, offices, or places."

There were many reasons why our forefathers turned their eyes upon New Jersey. The unrelenting Puritan had shut in their faces the doors of Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth Colony. New York had been appropriated by the Dutch, and the followers of Fox could find little sympathy among the settlers of the Old Dominion. He had travelled across New Jersey two or three years before. It is to be noticed that Penn's connection with the Quaker settlement of Burlington led to the founding of Pennsylvania.

James II., in the year 1664, sold what is known as New Jersey to two of his friends,—Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley. Carteret planted settlements in Eastern Jersey, and the city of Elizabeth still perpetuates the name of his accomplished wife; but as it was in Massachusetts, it was with Pennsylvania and the Jerseys. At last Berkeley, too old to realize his plans, offered the Province for sale. The opportunity was a rare one for the Quaker. Not alone for himself did the Pilgrim embark upon the Mayflower; not for himself alone did the Puritan seek a shelter on the bleak shores of Massachusetts; not for himself alone did Roger Williams gather his little colony at the head of Narragansett Bay; and the same faith that he was building in the wilderness a place of refuge for the oppressed forever, led the stern Quaker out of England. This was the faith that sustained them without a murmur through all the horrors of a New England winter; that kept their courage up while the Connecti-

cut Valley rang with the war-whoop of the Indian; that raised their fainting spirits beneath the scorching rays of a Southern sun; that made them content and happy in the untrodden forests of New Jersey.

Proud may we justly be, as Americans, of those who laid the foundations of our happiness. I know of no people who can point to a purer and less selfish ancestry; of no nation that looks back to a nobler or more honorable origin. The history of old Burlington has been a modest one, but full of those things which good men rejoice to find in the character of their ancestors; of a courage meek but dauntless, a self-sacrifice lowly but heroic, a wisdom humble and yet lofty, a love of humanity that nothing could quench, a devotion to liberty that was never shaken, an unfaltering and childlike faith in God.*

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

I SAW in the naked forest our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them, the dying fell so fast;
I looked to see them perish, when, lo! the vision passed.

Again mine eyes were opened: the feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men, the remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream, and all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked, to hear the Christians' godly song.

They slept, the village fathers, by rivers, lake, and shore,
When far adown the steep of Time the vision rose once more;
I saw along the winter snow a spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks a tattered flag they bore.

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* From address at Burlington, New Jersey, December 6, 1877, at the two-hundredth anniversary of its settlement by the passengers of the good ship Kent, who landed at Raccoon Creek, August 16, O.S., and laid out the town on Chygoe's Island, "towards y^e^ latter part of y^e^ 8th month, 1677." (By the courtesy of President Richard T. Mott, of the Burlington Library Company, to which the author presented the copies of his address.)

Their leader rode before them, of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling throned in his awful eye;
These were the nation's champions, her dread appeal to try!
"God for the right!" I faltered, and, lo! the train passed by.

Once more: the strife was ended, the solemn issue tried;
The Lord of Hosts, His mighty arm, had helped our Israel's side;
Gray stone and grassy hillock told where her martyrs died,
And peace was in the borders of victory's chosen bride.

A crash, as when some swollen cloud cracks o'er the tangled trees!
With side to side, and spar to spar, whose smoking decks are these?
I know St. George's blood-red cross, thou mistress of the seas;
But what is she, whose streaming bars roll out before the breeze?

Ah! well her iron ribs are knit, whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips, that pealed the Armada's knell!
The mist was cleared; a wreath of stars rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And wavering from its haughty peak, the cross of England fell!

O trembling Faith! though dark the morn, a heavenly torch is thine!
While feebler races melt away, and paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought this Western Palestine!

I see the living tribe roll on; it crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador, the Spaniard's "land of flowers;"
It streams beyond the splintered ridge that parts the northern showers,—
From eastern rock to sunset wave the continent is ours.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PART IV.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DEVELOPED.

INTRODUCTION.

In this age of immediate communication with all parts of the civilized world we are not surprised when some leading political sentiment or sympathy is shared in common by different nations, nor even that inventions are so nearly simultaneous in different countries that the original inventor fails to receive full credit. Political revolutions are rarely the result of a single act of oppression or injustice, but the slow development of a passive or restless endurance of wrong which at last finds some special occasion for organized and open resistance. The war for American independence was thus begun.

The contemporary and nearly simultaneous utterances of the friends of America on both sides of the ocean were as significant of the coming issue, at the date of the battle of Lexington, as if the modern telegraph system had then been in use. Full accord in sympathy and sense of duty, quickened by the obstinacy of the British ministry, rendered any other result impossible. The speeches of Chatham, Wilkes, Fox, and Burke, in England, and those of Henry, Otis, Quincy, Warren, Lee, and the Adamses, in America, lose much of their significance unless it be remembered that at almost the same hour, and without knowledge of passing events on the other side, the events themselves were, in fact, anticipated.

The lofty and pathetic appeal of Colonel Isaac Barré to the British Parliament in 1765, ten years before war began, was a solemn warning to Great Britain that her ingratitude to the colonies for their service in the French and Indian wars would certainly alienate her subjects and entitle them to the assertion

of their rights by force. His forecast of the future was so prophetic that as soon as armed resistance became inevitable, and actual, nearly all the colonial officers who had served in Canada or in the West Indies joined the American army before Boston. Ward, Putnam, Spencer, Thomas, Schuyler, Montgomery, Stark, Wooster, Pomeroy, Gridley, and Prescott were among the veterans who thus espoused the cause of American independence.

In 1766 Mr. Pitt followed the example of Colonel Barré, and in the responsive echo from America found new incentive to prosecute his patriotic labors; until, at last, his very life went out in one final protest against continued war upon American rights.

To combine or to alternate the British and American utterances of that period gives to the development of American independence the easy flow of responsive readings, until, as early as 1780, Jonathan Mason boldly announced that "America already holds a seat among the nations."

The speech of Edmund Burke on the 22d of March, and that of Patrick Henry on the 23d of March, 1775, so closely followed by the battle of Lexington, and the grand words of Richard Henry Lee, shortly after, are coincident evidence that independence was assured before the first battle-conflict.

INDEPENDENCE.

Day of glory, welcome day,
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See, how cheerfully they play
With thy morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
On the heights where squadrons wheeled,
When a tyrant's thunder pealed
O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies, did thy "stars
In their courses" smite his cars,

Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn
Who for freedom died.

God of peace, whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmurs of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er,
Oh, let freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
Till there's war no more.

By the patriot's hallowed rest,
By the warrior's gory breast,
Never let our graves be pressed
By a despot's throne;
By the pilgrims' toil and cares,
By their battles and their prayers,
By their ashes, let our heirs
Bow to Thee alone.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDEPENDENCE-DAY.

THE United States is the only country with a known birthday. All the rest began, they know not when, and grew into power, they knew not how. If there had been no Independence-Day, England and America combined would not be so great as each actually is. There is no "Republican," no "Democrat," on the Fourth of July,—all are Americans. All feel that their country is greater than party.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

GREAT BRITAIN NEGLECTS HER COLONIES.

The year 1765 opened with the matured purpose of George Grenville—a brother-in-law of Lord Chatham, and then at the head of British affairs—to replenish the exhausted royal treasury through a special stamp tax and kindred impost duties at the expense of the American colonies. Charles Townshend, who had been Secretary of State for War under Mr. Pitt in 1761, became the First Lord of Trade in 1763, and shared none of Mr. Pitt's liberality toward the colonies when they came under his immediate control. Lord Macaulay says,—

"Charles Townshend was a man of splendid talents, of lax principles, and of boundless vanity and presumption, who would submit to no control. He had always quailed before the genius and the lofty character of Pitt; but when Pitt (becoming Lord Chatham) had quitted the House of Commons and seemed to have abdicated the part of chief minister, Townshend broke loose from all restraint."

On the 7th of February, 1765, upon the introduction of the Stamp Act, he took occasion to charge the American colonists with ingratitude toward the mother-country, as follows:

"And will these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished up by our indulgence, until they are grown to a degree of strength and opulence, and protected by our arms,—will they grudge to contribute their mite to relieve us from the heavy weight of that burden which we lie under?"

Colonel Isaac Barré, who served under Wolfe at Quebec, and knew the American character, replied,—

"They planted by your care? No. Your oppression planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable, and among others to the cruelties of a savage foe the most subtle, and I will take it upon me to say the most formidable, of any people upon the face of the earth; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure compared with those they suffered in their own country from the hands of those who should have been their friends.

"They nourished by your indulgence? They grew by your neglect of them! As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule them, in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this House sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them; men whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seat of justice; some who, to my knowledge, were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own.

"They protected by your arms? They have nobly taken up arms in your defence; have exerted a valor, amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defence of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emoluments.

"And believe me—remember, I this day told you so—that the same spirit of freedom which actuated that people at first will accompany them still. But prudence forbids me to explain myself further. Heaven knows I do not at this time speak from motives of party heat; what I deliver are the genuine sentiments of my heart.

"However superior to me in general knowledge and experience the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen and been conversant in that country. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the king has, but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them, if ever they should be violated. But the subject is too delicate. I will say no more."

COLONEL ISAAC BARRÉ.

GREAT BRITAIN WARNED OF HER DANGER.

ON the 17th of December, 1765, the British Parliament was summoned to take action upon tidings from the colonies of open resistance to the enforcement of the Stamp Act passed on the 22d of the previous March. The predictions of Colonel Barré, so solemnly announced at the time of its passage, had

already become a matter of history. The earnest appeal of Lord Chatham on the 14th of January, 1766, was followed by the introduction of a bill, February 26, for the repeal of the Stamp Act. It was repealed, but accompanied by an act asserting the authority of the king and Parliament to make laws which should "bind the colonies and people of America in all cases whatsoever." When this "Declaratory Act" reached the House of Lords, Charles Pratt (Lord Camden), a school-mate of Pitt at Eton, endorsed Mr. Pitt's appeal in the Commons by these words:

"My position is this; I repeat it, I will retain it to the last hour: taxation and representation are inseparable. This position is founded on the laws of nature. It is more. It is in itself an eternal law of nature. For whatever is a man's own is absolutely his own. No man has a right to take it from him without his consent, either expressed by himself or by his representative. Whoever attempts to do this attempts an injury. Whoever does it commits a robbery. He throws down and destroys the distinction between liberty and slavery."

The Declaratory Act was passed, and within one year new taxes were imposed under the direction of Charles Townshend, the advocate of the original Stamp Act, thereby hastening the colonists to open resistance.

Lord Chatham's address contained the following appeal:

Mr. Speaker,—

The gentleman tells us that America is obstinate,—America is almost in open rebellion! I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. I come here, not armed at all points, with the statute-book doubled down in dog's-ears, to defend the cause of liberty. I would not debate a particular point of law with the gentleman. But for the defence of liberty upon a general principle, upon a constitutional principle, it is a ground upon which I stand firm, on which I dare meet any man. There were not wanting some, when I had the honor to serve his Majesty, to propose to me to burn my fingers with an American stamp act. With the enemy at their back, with our bayonets at their breasts, in the day of their distress, perhaps the Americans would have submitted to the imposition;

L. of C.

but it would have been taking an ungenerous, an unjust advantage. I am no courtier of America. I stand up for the kingdom. When two countries are connected together like England and her colonies, without being incorporated, the one must necessarily govern. The greater must rule the less. But she must so rule it as not to contradict the fundamental principles that are common to both. The gentleman asks, "When were the colonies emancipated?" I desire to know, when were they made slaves? The profits to Great Britain from the trade of the colonies through all its branches is two millions a year. This is the fund that carried you triumphantly through the last war. You owe this to America. This is the price America pays you for her protection. And shall a miserable financier come with a boast that he can bring a "pepper-corn" into the exchequer by the loss of millions to the nation?

A great deal has been said, without-doors, of the power, of the strength, of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. But on this ground, on the Stamp Act, I am one who will lift up my hands against it. In such a cause your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the state and pull down the constitution along with her.

Is this your boasted peace, not to sheathe the sword in its scabbard, but to sheathe it in the bowels of your countrymen? The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper; they have been wronged, they have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness which you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for America that she will follow the example.

There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behavior to his wife, so applicable to you and your colonies, that I cannot help repeating them:

> "Be to her faults a little blind;
> Be to her virtues very kind."

I will beg leave to tell the House what is my opinion. It is that the Stamp Act be repealed absolutely, totally, and imme-

diately. Let the reason for the repeal be assigned that "the Act was founded upon an erroneous principle." At the same time bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise every power whatsoever except that of taking money out of their pockets without their consent.

WILLIAM PITT (LORD CHATHAM).

AMERICA RESENTS BRITISH DICTATION.

DURING the agitation of 1765 concerning the British Stamp Act, a convention of its opponents was assembled in New York City under the name of "The Stamp-Act Congress." Among the most conspicuous of the delegates from the Massachusetts Colony was James Otis. As early as 1761 he protested so earnestly against permitting the British officers of the customs to have "writs of assistance" in their enforcement of the British revenue laws, that John Adams, who listened to his argument, thus describes it:

"Otis was a flame of fire! With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. Every man of an immense audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take up arms against any 'writs of assistance.'"

The all-absorbing sentiment of his life, the wealth of his diction, and the fire of his oratory have been embodied in a form which stands among the best of American classics. In the romance of "The Rebels," Miss Lydia Maria Francis (afterwards Mrs. Child) introduces James Otis as a leading character. After the opening statement, that "there was hurrying to and fro through the streets of Boston on the night of the 14th of August, 1765," this patriotic American woman shows such a right conception of the power and oratory of Otis, as well as of the actual tone and spirit of his times, that the fragments of her hero's conversation during the story, gathered in the form of

a speech, have often been mistaken for some actual appeal to the people of his period. The youth of America will do well to keep it fresh in mind, and thereby honor both its author and its subject.

JAMES OTIS IN 1765.

"England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the steps of Freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown, and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

"We are two millions, one-fifth fighting-men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be, extorted.

"Some have sneeringly asked, 'Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?' No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True, the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land.

"Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

"We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics; and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population.

"And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother-

country? No; we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her; to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy!

"But perhaps others will say, 'We ask no money from your gratitude; we only demand that you should pay your own expenses.' And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king! (And, with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne.

"In every instance, those who take are to judge for those who pay. If this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege that rain and dew do not depend upon Parliament; otherwise, they would soon be taxed and dried.

"But, thanks to God! there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death.

"But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember that a fire is lighted in these colonies which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE REPEAL OF OBNOXIOUS LAWS DEMANDED.

IN March, 1774, Massachusetts was deprived of her charter, and the port of Boston was closed to commerce. On the 27th of May Lord Chatham denounced a measure providing for quartering troops on the people of Boston, and ridiculed the alleged precautions growing out of the destruction of a cargo of tea on the night of December 18, 1773. On the 9th of

April Edmund Burke followed in a severe arraignment of the British ministry for insisting upon its odious and unjust system of taxation.

The year 1775 opened with a thorough accord in sentiment on the part of the friends of America on both sides of the ocean. The first Congress, or Conference, at Philadelphia, in 1774, had aroused the admiration of Lord Chatham, and on the 20th of January, 1775, he honored it with his praise, and demanded the repeal of all oppressive acts, as well as the removal of the garrison from Boston.

(Mr. Pitt, in Parliament, January 20, 1775.)

When your lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America, when you consider their firmness, decency, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must affirm, declare, and avow that, in all my reading and observation (and it has been my favorite study, for I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-states of the world), I say, I must declare that, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal.

We shall be forced, ultimately, to retract. Let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts. They MUST be repealed. You WILL repeal them. I pledge myself for it that you will, in the end, repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed.

Avoid, then, this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace and happiness; for it is for your true dignity to act with prudence and justice. That you should first concede, is obvious from sound and rational policy. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effects from superior power. It reconciles superiority of power with the feelings

of men, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude.

Every motive, therefore, of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America by a removal of your troops from Boston; by a repeal of your Acts of Parliament; and by demonstration of an amiable, amicable disposition towards your colonies. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measures. Foreign war hangs over your heads by a slight and brittle thread. France and Spain watch your conduct and wait for the maturity of your errors with a vigilant eye to America, and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may.

To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from the crown, but I will affirm that they will make the crown not worth his wearing; I will not say that the king is betrayed, but I will pronounce that the kingdom is undone.

WILLIAM PITT (LORD CHATHAM).

REMOVAL OF THE BOSTON GARRISON DEMANDED.

(Mr. Pitt, in Parliament, January 20, 1775.)

MY LORDS,—

These papers, brought to your table at so late a period of this business, tell us what? Why, what all the world knew before: that the Americans, irritated by repeated injuries, and stripped of their inborn rights and dearest privileges, have resisted, and entered into associations for the preservation of their common liberties.

Had the early situation of the people of Boston been attended to, things would not have come to this. But the infant complaints of Boston were literally treated like the capricious squalls of a child, who, it was said, did not know whether it was aggrieved or not.

But full well I knew, at that time, that this child, if not redressed, would soon assume the courage and voice of a man. Full well I knew that the sons of ancestors, born under the same free constitution and once breathing the same liberal air as Englishmen, would resist upon the same principles and on the same occasions.

What has government done? They have sent an armed force, consisting of seventeen thousand men, to dragoon the Bostonians into what is called their duty; and, so far from once turning their eyes to the policy and destructive consequence of this scheme, are constantly sending out more troops. And we are told, in the language of menace, that if seventeen thousand men won't do, fifty thousand shall.

It is true, my lords, with this force they may ravage the country, waste and destroy as they march; but, in the progress of fifteen hundred miles, can they occupy the places they have passed? Will not a country which can produce three millions of people, wronged and insulted as they are, start up like hydras in every corner, and gather fresh strength from fresh opposition?

Nay, what dependence can you have upon the soldiery, the unhappy engines of your wrath? They are Englishmen, who must feel for the privileges of Englishmen. Do you think that these men can turn their arms against their brethren? Surely no. A victory must be to them a defeat, and carnage a sacrifice.

But it is not merely three millions of people, the produce of America, we have to contend with in this unnatural struggle; many more are on their side, dispersed over the face of this wide empire. Every Whig in this country and in Ireland is with them.

In this alarming crisis I come with this paper in my hand to offer you the best of my experience and advice; which is, that a humble petition be presented to his Majesty, beseeching him that, in order to open the way towards a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, it may graciously please him that immediate orders be given to General Gage for removing his Majesty's forces from the town of Boston.

Such conduct will convince America that you mean to try her cause in the spirit of freedom and inquiry, and not in letters of blood.

There is no time to be lost. Every hour is big with danger. Perhaps, while I am now speaking, the decisive blow is struck which may involve millions in the consequence. And, believe me, the very first drop of blood which is shed will cause a wound which may never be healed.

WILLIAM PITT (LORD CHATHAM).

CONCILIATION OR WAR.

(Mr. Burke, in Parliament, March 22, 1775.)

WE are called again, as it were by a superior warning voice, to attend to America, and to review the subject with an unusual degree of calmness. Surely it is an awful subject, or there is none this side the grave. The proposition is peace; not peace hunted through the medium of war, but peace sought in its natural course, in its ordinary haunts, and laid in principles purely pacific. I propose to restore the former unsuspecting confidence of the colonies in the mother-country, and reconcile them each to each. My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron.

Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it once be understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation; the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, and everything hastens to decay and dissolution.

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have. The more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience.

Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But until you become lost to all feelings of your true interest and your national dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly.

This is the true Act of Navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire.

Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole.

These things do not make your government, dead instruments, passive tools as they are; it is the spirit of the English constitution that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land tax which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline?

No! surely no! It is the love of the people, it is their attachment to their government from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, there-

fore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine.

But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned have no substantial existence, are, in truth, everything and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, *Sursum corda!** We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us.

By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honorable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness, of the human race.

EDMUND BURKE.

"WAR IS ACTUALLY BEGUN."

(Mr. Henry, in the Convention of Delegates of Virginia, March 23, 1775, urges that the colony be immediately put in a state of defence.)

THIS, sir, is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at this time through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country and of an act of disloyalty towards the majesty of heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions

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* Let your hearts rise upward!

of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been

already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!

* * * * * * * *

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant,

the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war has actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal-light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,

Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war,—
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till, in the silence around him, he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen, and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went,
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead,
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent

On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

* * * * * * *

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,

In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, APRIL 17, 1775.

No Berserk* thirst of blood had they,
  No battle-joy was theirs, who set
  Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.
* * * * * *
Swift as their summons came they left
  The plough mid-furrow standing still,
  The half-ground corn-grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call,
  They scarcely asked the reason why;
  They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.
* * * * * *
Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
  And shattered slavery's chain as well;
  On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That fateful echo is not dumb;
  The nations, listening to its sound,
  Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come;

The bridal-time of Law and Love,
  The gladness of the world's release,
  When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove;

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* Berserk, or Bar-sark, Icelandic name for "careless bravo or freebooter."

The golden age of brotherhood
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain crags,
The lion of our mother-land.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM.

DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war-message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne North, and South, and East, and West, throughout the land.

It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and, ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale.

As the summons hurried to the South, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onwards and still onwards, through boundless groves of evergreen, to New-Berne and to Wilmington.

"For God's sake, forward it by night and by day," wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border and despatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettos

and moss-clad live-oaks, farther to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond Savannah.

The Blue Ridge took up the voice, and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers, that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn commemorated the 19th day of April, 1776, by naming their encampment *Lexington.*

With one impulse the colonies sprung to arms; with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart the continent cried, "Liberty or Death!"

George Bancroft.

THE RISING IN 1776.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
  The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
  The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

* * * * * *

Within its shade of elm and oak
  The church of Berkley Manor stood;

There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet, with loitering tread,
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught:
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youths' gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

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The pastor came: his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.

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The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed,
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause,—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—
The warrior-priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long-reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! War!"

"Who dares?"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came,—

"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "*I!*"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

(Extract from "Battles of the American Revolution.")

THE advance of the British army was like a solemn pageant in its steady headway, and like a parade for inspection in the completeness of its outfit. It moved forward as if by the very force of its closely-knit columns it must sweep away every barrier in its path. Elated, sure of victory, with firm step, already quickened as the space of separation lessens, there is left but a few rods of interval, a few steps only, and the work is done! But right in their way was a calm, intense, and energizing love of liberty, represented by men of the same blood and of equal daring.

A few shots impulsively fired, but quickly restrained, drew an innocent fire from the advancing column. But the pale men behind the scant defence, obedient to one will, answered not; and nothing to the audible commands of the advancing mass,—waiting still. The left wing is near the redoubt. It surely is nothing to surmount a bank of fresh earth but six feet high; and its sands and clods can almost be counted, it is so near, so easy, *sure!* Short, crisp, and earnest, low-toned, but felt as an electric pulse from redoubt to river, are the words of a single man, Prescott. Warren, by his side, repeats them. The word runs quickly along the impatient line. The eager fingers give back from the waiting trigger. "Steady, men! Wait until you see the white of the eye! Not a shot sooner! Aim at the handsome coats! Aim at the waistbands! Pick off the officers! Wait for the word, every man! Steady!"

Already those plain men, so patient, can count the buttons, can read the emblems on the belt-plate, can recognize the officers and men whom they have seen at parade on Boston Common. Features grow more and more distinct. The silence is awful!

These men seem breathless,—dead! It comes, that word, the word waited for,—"Fire!" That word had waited behind the centre and the left wing, where Putnam watched, as it lingered behind breastwork and redoubt. Sharp, clear, and deadly, in tone and essence, it rings forth,—"Fire!"

From redoubt to river, along the whole sweep of devouring flame, the forms of men wither as in a furnace heat. The whole front goes down. For an instant the chirp of the grasshopper and the cricket in the freshly-cut grass might almost be heard; then the groans of the suffering; then the shouts of impatient yeomen, who leap over obstacles to pursue, until recalled to silence and to duty.

Staggering but reviving, grand in the glory of their manhood, heroic in the fortitude which restores self-possession, with a steady step, in the face of fire and over the bodies of their dead, the remnant dare to renew battle. Again the deadly volley; and the shattered columns, in spite of entreaty or command, move back to the place of starting, and the first shock of battle is over.

A lifetime when it is past seems but as a moment. A moment sometimes is as a lifetime. Onset and repulse! Three hundred lifetimes ended in twenty minutes!

INDEPENDENCE BELL, PHILADELPHIA.

Inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." July 4, 1776.

THERE was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,

So they beat against the State-House,
  So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
  Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
  Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
  "Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
  "Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
  "I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
  We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
  Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
  On the scene looked down and smiled:
The same sun that saw the Spartan
  Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
  All unconquered, rise again.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
  Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
  Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
  Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
  Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
  List the boy's exultant cry!
"*Ring!*" he shouts, "RING! *grandpa*,
  Ring! oh, RING for LIBERTY!"
Quickly at the given signal
  The old bell-man lifts his hand,

Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

That old State-House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living,—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "INDEPENDENCE;"
Which, please God, *shall never die!*

ANONYMOUS.

INDEPENDENCE A SOLEMN DUTY.

THE time will certainly come when the fated separation between the mother-country and these colonies must take place, whether you will or no, for it is so decreed by the very nature of things, by the progressive increase of our population, the fertility of our soil, the extent of our territory, the industry of our countrymen, and the immensity of the ocean which separates the two countries. And if this be true, as it is most true, who does not see that the sooner it takes place the better?—that it would be the height of folly not to seize the present occasion, when British injustice has filled all hearts with indignation, inspired all minds with courage, united all opinions in one, and put arms in every hand? And how long must we traverse three

thousand miles of a stormy sea to solicit of arrogant and insolent men either counsel, or commands to regulate our domestic affairs? From what we have already achieved it is easy to presume what we shall hereafter accomplish. Experience is the source of sage counsels, and liberty is the mother of great men. Have you not seen the enemy driven from Lexington by citizens armed and assembled in one day? Already their most celebrated generals have yielded in Boston to the skill of ours. Already their seamen, repulsed from our coasts, wander over the ocean, the sport of tempests and the prey of famine. Let us hail the favorable omen, and fight, not for the sake of knowing on what terms we are to be the slaves of England, but to secure to ourselves a free existence, to found a just and independent government.

Why do we longer delay? why still deliberate? Let this most happy day give birth to the American Republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and the laws. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom that may contrast, by the felicity of her citizens, with the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum where the unhappy may find solace and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprang up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade all the unfortunate of the human race. This is the end presaged by so many omens; by our first victories; by the present ardor and union; by the flight of Howe, and the pestilence which broke out among Dunmore's people; by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleets and transports, and that terrible tempest which engulfed seven hundred vessels upon the coast of Newfoundland.

If we are not this day wanting in our duty to our country, the names of the American legislators will be placed, by posterity, at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been and will be forever dear to virtuous men and good citizens. RICHARD HENRY LEE.

INDEPENDENCE EXPLAINED.

(Delivered in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776, twenty-seven days after the Declaration of Independence.)

My countrymen, from the day on which an accommodation takes place between England and America on any other terms than as independent States, I shall date the ruin of this country. We are now, to the astonishment of the world, three millions of souls united in one common cause. This day we are called on to give a glorious example of what the wisest and best of men were rejoiced to view only in speculation. This day presents the world with the most august spectacle that its annals ever unfolded,—millions of freemen voluntarily and deliberately forming themselves into a society for their common defence and common happiness. Immortal spirits of Hampden, Locke, and Sidney! will it not add to your benevolent joys to behold your posterity rising to the dignity of *men*—evincing to the world the reality and expediency of your systems, and in the actual enjoyment of that equal liberty which you were happy when on earth in delineating and recommending to mankind?

Other nations have received their laws from conquerors; some are indebted for a constitution to the sufferings of their ancestors through revolving centuries; the people of this country alone have formally and deliberately chosen a government for themselves, and, with open, uninfluenced consent, bound themselves into a social compact. And, fellow-countrymen, if ever it was granted to mortals to trace the designs of Providence and interpret its manifestations in favor of their cause, we may, with humility of soul, cry out, Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy name be the praise. The confusion of the devices of our enemies, and the rage of the elements against them, have done almost as much towards our success as either our counsels or our arms.

The time at which this attempt on our liberties was made,—when we were ripened into maturity, had acquired a knowledge of war, and were free from the incursions of intestine enemies,—the *gradual* advances of our oppressors, enabling us to prepare for our defence, the unusual fertility of our lands, the

clemency of the seasons, the success which at first attended our feeble arms, producing unanimity among our friends and compelling our internal foes to acquiescence,—these are all strong and palpable marks and assurances that Providence IS YET GRACIOUS UNTO ZION, THAT IT WILL TURN AWAY THE CAPTIVITY OF JACOB! Driven from every other corner of the earth, freedom of thought and the right of private judgment in matters of conscience direct their course to this happy country as their last asylum. Let us cherish the noble guests! Let us shelter them under the wings of universal toleration! Be this the seat of UNBOUNDED RELIGIOUS FREEDOM! She will bring with her in her train, Industry, Wisdom, and Commerce.

Our union is now complete. You have in the field armies sufficient to repel the whole force of your enemies. The hearts of your soldiers beat high with the spirit of freedom. Go on, then, in your generous enterprise, with gratitude to heaven for past success, and confidence of it in the future! For my own part, I ask no greater blessing than to share with you the common danger and the common glory. If I have a wish dearer to my soul than that my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren and a Montgomery, it is, THAT THESE AMERICAN STATES MAY NEVER CEASE TO BE FREE AND INDEPENDENT!

SAMUEL ADAMS.

GREAT BRITAIN MUST YIELD, OR LOSE AMERICA.

(Mr. Pitt, in Parliament, May 30, 1777, ridicules the idea of conquest, at the same time warning against the attitude of France.)

MY LORDS,—

This is a flying moment; perhaps but six weeks left to arrest the dangers that surround us. The gathering storm may break; it has opened, and in part burst. It is difficult for government, after all that has passed, to shake hands with the defiers of the king, defiers of the Parliament, defiers of the people. I am a defier of nobody, but if an end is not put to this war, there is an end to this kingdom. I do not trust my judgment in my present state of health; this is the judgment of my better days; the

result of forty years' attention to America. They are rebels! but what are they rebels for? Surely not for defending their unquestionable rights! What have these rebels done heretofore? I remember when they raised four regiments on their own bottom, and took Louisbourg from the veteran troops of France.

But their excesses have been great! I do not mean their panegyric; but must observe, in extenuation, the erroneous and infatuated counsels which have prevailed. The door to mercy and justice has been shut against them. But they may still be taken up upon the grounds of their former submission. I state to you the importance of America. It is a double market; a market of consumption and a market of supply. This double market for millions, with naval stores, you are giving to your hereditary rival.

America has carried you through four wars, and will now carry you to your death if you do not take things in time. In the sportsman's phrase, when you have found yourselves at fault you must "try back." You have ransacked every corner of Lower Saxony; but forty thousand German Boers never can conquer ten times the number of British freemen. They may ravage; they cannot conquer. But you would conquer, you say. Why, what would you conquer? The map of America? I am ready to meet any general officer on the subject.

What will you do out of the protection of your fleet? In the winter, if together, they are starved, and if dispersed, they are taken off in detail. I am experienced in spring hopes and vernal promises. I know what ministers throw out; but at last will come your equinoctial disappointment. They tell you what? That your army "will be as strong as it was last year," when it was not strong enough. You have gained nothing in America but stations. You have been three years teaching them the art of war. They are apt scholars; and I will venture to tell your lordships that the American gentry will make officers enough fit to command the troops of all the European powers. What you have sent there are too many to make peace, too few to make war.

If you conquer them, what then? You cannot make them respect you; you cannot make them wear your cloth. You will

plant an invincible hatred in their breasts against you. Coming from the stock they do, they can never respect you. If ministers are correct in saying there is no sort of treaty with France, there is still a moment left; the point of honor is still safe. France must be as self-destroying as England to make a treaty while you are giving her America, at the expense of twelve millions a year. The intercourse has produced everything to France; and England, poor old England, must pay for all.

I have at different times made different propositions, adapted to the circumstances in which they were offered. The plan contained in the former bill is now impracticable. The present motion will tell you where you are, and what you have now to depend upon. It may produce a respectable division in America and unanimity at home. It will give America an option. She has yet made no option. You have said, "Lay down your arms," and she has given you the Spartan answer, "Come and take them!"

I will get out of my bed on Monday to move for an immediate redress of all their grievances, and for continuing to them the right of disposing of their own property. This will be the herald of peace; this will open the way for treaty; this will show that Parliament is sincerely disposed. Yet still much must be left to treaty. Should you conquer this people, you conquer under the cannon of France; under a masked battery, then ready to open. The moment a treaty with France appears, you must declare war, though you had only five ships of the line in England; but France will defer a treaty as long as possible.

You are now at the mercy of every little German chancery; and the pretensions of France will increase daily, so as to become an avowed party in either peace or war. We have tried for unconditional submission; let us try what can be gained by unconditional redress. Less dignity will be lost in the repeal than in submitting to the demands of German chanceries. We are the aggressors. We have invaded them. We have invaded them as much as the Spanish Armada invaded England. Mercy cannot do harm; it will seat the king where he ought to be,—throned on the hearts of his people; and millions at home and abroad, now employed in obloquy or revolt, would then pray for him.

WILLIAM PITT (LORD CHATHAM).

AMERICA STILL UNCONQUERABLE.

1777.

The birth of a princess and universal congratulations on the one hand, and the presence of American ambassadors at the French Court, unresented by the British ministry, evoked from the great orator one of his most impassioned tributes to the patriotic colonists, on the 18th of November, 1777. As if the government had not sufficiently debased the credit of Great Britain as a Christian state, Lord Suffolk proposed to employ Indians as allies in the prosecution of the war in America, upon the specious plea that they "had the right to use all the means that God and nature had placed in their hands to conquer America." As among the last utterances of the great friend of the rising American republic, both speeches are worthy of perpetual remembrance by its youth. Lord Chatham's protest against the use of barbarous allies has been repeatedly adopted by humane statesmen in other lands where similar measures have been proposed.

(From Address, November 18, 1777.)

I rise, my lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. . . . "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do her reverence." I use the words of a poet; but, though it is poetry, it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring, but her well-earned glories, her true honors, and substantial dignity are sacrificed.

The ministers and ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies are in Paris. In Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult? Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace? Do they dare to resent it? Do they even presume to hint a vindication of their honor and the dignity of the State by requiring the dismissal of the Plenipotentiaries of America? Such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of England.

The people whom they affect to call rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies; the people

with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility; this people, despised as rebels, are acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy. And our ministers dare not interpose with dignity and effect. Is this the honor of a great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who but yesterday gave law to the House of Bourbon? The dignity of nations demands a decisive conduct in a situation like this.

The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. I love and I honor the English troops. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say, you CANNOT conquer America.

Your armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected, and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most noted general, now a noble lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, you cannot conquer America! What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since.

As to conquest, my lords, I repeat,—it is impossible! You may swell every expense and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little, pitiful German prince who will sell his subjects to the shambles of a foreign power! Your efforts are forever vain and impotent; doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country I NEVER would lay down my arms; NEVER, NEVER, NEVER.

WILLIAM PITT (LORD CHATHAM.)

THE USE OF SAVAGE ALLIES DENOUNCED.

(In Parliament, November 18, 1777.)

My Lords,—

I am astonished to hear such principles confessed! I am shocked! to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country, —principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. "That God and nature put into our hands"! I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating—literally, my lords, eating—the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my lords, they shock every sentiment of honor; they shock me as a lover of honorable war and a detester of murderous barbarity.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our Church: I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their laws; upon the learned judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution.

Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the

wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty. We turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion; endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honor, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships and the united powers of the state to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House and country from this sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

WILLIAM PITT (LORD CHATHAM).

CONTINUED WAR WITH AMERICA IS FOLLY.

(Address in Parliament, 1778.)

YOU have now two wars before you, of which you must choose one, for both you cannot support. The war against America has hitherto been carried on against her alone, unassisted by any ally whatever. Notwithstanding she stood alone, you have been obliged, uniformly, to increase your exertions and to push your efforts to the extent of your power without being able to bring it to an issue. You have exerted all your force hitherto without effect, and you cannot now divide a force found already inadequate to its object.

My opinion is for withdrawing your forces from America entirely, for a defensive war you can never think of there. A defensive war would ruin this nation at any time, and, in any circumstances, offensive war is pointed out as proper for this

country. Our situation points it out, and the spirit of the nation impels us to attack rather than defend. Attack France, then, for she is our object. The nature of these wars is different. The war against America is against our own countrymen; you have stopped me from saying against your fellow-subjects. That against France is against an inveterate foe and rival. Every blow you strike in America is against yourselves. It is against all idea of reconciliation, and against your own interest, even though you should be able, as you never will be, to force them to submit. Every stroke against France is of advantage to you. America must be conquered in France. France never can be conquered in America.

The war of the Americans is a war of passion. It is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues,—love of liberty and love of country,—and at the same time by those passions in the human heart which give courage, strength, and perseverance to man,—the spirit of revenge for the injuries you have done them, of retaliation for the hardships you have inflicted on them, and of opposition to the unjust powers you have exercised over them. Everything combines to animate them to this war; and such a war is without end. Whether it be called obstinacy or enthusiasm, under the name of religion or liberty, the effects are the same. It inspires a spirit which is unconquerable, solicitous to undergo difficulty, danger, and hardship. So long as there is a man in America,—a being formed as we are,—so long will he present himself against you in the field.

What has become of the ancient spirit of this people? Where is the national spirit that ever did honor to this country?

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

AMERICANS WILL CELEBRATE 1775 AS A "GLORIOUS ERA."

(From Speech in Parliament, 1780.)

MR. SPEAKER,—

It ill becomes the duty and dignity of Parliament to lose itself in such a fulsome, adulatory address to the throne as that now proposed. We ought rather to approach it with sound

and wholesome advice, and even with remonstrances against the ministers who have precipitated the British nation into an unjust, ruinous, murderous, and felonious war. I call the war with our brethren in America an unjust and felonious war, because the primary cause and confessed origin of it is to attempt to take their money from them without their consent, contrary to the common rights of all mankind and to those great fundamental principles of the English constitution for which Hampden bled. I assert that it is a murderous war, because it is an effort to deprive men of their lives for standing up in the defence of their property and their clear rights. Such a war, I fear, will draw down the vengeance of heaven upon this kingdom.

Sir, is any minister weak enough to flatter himself with the conquest of America? You cannot, with all your allies, with all the mercenary ruffians of the North, you cannot effect so wicked a purpose! The Americans will dispute every inch of territory with you, every narrow pass, every strong defile, every Thermopylæ, every Bunker Hill! More than half the empire is already lost, and almost all the rest is in confusion and anarchy. We have appealed to the sword, and what have we gained? Are we to pay as dear for the rest of America? The idea of the conquest of that immense country is as romantic as it is unjust.

But "the Americans have been treated with lenity"! Will facts justify the assertion? Was your Boston "Port Bill" a measure of lenity? Was your Fishery Bill a measure of lenity? Was your bill for taking away the charter of Massachusetts a measure of lenity? I omit your many other gross provocations and insults by which the brave Americans have been driven to their present state. Whether that state is one of rebellion or of fit resistance to unlawful acts of power I shall not declare. This I know: a successful resistance is revolution, not a rebellion. Rebellion, indeed, appears on the back of a flying enemy, but revolution flames on the breastplate of the victorious warrior.

Who can tell whether, in consequence of this day's action, the scabbard may not be thrown away by them as well as by us, and, should success attend them, whether in a few years the independent American may not celebrate the glorious era of the Revolution of 1775 as we do that of 1688?

JOHN WILKES.

AMERICA SEATED AMONG THE NATIONS.

(From Oration at Boston, March 5, 1780.)

The rising sun of this Western Hemisphere is already announced, and she is summoned to her seat among the nations of the earth. We have publicly declared ourselves convinced of the destructive tendencies of standing armies. We have acknowledged the necessity of public spirit and the love of virtue to the happiness of any people, and we profess to be sensible of the great blessings that flow from them. Let us not act unworthily of the reputable character we now sustain. Let integrity of heart, the spirit of freedom, and rigid virtue be seen to actuate every member of the commonwealth.

The trial of our patriotism is yet before us, and we have reason to thank heaven that its principles are so well known and diffused. Exercise towards each other the benevolent feelings of friendship, and let that unity of sentiment which has shone in the field be equally animating in our councils. Remember that prosperity is dangerous; that, though successful, we are not infallible.

Let this sacred maxim make the deepest impression upon our minds, that if avarice, if extortion, if luxury and political corruption are suffered to become popular among us, civil discord and the ruin of our country will be the speedy consequence of such fatal vices. But while patriotism is the leading principle, and our laws are contrived with wisdom and executed with vigor; while industry, frugality, and temperance are held in estimation, and we depend upon public spirit and the love of virtue for our social happiness, peace and affluence will throw their smiles upon the brow of individuals, our commonwealth will flourish, our land will become a land of liberty, and America an asylum for the oppressed.

Jonathan Mason.

A NATION BORN IN A DAY.

The Declaration of Independence! The interest which in that paper has survived the occasion upon which it was issued, the interest which is of every age and every clime, the interest

which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes, is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration, by a nation, of the only legitimate foundation of civil government. It was the corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of the globe. It demolished at a stroke the lawfulness of all governments founded upon conquest. It swept away all the rubbish of accumulated centuries of servitude. It announced in practical form to the world the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the people. It proved that the social compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union. From the day of this declaration the people of North America were no longer the fragment of a distant empire, imploring justice and mercy from an inexorable master in another hemisphere. They were no longer children, appealing in vain to the sympathies of a heartless mother; no longer subjects, leaning upon the shattered columns of royal promises, and invoking the faith of parchment to secure their rights. They were a nation, asserting as of right, and maintaining by war, its own existence. A nation was born in a day.

> "How many ages hence
> Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o'er
> In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?"

It will be acted o'er, fellow-citizens, but it can never be repeated. It stands, and must forever stand, alone; a beacon on the summit of the mountain, to which all the inhabitants of the earth may turn their eyes for a genial and saving light, till time shall be lost in eternity, and this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind. It stands forever, a light of admonition to the rulers of men, a light of salvation and redemption to the oppressed. So long as this planet shall be inhabited by human beings, so long as man shall be of a social nature, so long as government shall be necessary to the great moral purposes of society, so long as it shall be abused to the purposes of oppression, so long shall this declaration hold out to the sovereign and to the subject the extent and the boundaries of their respective rights and duties, founded in the laws of nature and of nature's God.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

ODE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

When Freedom, 'midst the battle-storm,
  Her weary head reclined,
And round her fair, majestic form
  Oppression fain had twined,
Amid the din, beneath the cloud,
  Great Washington appeared,
With daring hand rolled back the shroud,
  And thus the sufferer cheered:

"Spurn, spurn despair! be great, be free!
  With giant strength arise;
Stretch, stretch thy pinions, Liberty,
  Thy flag plant in the skies!
Clothe, clothe thyself in Glory's robe,
  Let stars thy banner gem;
Rule, rule the sea,—possess the globe,—
  Wear Victory's diadem!

"Go and proclaim a world is born,
  Another orb gives light;
Another sun illumes the morn,
  Another star the night;
Be just, be brave! and let thy name,
  Henceforth, Columbia be;
And wear the oaken wreath of fame,
  The wreath of Liberty."

He said, and lo! the stars of night
  Forth to her banner flew;
And morn, with pencil dipped in light,
  Her blushes on it drew;
Columbia's eagle seized the prize,
  And, gloriously unfurled,
Soared with it to his native skies,
  And waved it o'er the world.

Anonymous (*Raymond's Patriotic Reader*).

PART V.

MEMORIALS OF WASHINGTON.

INTRODUCTION.

Modern history, oratory, and poetry are so replete with tributes to the memory of Washington, that the entire progress of the civilized world for more than a century has been shaped by the influence of his life and precepts. The memorial shaft at the national capital, which is the loftiest of human structures, and is inner-faced by typical expressions of honor from nearly all nations, is a fit type of his surmounting merit. The ceremonies which attended the corner-stone consecration and signalized its completion are no less an honor to the distinguished historian and statesman who voiced the acclamations of the American people than a perpetual testimonial worthy of the subject honored by the occasion and by the monument. When the world pays willing tribute, and the most ambitious monarch on earth would covet no higher plaudit than that he served his people as faithfully as Washington served America, it is difficult to fathom the depths of memorial sentiment and place in public view those which are the most worthy of study and appreciative respect. The national life itself throbs through his transmitted life, and the aroma of his grace is as consciously breathed by statesmen and citizens to-day as the invisible atmosphere which secures physical vitality and force. Senator Vance, of North Carolina, thus earnestly commends to the youth of America the brightness and beauty of the great example:

"Greater soldiers, more intellectual statesmen, and profounder sages have doubtless existed in the history of the English race, perhaps in our own country, but not one who to great excellence in the threefold composition of man, the physical, intellectual, and moral, has added such exalted integrity,

such unaffected piety, such unsullied purity of soul, and such wondrous control of his own spirit. He illustrated and adorned the civilization of Christianity, and furnished an example of the wisdom and perfection of its teachings which the subtlest arguments of its enemies cannot impeach. That one grand, rounded life, full-orbed with intellectual and moral glory, is worth, as the product of Christianity, more than all the dogmas of all the teachers. The youth of America who aspire to promote their own and their country's welfare should never cease to gaze upon his great example, or to remember that the brightest gems in the crown of his immortality, the qualities which uphold his fame on earth and plead for him in heaven, were those which characterized him as the patient, brave, Christian gentleman. In this respect he was a blessing to the whole human race no less than to his own countrymen, to the many millions who annually celebrate the day of his birth."

Such sentiments fitly illustrate the controlling element of character which made the conduct of Washington so peerless in the field and in the chair of state. His first utterances upon assuming command of the American army before Boston, on the 2d of July, 1775, were a rebuke of religious bigotry and an impressive protest against gaming, swearing, and all immoral practices which might forfeit divine aid in the great struggle for national independence. Succeeding orders, preparatory to the battle of Long Island, in August, 1776, breathe the same spirit,—that which transfused all his activities, as with celestial fire, until he surrendered his commission with a devout and public recognition of Almighty God as the author of his success.

WASHINGTON.

The Brightest Name on History's Page.

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of Fame ring out,—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites,—thou hast the planet star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone,—it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on his wreath;
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.
France had its eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves—
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal to make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on,
Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington!

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend;
He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,
And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge sword to sword.
He stood the firm, the wise, the patriot, and the sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate, no burst of despot rage;
He stood for Liberty and Truth, and daringly led on
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor-chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
But cast no sceptre from the links when he had rent the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down
To change them for a regal vest and don a kingly crown.
Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such a son,
To let a robe and title mask her noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine, my loved, my native earth,—
The land that holds a mother's grave and gave that mother birth!
Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,
And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell for evermore!"

But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell
Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song to tell.
"Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, "and bear me safely on,
But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington."

ELIZA COOK.

WASHINGTON BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, AUGUST, 1776.

THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises if, happily, we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans.

Their cause is bad,—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO THE ARMY.

(Dated at Rocky Hill, near Princeton, New Jersey, November 2, 1783.)

It is universally acknowledged that the enlarged prospects of happiness, opened by the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, almost exceed the power of description. And shall not the brave men who have contributed so essentially to these inestimable acquisitions, retiring from the field of war to the field of agriculture, participate in all the blessings which have been obtained? In such a republic, who will exclude them from the rights of citizens and the fruits of their labors?

To those hardy soldiers who are actuated by the spirit of adventure, the fisheries will afford ample and profitable employment, and the extensive and fertile regions of the West will yield a most happy asylum to those who, fond of domestic employment, are seeking personal independence.

Little is now wanting to enable the soldier to change the military character into that of a citizen but that steady and decent behavior which has distinguished not only the army under his immediate command, but the different detachments and separate armies through the course of the war. To the various branches of the army the general takes this last and solemn opportunity of professing his inviolable attachment and friendship. He can only again offer in their behalf his recommendations to their grateful country and his prayers to the God of armies. May ample justice be done them here, and may favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who, under the divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others!

With these wishes and this benediction the commander-in-

chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him will be closed forever!

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S RESIGNATION AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Mr. President,—

The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of heaven.

The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations, and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence and the assistance I have received from my countrymen increases with every review of the momentous contest.

While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge, in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war.

It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

I consider it as my indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them, to His holy keeping.

Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

G. WASHINGTON.

December 23, 1783.

FROM PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S FIRST SPEECH IN CONGRESS, APRIL 30, 1789.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE SENATE AND OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,—

Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the 14th of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country—whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love—from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years:—a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary as well as more dear to me by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time.

On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust, to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies.

In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that if, in executing this task, I have been too much

swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity, as well as disinclination, for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

Such being the impressions under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration, to execute with success the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow-citizens at large less than either.

No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. And in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, along with a humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seems to presage.

These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none, under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S RESPONSE TO THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR ON RECEIPT OF THE COLORS OF FRANCE, 1796.

Born, sir, in a land of liberty, having early learned its value, having engaged in a perilous conflict to defend it, having, in a word, devoted the best years of my life to secure it a permanent establishment in my own country, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes are irresistibly excited whensoever, in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom. But above all, the events of the French Revolution have produced the deepest solicitude as well as the highest admiration. To call your nation brave were to pronounce but common praise. Wonderful people! Ages to come will read with astonishment the history of your brilliant exploits.

I rejoice that the period of your toils and of your immense sacrifices is approaching. I rejoice that the interesting revolutionary movements of so many years have issued in the formation of a constitution designed to give permanency to the great object for which you have contended. I rejoice that liberty, which you have so long embraced with enthusiasm, liberty, of which you have been the invincible defenders, now finds an asylum in the bosom of a regularly organized government; a government which, being formed to secure the happiness of the French people, corresponds with the ardent wishes of my heart, while it gratifies the pride of every citizen of the United States by its resemblance of their own. On these glorious events accept, sir, my sincere congratulations.

In delivering to you these sentiments, I express not my own feelings only, but those of my fellow-citizens, in relation to the commencement, the progress, and the issue of the French Revolution; and they will cordially join with me in purest wishes to the Supreme Being that the citizens of our sister republic, our magnanimous allies, may soon enjoy, in peace, that liberty which they have purchased at so great a price, and all the happiness which liberty can bestow.

I receive, sir, with lively sensibility, the symbol of the triumphs and of the enfranchisements of your nation, the colors of France, which you have now presented to the United

States. The transaction will be announced to Congress, and the colors will be deposited with those archives of the United States which are at once the evidences and the memorials of their freedom and independence. May these be perpetual; and may the friendship of the two republics be commensurate with their existence!

FROM WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

September 17, 1796.

Friends and Fellow-Citizens,—

The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness, but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives, which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last elec-

tion, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience, in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it. . . .

Let me warn you most solemnly against the baneful effects of the spirit of party. This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists, under different shapes, in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which, in different ages and countries, has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result gradually incline the minds of

men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and, sooner or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion.

Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all: religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay

any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed, of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services, faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead; amidst appearances sometimes dubious; vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging; in situations in which, not unfrequently, want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism; the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected.

Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech

the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, that the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws, under a free government; the ever-favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

To the historian few characters appear so little to have shared the common frailties and imperfections of human nature as that of Washington. There are but few particulars that can be mentioned even to his disadvantage. Instances may be found where, perhaps, it may be thought that he was decisive to a degree that partook of severity and harshness, or even more; but how innumerable were the decisions which he had to make!—how difficult and how important, through the eventful series of twenty years of command in the cabinet or the field!

Let it be considered what it is to have the management of a revolution, and afterwards the maintenance of order. Where is the man who, in the history of our race, has ever succeeded in attempting successively the one and the other?—not on a small scale, a petty state in Italy, or among a horde of barbarians, but in an enlightened age, when it is not easy for one man to rise superior to another, and in the eyes of mankind,—

> "A kingdom for a stage,
> And monarchs to behold the swelling scene."

The plaudits of his country were continually sounding in his ears; and neither the judgment nor the virtues of the man were ever disturbed. Armies were led to the field with all the enterprise of a hero, and then dismissed with all the equanimity of a philosopher. Power was accepted, was exercised, was resigned, precisely at the moment and in the way that duty and patriotism directed. Whatever was the difficulty, the trial, the temptation, or the danger, there stood the soldier and the citizen, eternally the same, without fear and without reproach, and there was the man who was not only at all times virtuous, but at all times wise.

The merit of Washington by no means ceases with his campaigns; it becomes, after the peace of 1783, even more striking than before; for the same man who, for the sake of liberty, was ardent enough to resist the power of Great Britain, and hazard everything on this side the grave, at a later period had to be temperate enough to resist the same spirit of liberty, when it was mistaking its proper objects and transgressing its appointed limits.

The American revolution was to approach him, and he was to kindle in the general flame: the French revolution was to reach him, and to consume but too many of his countrymen; and his "own ethereal mould, incapable of stain, was to purge off the baser fire victorious." But all this was done: he might have been pardoned though he had failed amid the enthusiasm of those around him, and when liberty was the delusion; but the foundations of the moral world were shaken, and not the understanding of Washington.

As a ruler of mankind, he may be proposed as a model. Deeply impressed with the original rights of human nature, he never forgot that the end, and meaning, and aim of all just government was the happiness of the people; and he never exercised authority till he had first taken care to put himself clearly in the right. His candor, his patience, his love of justice, were unexampled; and this, though naturally he was not patient,—much otherwise,—highly irritable.

He therefore deliberated well, and placed his subject in every point of view, before he decided; and, his understanding being correct, he was thus rendered, by the nature of his faculties, his

strength of mind, and his principles, the man, of all others, to whom the interests of his fellow-creatures might, with most confidence, be intrusted;—that is, he was the first of the rulers of mankind.

WILLIAM SMYTH.

THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

To us, citizens of America, it belongs above all others to show respect to the memory of Washington, by the practical deference which we pay to those sober maxims of public policy which he has left us,—a last testament of affection in his Farewell Address. Of all the exhortations which it contains, I scarce need to say to you that none are so emphatically uttered, none so anxiously repeated, as those which enjoin the preservation of the Union of these States.

On this, under Providence, it depends in the judgment of Washington whether the people of America shall follow the Old World example, and be broken up into a group of independent military powers, wasted by eternal border wars, feeding the ambition of petty sovereigns on the life-blood of wasted principalities,—a custom-house on the bank of every river, a fortress on every frontier hill, a pirate lurking in the recesses of every bay,—or whether they shall continue to constitute a federal republic, the most extensive, the most powerful, the most prosperous in the long line of ages. No one can read the Farewell Address without feeling that this was the thought and this the care which lay nearest and heaviest upon that noble heart; and if—which heaven forbid—the day shall ever arrive when his parting counsels on that head shall be forgotten, on that day, come it soon or come it late, it may as mournfully as truly be said that Washington has lived in vain. Then the vessels as they ascend and descend the Potomac may toll their bells with new significance as they pass Mount Vernon; they will strike the requiem of constitutional liberty for us,—for all nations.

But it cannot, shall not be; this great woe to our beloved

country, this catastrophe for the cause of national freedom, this grievous calamity for the whole civilized world, it cannot, shall not be. No, by the glorious 19th of April, 1775; no, by the precious blood of Bunker Hill, of Princeton, of Saratoga, of King's Mountain, of Yorktown; no, by the undying spirit of '76; no, by the sacred dust enshrined at Mount Vernon; no, by the dear immortal memory of Washington,—that sorrow and shame shall never be.

A great and venerated character like that of Washington, which commands the respect of an entire population, however divided on other questions, is not an isolated fact in history to be regarded with barren admiration,—it is a dispensation of Providence for good. It was well said by Mr. Jefferson, in 1792, writing to Washington to dissuade him from declining a renomination, "North and South will hang together while they have you to hang to." Washington in the flesh is taken from us; we shall never behold him as our fathers did; but his memory remains, and I say, let us hang to his memory. Let us make a national festival and holiday of his birthday; and ever, as the 22d of February returns, let us remember that, while with these solemn and joyous rites of observance we celebrate the great anniversary, our fellow-citizens on the Hudson, on the Potomac, from the Southern plains to the Western lakes, are engaged in the same offices of gratitude and love.

Nor we, nor they alone;—beyond the Ohio, beyond the Mississippi, along that stupendous trail of immigration from East to West, which, bursting into States as it moves westward, is already threading the Western prairies, swarming through the portals of the Rocky Mountains and winding down their slopes, the name and the memory of Washington on that gracious night will travel with the silver queen of heaven through sixty degrees of longitude, nor part company with her till she walks in her brightness through the Golden Gate of California, and passes serenely on to hold midnight court with her Australian stars. There and there only, in barbarous archipelagoes, as yet untrodden by civilized man, the name of Washington is unknown, and there, too, when they swarm with enlightened millions, new honors shall be paid with ours to his memory.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE GLORY OF WASHINGTON.

How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences when, turning from the contemplation of such a character as Napoleon, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or any age,—the only one upon whom an epithet, so thoughtlessly lavished by men, to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed! This eminent person is presented to our observation clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling, to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles,—removing, or avoiding, rather than overleaping them. If these things, joined to the most absolute self-denial, the most habitual and exclusive devotion to principle, can constitute a great character, without either quickness of apprehension, remarkable resources of information, or inventive powers, or any brilliant quality that might dazzle the vulgar,—then surely Washington was the greatest man that ever lived in this world, uninspired by divine wisdom and unsustained by supernatural virtue. His courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A perfectly just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than to be by others overawed; never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away by his own weaknesses or self-delusions, any more than by other men's arts; nor ever to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoilt on the giddy heights of fortune;—such was this great man.

Great he was, pre-eminently great, whether we regard him sustaining, alone, the whole weight of campaigns all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage; presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes, or directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by

man; or, finally, retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required,—retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants.

This is the consummate glory of Washington: a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required! To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a captain the patron of peace, and a statesman the friend of justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the war for liberty, and charged them "never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence, or in defence of their country and her freedom;" and commanded them that, "when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheathe it, nor give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof,"—words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome.

It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of WASHINGTON!

HENRY (LORD) BROUGHAM.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF WASHINGTON.

No matter what may have been the immediate birthplace of such a man as Washington! No clime can claim, no country can appropriate him: the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, his residence creation. Though it was

the defeat of our arms and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet when the storm passed how pure was the climate that it cleared! How bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us! In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

Individual instances, no doubt, there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification,—Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient,—but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty the pride of every model and the perfection of every master.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views and the philosophy of his counsels that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage.

A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command; liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career and banishes hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage rather than reign in a capitol!

Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains; he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism! CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WASHINGTON.

How infinitely superior must appear the spirit and principles of General Washington, in his late address to Congress, compared with the policy of modern European courts! Illustrious man! —deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind! Grateful to France for the assistance received from her in that great contest which secured the independence of America, he yet did not choose to give up the system of neutrality in her favor. Having once laid down the line of conduct most proper to be pursued, not all the insults and provocations of the French minister, Genet, could at all put him out of his way or bend him from his purpose. It must, indeed, create astonishment that, placed in circumstances so critical, and filling a station so conspicuous, the character of Washington should never once have been called in question; that he should in no one instance have been accused either of improper insolence or of mean submission in his transactions with foreign nations. It has been reserved for him to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career. The breath of censure has not dared to impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of envy to raise its malignant glance to the elevation of his virtues. Such has been the transcendent merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious man!

How did he act when insulted by Genet? Did he consider it as necessary to avenge himself for the misconduct or madness of an individual by involving a whole continent in the horrors of war? No; he contented himself with procuring satisfaction for the insult by causing Genet to be recalled, and thus at once consulted his own dignity and the interests of his country. Happy Americans! while the whirlwind flies over one quarter of the globe, and spreads everywhere desolation, you remain protected from its baneful effects by your own virtues and the wisdom of your government. Separated from Europe by an immense ocean, you feel not the effect of those prejudices and passions which convert the boasted seats of civilization into scenes of horror and bloodshed. You profit by the folly and madness of the contending nations, and afford, in your more congenial clime, an asylum

to those blessings and virtues which they wantonly contemn, or wickedly exclude from their bosom! Cultivating the arts of peace under the influence of freedom, you advance by rapid strides to opulence and distinction; and if by any accident you should be compelled to take part in the present unhappy contest, —if you should find it necessary to avenge insult or repel injury, —the world will bear witness to the equity of your sentiments and the moderation of your views; and the success of your arms will, no doubt, be proportioned to the justice of your cause.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country"! May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reawaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard to the country which he loved so well; to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life, in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience as president of the convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the chair of state, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die! He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and, at the same time, secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen"! Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and

good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!

Yes! Others of our great men have been appreciated,—many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements, no sectional prejudice nor bias, no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes! When the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm and cheer every American heart. It shall re-lume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated.

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes,—one, the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make man blush, there was but one."—*Byron.*

RUFUS CHOATE.

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON EVER HONORED.

WELCOME, thou festal morn!
Never be passed in scorn
Thy rising sun,
Thou day forever bright
With Freedom's holy light,
That gave the world the sight
Of Washington.

Unshaken 'mid the storm,
Behold that noble form,—
That peerless one,—
With his protecting hand,
Like Freedom's angel, stand,
The guardian of our land,
Our Washington.

Traced there in lines of light,
Where all pure rays unite,
Obscured by none;
Brightest on history's page,
Of any clime or age,
As chieftain, man, and sage,
Stands Washington.

Name at which tyrants pale,
And their proud legions quail,
Their boasting done,
While Freedom lifts her head,
No longer filled with dread,
Her sons to victory led
By Washington.

Now the true patriot see,
The foremost of the free,
The victory won,
In Freedom's presence bow,
While sweetly smiling now
She wreathes the spotless brow
Of Washington.

Then, with each coming year,
Whenever shall appear
That natal sun,
Will we attest the worth
Of one true man to earth,
And celebrate the birth
Of Washington.

GEORGE HOWLAND.

THE WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN MEMORIALS LINKED.

The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! Oh, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword, as my friend has said, was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the ploughshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind!

Washington and Franklin! What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived and upon all after-time?

Washington, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country and for the freedom of the human race; ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and example, his reverence for the laws of peace and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord among his countrymen into harmony and union; and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

Franklin! The mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast, and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more effective sceptre of oppression; while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the Charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation, to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters

upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the representatives of the North American people, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated republic,—these sacred symbols of our golden age! May they be deposited among the archives of our government! and every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world, and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

A CENTURY from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. It was his extraordinary fortune, that having been intrusted, in revolutionary times, with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made on a large scale to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution and of a pure representative principle.

The principles of his administration are not left doubtful. They are to be found in the Constitution itself, in the great measures recommended and approved by him, in his speeches to Congress, and in that most interesting paper, his Farewell Address to the People of the United States. To commanding

talents, and to success, he added a disregard of self, a spotlessness of motive, a steady submission to every public and private duty, which threw in the shade all the whole crowd of the vulgar great. The object of his regard was the whole country. No part of it was large enough to fill his enlarged patriotism. He had no favorites; he rejected all partisanship; and acting honestly for the universal good, he received what he had so richly deserved, the universal love.

The maxims upon which Washington conducted our foreign relations were few and simple. The first was an entire and indisputable impartiality, and in the next place he maintained true dignity and unsullied honor in all communications with foreign states; nor was there a prince or potentate of his day, whose personal character carried with it, into the intercourse of other states, a greater degree of respect and veneration. His singleness of purpose, his disinterested patriotism, were evinced by the manner in which he filled places of high trust. He sought for men fit for office; not for offices which might suit men. The whole country was the field of his selection. He was, indeed, most successful, and he deserved success, for the purity of his motives, the liberality of his sentiments, and his enlarged and manly policy.

There was in the breast of Washington one sentiment so deeply felt, so constantly uppermost, that no proper occasion escaped without its utterance. He regarded the union of these States less as one of blessing, than as the great treasure-house which contained them all. Here, in his judgment, was the great magazine of all our means of prosperity, and here are deposited all our solid hopes for future greatness.

A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth. When they shall meet to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon, so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing on towards the sea, so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MEMORABILIA OF WASHINGTON.

Born February 22 (February 11, O.S.), 1732.
Surveyor of lands at sixteen years of age, 1748.
Military inspector and major at nineteen years of age, 1751.
Adjutant-general of Virginia, 1752.
Commissioner to the French, 1753.
Colonel, and commanding the Virginia militia, 1754.
Aide-de-camp to Braddock in his campaign, 1755.
Again commands the Virginia troops, 1755.
Resigns his commission, 1758.
Married, January 6, 1759.
Elected member of Virginia House of Burgesses, 1759.
Commissioner to settle military accounts, 1765.
In First Continental Congress, 1774.
In Second Continental Congress, 1775.
Elected commander-in-chief, June 15, 1775.
In command at Cambridge, July 2, 1775.
Expels the British from Boston, March 17, 1776.
Battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776.
Masterly retreat to New York, August 29, 1776.
Gallant, at Kipp's Bay, September 15, 1776.
Battle of Harlem Heights, October 27, 1776.
Battle near White Plains, October 29, 1776.
Enters New Jersey, November 15, 1776.
Occupies right bank of the Delaware, December 5, 1776.
Clothed with "full power," December 12, 1776.
Plans an offensive campaign, December 14, 1776.
Battle at Trenton, December 26, 1776.
Battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777.
British driven from New Jersey during July, 1777.
Marches for Philadelphia, July 13, 1777.
Battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777.
Offers battle at West Chester, September 15, 1777.
Battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777.
Winters at Valley Forge, 1778.
Battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778.
British again retire from New Jersey, 1778.

Again at White Plains, 1778.*
At Middlebrook, New Jersey, and New Windsor, 1779.
Winters at Morristown, New Jersey, 1780.
Confers with Rochambeau as to plans, 1781.
Threatens New York in June and July, 1781.
Joins Lafayette before Yorktown, 1781.
Surrender of Cornwallis, October 19, 1781.
Farewell to the army, November 2, 1783.
Occupies New York, November 25, 1783.
Parts with his officers, December 4, 1783.
Resigns his commission, December 23, 1783.
Presides at Constitutional Convention, 1787.
Elected President of the United States, March 4, 1789.
Inaugurated at New York, April 30, 1789.
Re-elected for four years, March 4, 1793.
Farewell to the people, September 17, 1796.
Retires to private life, March 4, 1797.
Appointed commander-in-chief, July 3, 1798.
Died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799.

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* On the return of Washington to White Plains, after an absence of two years, he took occasion to contrast the two periods thus, writing, "The hand of Providence has been so conspicuous that he must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligation."

THE MOUNT VERNON TRIBUTE.

Washington,

THE DEFENDER OF HIS COUNTRY, THE FOUNDER OF LIBERTY,

THE FRIEND OF MAN.

HISTORY AND TRADITION ARE EXPLORED IN VAIN
FOR A PARALLEL TO HIS CHARACTER.
IN THE ANNALS OF MODERN GREATNESS,

HE STANDS ALONE,

AND THE NOBLEST NAMES OF ANTIQUITY
LOSE THEIR LUSTRE IN HIS PRESENCE.
BORN THE BENEFACTOR OF MANKIND,
HE UNITED ALL THE QUALITIES NECESSARY
TO AN ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER.

NATURE MADE HIM GREAT;

HE MADE HIMSELF VIRTUOUS.
CALLED BY HIS COUNTRY TO THE DEFENCE OF HER LIBERTIES,
HE TRIUMPHANTLY VINDICATED THE RIGHTS OF HUMANITY,
AND ON THE PILLARS OF NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE
LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.
TWICE INVESTED WITH THE SUPREME MAGISTRACY,
BY THE UNANIMOUS VOICE OF A FREE PEOPLE,
HE SURPASSED IN THE CABINET

THE GLORIES OF THE FIELD.

AND VOLUNTARILY RESIGNING THE SCEPTRE AND THE SWORD,
RETIRED TO THE SHADES OF PRIVATE LIFE.
A SPECTACLE SO NEW AND SO SUBLIME
WAS CONTEMPLATED WITH THE PROFOUNDEST ADMIRATION;
AND THE NAME OF

WASHINGTON,

ADDING NEW LUSTRE TO HUMANITY,
RESOUNDED TO THE REMOTEST REGIONS OF THE EARTH.
MAGNANIMOUS IN YOUTH,

GLORIOUS THROUGH LIFE,

GREAT IN DEATH.

HIS HIGHEST AMBITION THE HAPPINESS OF MANKIND,
HIS NOBLEST VICTORY THE CONQUEST OF HIMSELF,
BEQUEATHING TO POSTERITY THE INHERITANCE OF HIS FAME,
AND BUILDING HIS MONUMENT IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN,
HE LIVED THE ORNAMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY,
AND DIED REGRETTED BY A MOURNING WORLD.

The author of this inscription is not known. It has been transcribed from a manuscript copy written on the back of a picture-frame, in which is set a miniature likeness of Washington, and which hangs in one of the rooms of the mansion at Mount Vernon, where it was left some time after Washington's death.

PART VI.

MONUMENTAL MEMORIALS HONORED.

INTRODUCTION.

On the 1st of January, 1801, an appropriation was made of two hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a Washington Monument. An equestrian statue to his memory had been ordered on the 9th of August, 1783, and Major L'Enfant, a gallant French officer who had served under Washington, selected for a site the very place now occupied by the completed obelisk. Both projects were neglected until James Buchanan, then "a young man, something of a sophomore, with all the ardor of youth," as he described himself, appealed to Congress to redeem its pledge. In 1833, Chief-Justice John Marshall became president of "The Washington Monument Society," and President John Madison succeeded him. On the 3d of January, 1848, Congress secured the present grounds, of more than thirty acres; Mr. Robert Mills completed an accepted design; Mr. Thomas Symonton, of Baltimore, donated a massive corner-stone block, of more than twelve tons' weight, and on the 4th of July, following, the corner-stone was placed in position, with imposing ceremonies suited to the occasion. It was not until 1876 that Congress deliberately entered upon the completion of the monument, under the immediate direction of Colonel Thomas Lincoln Casey, of the United States Engineer Corps. Previously, the Bunker Hill and Groton Monuments had been the highest of American memorial structures.

The Perry Monument was dedicated at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 10th of September, 1860; the State authorities of Rhode Island, the Providence Light Infantry and Marine Artillery (both historical organizations) acting as escort to survivors of

the Perry family from New York, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, who, with the surviving sailors of Perry's fleet, attended the dedication ceremonies. Governor William Dennison and staff, of Ohio, Ex-Governor Salmon Portland Chase, the militia of the State, civic societies in great numbers, and public men from many States, participated. A sham battle on the lake, within near view from the bluffs, between vessels as nearly as possible similar to those that took part in the battle of Lake Erie, made the occasion memorable.

The corner-stone of the Saratoga Monument was laid October 17, 1877; the Ancient Company of Governor's Foot Guards, of Hartford, Connecticut, and the Park Guards, of Bennington, Vermont, uniting with the New York National Guard, Knights Templar, and other civic orders in the ceremonies at Schuylerville. Governor Robinson was absent on account of illness. William L. Stone, Secretary of the Monument Association, delivered an historical address. Generals James Grant Wilson and J. Watts De Peyster, with others, as well as the orators of the day, took part.

The corner-stone of the Monmouth Monument was laid June 28, 1878, at Freehold, New Jersey, Governor George B. McClellan and staff, Ex-Governors Parker, Bedell, and Newell, the entire militia of the State, the Masonic Order, officially, and all the leading civic societies of New Jersey, being in attendance.

The corner-stone ceremonies at Yorktown, Virginia, October 18, 1881, were officially endorsed by the United States, after an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars for the monument and twenty thousand dollars for the contingent expenses of entertaining the guests of the nation. The President of the French republic; its army and navy; the families of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and of others who served with Washington; each of the States and Territories; the American army and navy; and the militia and benevolent societies of many States, were represented in the great military and civil pageant of the day. The initiative of the celebration was taken by Governor Frank W. M. Holliday, of Virginia, who called a meeting of the governors of the "Original Thirteen States," for October 18, 1879, at Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, where arrangements were consum-

mated for the event; John Goode, of Virginia, President of the Yorktown Monument Association, lending his aid in the full development of the design. All the States invited were represented; and the Legislatures of other States made appropriations to secure proper representation. Vermont, the first State admitted to the Union under the Constitution, was also the first, by her Legislature, to provide for the presence of her governor and a fitting escort.

The corner-stone of the Bennington Monument was laid August 17, 1887, at Bennington, Vermont; Governor Ebenezer J. Ormsbee and staff, Governor Charles H. Sawyer and Ex-Governor B. F. Prescott, of New Hampshire, Governor Oliver Ames, of Massachusetts, and large numbers from adjoining States, imparting spirit to the occasion, which called together delegations from every town in the Commonwealth, in addition to its militia and civic societies.

The Fort Moultrie Centennial, June 28, 1876, was the occasion of a very earnest appeal to all the States to share the hospitality of Charleston and renew a common devotion to the republic.

The Jasper Monument was dedicated at Savannah, Georgia, February 22, 1888, Governor John Brown Gordon and staff, Colonel J. H. Estill, Chairman of the Monument Association, Mayor Lester, and numerous military, civic, and benevolent associations, participating, as well as Federal and State authorities generally. The concurrent visit of the President of the United States, and a memorable Industrial Exposition, added dignity to patriotic observances which occupied three days.

The Putnam Monument, erected by the State of Connecticut, was dedicated June 14, 1888, at Brooklyn, Windham County, where General Israel Putnam was buried, June 14, 1790. Governor Phineas C. Lounsbury, the Third Regiment of the Connecticut National Guard, the Putnam Phalanx, the First Ancient Company of Governor's Foot Guards, and military delegations from Boston, Providence, and New York, were present. The tablets on the monument bear the original inscriptions of Putnam's tombstone, which were written by President Timothy Dwight, of Yale College, grandfather of the present President Timothy Dwight, who offered prayer on the occasion.

THE PUTNAM TABLETS.

Sacred be this Monument
to the memory of
ISRAEL PUTNAM, ESQ.,
Senior Major-General in the Armies
of the United States of America,
who was born at Salem,
in the Province of Massachusetts,
on the 7th day of January,
A.D. 1718,
and died on the 29th of May,
A.D. 1790.

Passenger,
if thou art a soldier,
drop a tear over the dust of a hero,
who, ever attentive
to the lives and happiness of his men,
dared to lead
where any dared to follow.
If a patriot, remember the distinguished
and gallant services rendered this country by
the patriot who sleeps beneath this marble; if
thou art honest, generous and worthy, render a
cheerful tribute of respect to a man whose gen-
erosity was singular, whose honesty was
proverbial, who raised himself to univers-
al esteem, and offices of eminent dis-
tinction, by personal worth
and a useful life.

FORT MOULTRIE IN 1776 AND 1886.

JUST where the ocean laves Columbia's feet,
Within a broad expanse of waters blue,
Two leagues from shore, reposed a city near the sea,—
Queen of the sunny South, pet of Britannia's crown,
And by its royal patron christened Charles Town,—
Heir of his wealth, and haven of his fruitful ships.
Around the neck of this fair city lay

Islands of flowers, Edens of beauty and of wealth,
Brighter than pearls on fair Cleopatra's breast;
Hither the royal Briton came, and Teuton bold,
Sons of old Scotia and of Erin's emerald isle,
The lily and the rose of France, exiled from Gallia's soil,—
All brave men, good and true, who settled there;
All Carolina's sons, chivalric, and to honor pledged
Their altars and their homes to moat with blood
Should e'er a tyrant's foot their soil invade.
But on the Northern shore that foot first pressed,
And on the neck of Boston placed its iron heel.
"Help, brethren, help!" the guns of Bunker Hill resound,
And down the whole Atlantic coast the echo rolled.
Each State sprang up, and Carolina cried,
"No cent for tribute, but millions for defence!"
Liberty was dearer than the patronage of kings,—
She dashed the crown in fragments at her feet,—
Her heart took fire as came that ringing cry for help,
And all her islands bristled quickly for defence.
Where should the British king strike next but at the head
Of his fair child, the Queen of sunny South,—the Queen,
Rebel to the kingdom of her royal sire?
His squadron ploughed the sea, three hundred guns;
A fleet so heavy-armed had never yet before
Atlantic's surface crossed to scourge Columbia's shore;
But on yon island front, just at the sea-gate pass,
All in a night, upsprang a wall of stout palmetto logs,—
Weak to the eye, "a very slaughter-pen," said Lee,
"Of pasteboard made," compared with ribs of English oak;
But Moultrie with his Spartan band was there!
At morn the sea was white with glistening sails,
And, frowning as a bursting tempest-cloud,
The ships' black hulls bore swiftly down,
Launching their dread armament of mighty guns
'Gainst that proud fort that dared defy the king.
Back from its waiting walls, like swords of gleaming gold,
Bright flames leaped forth from fifty guns,
Bridging the sea with a span of living fire,
Heaping the oaken decks with Britain's slain!

All day the battle raged; but with the setting sun
Moultrie his stout defences held,—the victory won!
Once, in the hottest of the fight, the flag went down,
Shot from the rampart to the reddened strand below,
But Jasper, leaping through the eddying flame and fire,
On gunner's staff upreared its folds again!

A century has passed since set that battle sun;
Again from Moultrie's ramparts sounds the patriot's call,
"Ye sons of Northern climes, whose cause the South espoused,
Come, kneel with us, and by this early altar of the free
Reconsecrate ourselves to truth and liberty!
Here come, as willing pilgrims to a Mecca come,
Hence go, to spread the reign of love and charity!"
Then Charleston will to Boston shout,
And cities clap their hands along the shore;
The Western mountains to the Eastern nod;
The peaceful valleys sing a hymn of joy;
Old ocean ripple, all along the coast,
From North to South, the common anthem of the free.
And then this mighty commonwealth of States,
The golden valleys of the West, and fertile slopes,
Our splendid cities, villages, and quiet homes,
In one grand brotherhood unite,—
"No North! no South! no East! no West!"

Great Sovereign of unnumbered worlds,
Father of nations, Lord of earth!
On this Centennial Day we Thee invoke!
Dost Thou not purify the gold by flames?
Is not grim War a messenger of Thine for good?
Are not the elements but servants at Thy feet?
Come, bid the waiting fields return Thy loving glance;
Stir all the energies of wealth to bless our land;
Make liberty our right, our rulers pure, our laws divine;
Unite, cement, and bind in one the nation's plans;
Oh, keep our people ever free, and pure, and great,
Until the lamp of day be quenched by Time's concluding night.

JOHN THOMAS WIGHTMAN.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT BEGUN. ITS PURPOSE.

(From Address delivered June 17, 1825.)

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial.

But our object is, by the edifice, to show our deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart.

Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events on the general interests of mankind.

We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class

and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that wearied and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish that in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong.

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his return to it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT COMPLETED.

(From Address delivered June 17, 1843.)

THE Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands. Fortunate in the natural eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher, in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land and over the sea; and visible, at their homes, to three hundred thousand citizens of Massachusetts, it stands a memorial of the last, and a monitor to the present and all succeeding generations.

I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose; and that purpose gives it character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it

with a feeling of awe. It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it is not from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around. The potent speaker stands motionless before them. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noonday, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. Its silent but awful utterance; its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world, from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time; the elevation with which it raises us high above the ordinary feelings of life, surpass all that the study of the closet, or even the inspiration of genius, can produce. To-day it speaks to us. Its future auditories will be through successive generations of men, as they rise up before it and gather round it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind; and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT BEGUN.

(From Oration at the laying of the corner-stone, July 4, 1848.)

OTHER monuments to this illustrious person have long ago been erected. By not a few of the great States of our Union, by not a few of the great cities of our States, the chiselled statue or the lofty column has been set up in his honor. The highest art of the Old World—of France, of Italy, and of England—has

been put in requisition for the purpose. Houdon for Virginia, Canova for North Carolina, Sir Francis Chantrey for Massachusetts, have severally signalized their genius by portraying the form and features of the Father of his Country. The massive and majestic figure which presides over the precincts of the Capitol, and which seems almost in the act of challenging a new vow of allegiance to the Constitution and the Union, is a visible testimony, and one not less grateful to an American eye as being the masterly production of a native artist, that the government of the country has not been unmindful of what it owes to Washington.

One tribute to his memory is left to be rendered. One monument remains to be reared. A monument which shall bespeak the gratitude, not of States, or of cities, or of governments; not of separate communities or of official bodies, but of the people, the whole people of the nation; a national monument, erected by the citizens of the United States of America. The people themselves are here, in masses such as never before were seen within the shadows of the Capitol,—a crowd of witnesses,—to bring their heart-felt testimony to the occasion. From all the States of the Union, from all political parties, from all professions and occupations, men of all sorts and conditions bow, as lending the chief ornament and grace to every scene of life.

The people have come up this day to the temple gates of a common and glorious republic to fraternize with each other in a fresh act of homage to the memory of the man who was, and is, and will forever be, "first in the hearts of his countrymen." Welcome, welcome, Americans all! The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity (I borrow the words of Washington himself), must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations.

Yes, to-day, fellow-citizens, at the very moment when the extension of our boundaries and the multiplication of our territories are producing, directly and indirectly, among the different members of our political system so many marked and mourned centrifugal tendencies, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union; and let us recognize, in our common title to the name

and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick-clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the republic!

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled! Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of his Country! Build it to the skies: you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock: you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble: you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art: you cannot make it more proportionate than his character!

Nor does he need even this. The republic may perish; the wide arch of our ranged union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone after stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead, for a sure, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues shall prolong the fame, of George Washington!

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT COMPLETED.

(From Address delivered February 21, 1885.)

Finis coronat opus. The completion crowns the work! To-day that work speaks for itself, and needs no other orator. Assembled in these Legislative Halls of the Nation, to signalize the long-delayed accomplishment of so vast a work, it is upon him in whose honor it has been upreared, and upon the incomparable and inestimable services that he has rendered to his country and to the world, that our thoughts should be concentred at this hour.

Eighty-five years ago to-morrow, his sixty-eighth birthday, was solemnly assigned by Congress for a general manifestation of that overwhelming national sorrow, and for the commemoration, by eulogies, addresses, sermons, and religious rites, of the great life which had thus been closed. But long before that anniversary arrived, and one day only after the sad tidings had reached the seat of government in Philadelphia, President John Adams, in reply to a message of the House of Representatives, had anticipated all panegyrics, by a declaration, as true to-day as it was then, that he was "the most illustrious and beloved personage which this country ever produced;" while Henry Lee, of Virginia, through the lips of John Marshall, had summed up and condensed all that was felt, and all that could be, or ever can be, said, in those imperishable words, which go ringing down the centuries, in every clime, in every tongue, till time shall be no more,—"First in War, First in Peace, and First in the hearts of his Countrymen."

The character of Washington! Who can delineate it worthily? Who can describe that priceless gift of America to the world, in terms which may do it any sort of justice, or afford any degree of satisfaction to his hearers, or to himself? That character stands apart and alone. But of mere mortal men, the monument we have dedicated to-day points out the one for all Americans to study, to imitate, and, as far as may be, to emulate. Keep his example and his character ever before you in your hearts! Live and act as if he were seeing and judging your personal conduct and your public career! Strive to approximate that

lofty standard, and measure your integrity and your patriotism by your nearness to it, or your departure from it.

Yes, to the young men of America, under God, it remains, as they rise up from generation to generation, to shape the destinies of their country's future; and woe unto them if, regardless of the great example which is set before them, they prove unfaithful to the tremendous responsibilities which rest upon them!

Our matchless obelisk stands proudly before us to-day, and we hail it with the exultations of a united and glorious nation. It may, or may not, be proof against the cavils of critics; but nothing of human construction is proof against the casualties of time. The storms of winter must blow and beat upon it! The action of the elements must soil and discolor it! The lightnings of heaven may scar and blacken it! An earthquake may shake its foundations! Some mighty tornado, or resistless cyclone, may rend its massive blocks asunder and hurl huge fragments to the ground! But the character which it commemorates and illustrates is secure! It will remain unchanged, and unchangeable, in all its consummate purity and splendor, and will more and more command the homage of succeeding ages in all regions of the earth.

GOD BE PRAISED, THAT CHARACTER IS OURS FOREVER!

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

THE PERRY MONUMENT DEDICATED.

(From Address delivered September 10, 1860.)

MEN OF OHIO, FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES,—

The defence of our country is not a burden to be shunned, but an inalienable right which we are to assert, and a sacred duty which we are to fulfil. The heroic deeds of those who, in manly battle, have stood up for the moral existence of the nation, and given the greatest proof of their love for it by perilling their lives in its defence, deserve to be commemorated by works of art, that the evidence of their virtue may

be ever present to the eye of the people. By our willing sympathy with their efforts we make their glory our own; by contemplating their actions with love we renew in our own breasts the just courage with which they glowed, and gain the ennobling consciousness that we too have the power within us to imitate their example.

The inhabitants of this Commonwealth are allied, by their descent of common blood, with nearly all the older United States and all the most highly civilized countries of the world. The homes of their ancestors are to be found in the Old Dominion and all the States to the north of it, in the British Isles and Ireland, in the Iberian peninsula, in France, in Italy, and in all the Continental states, especially of Germany, so that in addition to the mysterious affinity of human nature with truth and freedom, no word can be uttered in any part of the civilized world, but you may claim in it, a family interest of your own. Citizens of Cleveland, cheered by the patriotic zeal of an artist, a native of the State, have raised the monument now dedicated to the Union, in the name of the people of Ohio.

Ohio, a Commonwealth younger in years than he who now addresses you, not long ago having no visible existence but in the emigrant wagons, now numbers almost as large a population as that of all England when it gave birth to Raleigh and Bacon and Shakespeare, and began its work of colonizing America. In the very heart of the temperate zone of this continent, in the land of corn, of wheat and the vine, the eldest daughter of the Ordinance of 1787, already the mother of other Commonwealths that bid fair to vie with her in beauty, rises in her loveliness and glory, crowned with cities, and challenges the admiration of the world.

This anniversary of the great action of Oliver Hazard Perry is set apart for inaugurating a monument to his fame. Forty-seven years ago, the young hero, still weak from a wasting fever, led his squadron to battle. Ever in advance, almost alone, for two hours fighting his ship, till it became a wreck, with more than four-fifths of his crew around him wounded or killed, he passed in a boat to the uninjured Niagara, unfurled his flag, bore down within pistol-shot of his enemy, poured into them broadsides starboard, and broadsides port, and while the sun was still high

above the horizon, left no office to be done but that of mercy to the vanquished.

Nor may you omit due honors to the unrecorded dead; not as mourners who require consolation, but with a clear conception of the glory of their end. To die, if need be, in defence of country is a common obligation; it is granted to few to exchange life for a victory so full of benefits to their fellow-men. These are the disinterested unnamed martyrs, who, without hope of fame or gain, gave up their lives in testimony to the all-pervading love of country, and left to our statesmen the lesson, to demand of others nothing but what is right, and to submit to no wrong. "We have met the enemy," were the words of Perry, as he reported the battle, "and they are ours." The men who honor the memory of Perry will always know how to defend the domain of their country.

So, then, our last words shall be for the Union. The Union will guard the fame of its defenders, will keep alive for mankind the beacon-lights of popular liberty and power; and its mighty heart will throb with delight at every true advance in any part of the world towards republican happiness and freedom.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT BEGUN.

(From Address delivered October 18, 1877.)

ONE hundred years ago, on this spot, American independence was made a great fact in the history of nations. Until the surrender of the British army under Burgoyne, the Declaration of Independence was but a declaration. It was a patriotic purpose asserted in bold words by brave men, who pledged for its maintenance their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. But here it was made a fact, by virtue of armed force. It had been regarded by the world merely as an act of defiance, but it was now seen that it contained the germs of a government which the event we celebrate made one of the powers of the earth. Here rebellion was made revolution. Upon this ground, that which had in the eye of the law been treason, became

triumphant patriotism. At the break of day, in the judgment of the world, our fathers were rebels. When the echoes of the evening gun died away along this valley, they were patriots who had rescued their country from wrong and outrage. We had passed through the baptism of blood, and gained a name among the nations of the earth.

Before the Revolution the people of the several colonies held but little intercourse. They were estranged from each other by distance, by sectional prejudices, by differences of lineage and religious creeds. But when the men of Virginia went to Massachusetts to rescue Boston, when the men of the East and South battled side by side with those from the Middle States, when Greene and Lincoln went to the relief of the Southern colonies, all prejudices not only died away, but more than fraternal love animated every patriotic heart from the bleak forests of New England to the milder airs of Georgia. And now that a hundred years have passed, and our country has become great beyond the wildest dreams of our fathers, will not the story of their sufferings revive in the breast of all the love of our country, of our common country, and all who live within its boundaries?

It was the most remarkable fact of the Revolutionary war and of the formation of State and national governments, that although the colonists were of different lineages and languages, living under different climates, with varied pursuits and forms of labor, cut off from intercourse by distance, yet, in spite of all these obstacles to accord, they were from the outset animated by common views, feelings, and purposes. When the independence was gained, they were able, after a few weeks spent in consultation, to form the constitution under which we have lived for nearly one hundred years. There can be no stronger proof that American institutions were born and shaped by American necessities. This fact should give us new faith in the lasting nature of our government.

Monuments make as well as mark the civilization of a people. The surrender of Burgoyne marks the dividing line between two conditions of our country: the one the colonial period of dependence, and the other the day from which it stood full-armed and victorious here, endowed with a boldness to assert its independence, and endowed with a wisdom to frame its own system

of government. We are told that during more than twenty centuries of war and bloodshed, only fifteen battles have been decisive of lasting results. The contest of Saratoga is one of them. Shall not some suitable structure recall this fact to the public mind? Neither France, nor Britain, nor Germany could spare the statues or works of art which keep alive the memory of patriotic services or of personal virtues. Such silent teachers of all that ennobles men, have taught their lessons through the darkest ages, and have done much to save society from sinking into utter decay and degradation. If Greece or Rome had left no memorials of private virtues or public greatness, the progress of civilization would have been slow and feeble. If their crumbling remains should be swept away, the world would mourn the loss, not only to learning and arts, but to virtue and patriotism. It concerns the honor and welfare of the American people that this spot should be marked by some structure which should recall its history and animate all, who look upon it, by its grand teachings. No people ever held lasting power or greatness who did not reverence the virtues of their fathers, or who did not show forth this reverence by material and striking testimonials.

Let us, then, build here, a lasting monument, which shall tell of our gratitude to those who, through suffering and sacrifice, wrought out the independence of our country.

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

THE SARATOGA LESSON.

(From Address delivered October 17, 1877.)

THE drama of the Revolution opened in New England, culminated in New York, and closed in Virginia. It was a happy fortune that the three colonies which represented the various territorial sections of the settled continent were each, in turn, the chief seat of war. The common sacrifice, the common struggle, the common triumph, tended to weld them locally, politically, and morally together. Doubtless there were conflicts of provincial pride and jealousy and suspicion. In every great crisis of

the war, however, there was a common impulse and devotion, and the welfare of the continent obliterated provincial lines.

It is by the few heaven-piercing peaks, not by the confused mass of upland, that we measure the height of the Andes, of the Alps, of the Himalaya. It is by Joseph Warren not by Benjamin Church, by John Jay not by Sir John Johnson, by George Washington not by Benedict Arnold, that we test the quality of the Revolutionary character. The voice of Patrick Henry from the mountains answered that of James Otis by the sea. Paul Revere's lantern shone along through the valley of the Hudson, and flashed along the cliffs of the Blue Ridge. The scattering volley of Lexington green swelled to the triumphant thunder of Saratoga, and the reverberation of Burgoyne's falling arms in New York shook those of Cornwallis in Virginia from his hands. Doubts, jealousies, prejudices, were merged in one common devotion. The union of the colonies to secure liberty, foretold the union of the States to maintain it, and wherever we stand on Revolutionary fields, or inhale the sweetness of Revolutionary memories, we tread the ground and breathe the air of invincible national union.

So, upon this famous and decisive field, let every unworthy feeling perish! Here, to the England that we fought, let us now, grown great and strong with a hundred years, hold out the hand of fellowship and peace! Here, where the English Burgoyne, in the very moment of his bitter humiliation, generously pledged George Washington, let us, in our high hour of triumph, of power, and of hope, pledge the queen! Here, in the grave of brave and unknown foemen, may mutual jealousies and doubts and animosities lie buried forever! Henceforth, revering their common glorious traditions, may England and America press forward side by side, in noble and inspiring rivalry to promote the welfare of man!

Fellow-citizens, with the story of Burgoyne's surrender, the Revolutionary glory of the State of New York, still fresh in our memories, I am glad that the hallowed spot on which we stand compels us to remember not only the imperial State, but the national Commonwealth, whose young hands here together struck the blow, and on whose older head descends the ample benediction of the victory. On yonder height, a hundred years

ago, Virginia and Pennsylvania lay encamped. Beyond, and further to the north, watched New Hampshire and Vermont. Here, in the wooded uplands at the south, stood New Jersey and New York, while across the river to the east, Connecticut and Massachusetts closed the triumphant line. Here was the symbol of the Revolution, a common cause, a common strife, a common triumph; the cause, not of a class, but of human nature; the triumph, not of a colony, but of united America.

And we who stand here proudly remembering, we who have seen Virginia and New York, the North and the South, more bitterly hostile than the armies whose battles shook this ground, we who mutually proved in deadlier conflict the constancy and courage of all the States, which, proud to be peers, yet own no master but their united selves, we renew our heart's imperishable devotion to the common American faith, the common American pride, the common American glory! Here Americans stood and triumphed. Here Americans stand and bless their memory. And here, for a thousand years, may grateful generations of Americans come to rehearse the glorious story, and to rejoice in a supreme and benignant American nationality!

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE MONMOUTH MONUMENT BEGUN.

(From Historical Address delivered June 28, 1878.)

THE battle of Monmouth exhibited a bold offensive return by a retreating army against an equal or superior force in pursuit. A strong naval detachment had sailed from France to aid America. Its arrival in the Delaware would render the British retention of Philadelphia impossible, as no reinforcements could be supplied from New York, and the British Ministry had already decided to transfer active operations to the Southern colonies. To reach New York, with the least possible loss, was the greatest possible success remaining to General Clinton. The attempt induced the battle of Monmouth. It has been asserted that his evacuation of Philadelphia, on the 18th of June, 1778,

surprised the American commander-in-chief. On the contrary, the occupation of the American capital by General Howe, in 1777, had been at the cost of Burgoyne's army; and its retention by Clinton had been deemed so unwise, as a purely military measure, that, as early as May 19, General Washington seriously entertained the purpose of dislodging the British garrison by force.

After the arrival of Baron Steuben at the Valley Forge camp, February 27, 1778, the discipline of the American army assumed exactness and rigor. Plans for an offensive campaign were as freely discussed as if the entire theatre of war had become open for choice of movement. This fact alone illustrates the habitual purpose of Washington to follow his own convictions of duty in all great crises, and the wisdom of his calm independence of all councils of war on grave occasions. He readily courted suggestions, but never divided command or avoided responsibility.

The battle of Monmouth was deliberately forced by Washington against the opinion of a majority of his general officers, Charles Lee included. He clearly understood the impetus which offensive operations on his part would give to the cause of liberty. Trenton and Germantown had previously vindicated his course, at times when the best strategy had been proved to be the boldest execution of movements least anticipated by his enemy. His faith never wavered! He held his army as in his very brain, and expected it to obey and execute his will as truly as his war-horse minded the rein. The military career of George Washington gained honor and shone with splendor on this same field of Monmouth! Historians of that day rendered tribute; and a century of liberty, to a people enfranchised through his valor, has only deepened the purpose to honor his name forever.

People of New Jersey, you do well to honor the battle of Monmouth by the story-telling monument! Your soil for five years, five terrible years, was one constant field of plunder and bloodshed. It was the central, the constant battle-ground of the Revolution. There was no rest for your fathers; there was no home for your mothers; there was no sanctuary inviolate! You occupied the highway between the North and the South; between New York and the national capital.

How marvellous were the patience, the temper, and the faith

among your people! New Jersey women exemplified the perfection of woman-kind! The militia of New Jersey could neither be bought nor crushed! Grateful for your summons to share this day's honors and contribute, so far as I may, to an abiding record of the events you commemorate, I would once again repeat those prophetic words, already realized, with which Washington pronounced the war for American independence ended:

"Happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced, hereafter, who have contributed anything, who have performed the meanest office in erecting this stupendous fabric of empire on the broad basis of independency; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions."

THE GROTON HEIGHTS MONUMENT.

(From Historical Sketch, September 6, 1879.)

The battle of Groton Heights must be viewed in its relations to other events of the Revolution. It was not a single and isolated event. It was a scene in the great act which closed at Yorktown in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Groton Heights stands connected with Yorktown. Had there been no siege of Yorktown there would have been no battle of Groton Heights, and no burning of New London. During the summer of 1781 the Continental government had been informed that a fleet and a body of troops was about to arrive from France, under Count de Grasse, to co-operate with the American forces against the British. Washington and Rochambeau had held an interview, and resolved to lay siege to New York and wrest it from the British. General Clinton, commander-in-chief of the British forces, began to bend everything to the defence of this stronghold. While these preparations were going on for the defence of New York, Washington changed his purpose, and determined upon the more feasible plan of laying siege to the army of Cornwallis in Virginia. So effectually did he conceal his ultimate design that he marched his forces around New York, crossed

the Hudson, made rapid marches through the State of New Jersey, and was well on his way towards the head of Chesapeake Bay before General Clinton suspected that his movements had any other end in view than the siege of New York. The British general aimed to draw him back, and for that purpose planned a diversion into Connecticut, the colony that had furnished the largest quotas to the Continental army, the commonwealth of Washington's dear friend and faithful supporter, Jonathan Trumbull. Benedict Arnold, "that infamous traitor," had just returned from an expedition into Virginia, in which he marked his path with conflagration and slaughter.

Great preparations were made. At ten o'clock, Thursday morning, September 6, 1781, the British troops landed in two divisions, of about eight hundred men each, on either side of the river; that on the New London side, under the traitor Arnold; that on the Groton side, under Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre. Captain Adam Shapley having only twenty-three men at Fort Trumbull, a mere water-battery, open from behind, spiked his guns, and with sixteen men crossed the river to Fort Griswold. There were now one hundred and sixty men in that fort. To the impudent demand of the British officer, Captain Beckwith, Colonel William Ledyard, in command, replied that "he would defend the fort to the last."

It was now between eleven and twelve o'clock. Arnold stood on the tomb of the Winthrops, in the old burying-ground, and, with his field-glass, surveyed the scene. What conflict of emotion boiled in the breast of the arch-traitor as he cast his eye around the happy scene of his early life which he was now ravishing with sword and torch, we may not know. His official report reads, "After a most obstinate defence of forty minutes the fort was carried by the superior bravery of our battalions."

It was the hour of noon. The battle had begun. Colonel Ayre led one regiment and Major Montgomery the other to the assault. With gleaming guns and nodding plumes they extend a long and fiery wave from north to south and fill the field. With shouts and yells they rend the air; over walls and rocks, over fields of ripening corn, through upland pastures, on they come like madmen. Time would fail to tell how Captain Elias Halsey with an eighteen-pounder swept twenty red-coats down,

how Captain Shapley wounded Colonel Eyre, how Gordon Freeman, Ledyard's colored man, ran a boat-pike through brave Major Montgomery, and he fell lifeless back. Stephen Hempstead with his pike, his left hand wounded, cleared a breach. Samuel Edgewood raised great cannon-balls and smote the assailants in the ditch below. Park Avery, in the hottest of the fight, cheered his son, a lad of seventeen, and the next moment saw him bite the dust. Belton Avery, a gentle, pious boy, fell on the ramparts and went up to heaven. With gun-sticks, pikes, and cannon-balls they fought in hand encounter, one against five. The dead, the dying, and the wounded that lay in the trenches and fields around, the work of the stout-hearted little garrison, made a total of one hundred and ninety-three,—thirty-three more than were in the garrison. Surely, our brave sires were not the only sufferers that 6th of September, 1781!

Stephen Hempstead says "they had attacked twice with great vigor, and were repulsed with equal firmness," when a shot cut the flag from the halyards. Until this moment our loss had been only six or seven killed and eighteen wounded. The enemy, supposing the flag to have been struck, rushed with redoubled impetuosity, carried the southwest bastion by storm, crossed the parade, and unbarred the gates. A British officer shouted, "Who commands this fort?" "I did, sir," was Colonel Ledyard's reply, as he tendered his sword, "but you do now." His sword was thrust through his body by the hand that received it. This was the signal for indiscriminate slaughter. Blood flowed over all the area and hid the greensward. They trod in blood! There was blood in the magazine and in the barracks; blood was on the platform; blood was everywhere! There they lay in heaps, fallen one upon another, scarce twenty, out of one hundred and thirty able-bodied men when the British entered, able to stand upon their feet. There they lay, as brave a band as fought with Leonidas at Thermopylæ. At sunset Arnold set sail for New York. Deplorable and costly as it was to the British, as a strategic movement it was an utter failure. Washington scarcely deigned to notice it. Instead of sending troops into Connecticut, he drew them all into Virginia, and Yorktown decided the campaign.

John Joseph Copp.

THE GROTON HEIGHTS LESSON.

(From Address delivered September 6, 1879.)

Two facts, illustrated to the eye, must be held as characteristic of the State of Connecticut in its relation to the War of Independence. The first is, that bloodiest and most atrocious deed of all the war, which is commemorated by the lofty obelisk beside us. The other is, that this should be the only battle-monument within the State,—and the State itself without battle-fields of later date than the war with the Pequot savages, if we except the skirmish at Danbury, in 1777, and the invasion of New Haven, in 1779. These instances are the only ones in the history of two hundred years in which an armed force of an enemy remained over-night upon her soil. In Connecticut there never was a *revolutionary* war! She entered the struggle for independence complete, with her governor, and council, and the whole machinery of the colonial government. In other colonies there was more or less revolution. We, in Connecticut, fought, not for the achieving of new liberties, but for the defence of the old. . . .

As early as 1778, Governor Trumbull wrote to the Tory Tryon,

"The barbarous inhumanity which has marked the prosecution of the war on your part, the insolence which displays itself on every petty advantage, and the cruelties exercised on those whom the fortune of war has thrown into your hands, are inseparable bars to the very idea of any peace with Great Britain on any other conditions than the most perfect and absolute independence."

At length it seemed that History had completed her dramatic preparations, and that the curtain was ready to rise upon such a scene of slaughter. Arnold, once the most brilliant officer in the Continental service, was a traitor in disgrace, fleeing from the sight of honorable and patriotic men and loathed by those who had bought him and were ready to use him on the base business, unworthy of the name of war, to which they had now resolved to stoop. Only a brief rehearsal of his part, by the burning of Richmond and the devastation of other parts of Virginia, and Arnold was ready, one year from the date of his treason, to disembark, in the bright daylight of the morning of September 6, 1781, with his band of foreign incendiaries and assassins, take his stand on the tomb of the Winthrops, and direct the destruction of the town and the slaughter of his fellow-citizens and neighbors. . . .

There is a curious superficial resemblance to be observed between the battle of Groton Heights and the battle of Bunker Hill. In each case there was the storming of a hill-top fort by a vastly superior force of regular troops, against a scanty garrison of untrained militia. In each case the successful storm was accompanied by burning the neighboring town. In each case the military event is commemorated by a granite obelisk, and the memory of it is cherished proudly as more precious than the memory of many victories. Even as the brave fighting of the farmers of Bunker Hill committed the people to the commencement of the war, so the more heroic suffering and dying of the martyrs of Groton Heights made it thenceforth impossible to think of compromises and concessions, which the British government had been offering to the American people on condition of their renewed allegiance. After the death of Ledyard and his neighbors there could be no end of the war but in victory. The victory was not far away, indeed, for the glory of Yorktown was nigh at hand. But there was need, nevertheless, for the horror of Groton Heights. The blood of all these martyrs was not spilled in vain! . . .

O fellow-citizens of Connecticut, and especially men of Groton, children of these martyred heroes, be proud of the stock from which you are descended—proud, with that worthy and honest pride which shall lead you to emulate the virtues of the race from which you are sprung! You do well to build your schoolhouse in the shadow of this lofty obelisk, and to let this arena of the bloody struggle be trodden, year by year, in the happy sports of boys and girls. But think what a shame it would be before the world if the children of such ancestors should prove recreant to their glorious name! Think what a legacy of glory and ennobling responsibility has come down to you, to be kept and handed down, unimpaired and enhanced, to your children after you!

"Guard well your trust,—
The faith that dared the sea,
The truth that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust."

LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.

THE YORKTOWN MONUMENT BEGUN.

(Extract from Centennial Address, October 18, 1881.)

* * * * * * * * *

YES, it is mine, and somewhat peculiarly mine, perhaps, notwithstanding the presence of the official representatives of my native State, to bear the greetings of Plymouth Rock to Jamestown; of Bunker Hill to Yorktown; of Boston, recovered from the British forces in '76, to Mount Vernon, the home in life and death of her illustrious Deliverer; and there is no office within the gift of Congresses, Presidents, or People, which I could discharge more cordially and fervently. . . .

Our earliest and our latest acknowledgments are due this day to France for the inestimable services which gave us the crowning victory of the 19th of October, 1781. It matters not for us to speculate now whether American independence might not have been ultimately achieved without her aid. We all know that, God willing, such a consummation was certain in the end, as to-morrow's sunrise, and that no earthly potentates or powers, single or conjoined, could have carried us back into a permanent condition of colonial dependence and subjugation. Nor need we be curious to inquire into any special inducements which France may have had to intervene thus nobly in our behalf. . . .

Nearly two years before the treaties of Franklin were negotiated and signed, the young Lafayette, then but nineteen years of age, a captain of French dragoons, stationed at Metz, at a dinner given by the commandant of the garrison to the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of George III., happened to hear the tidings of our Declaration of Independence, which had reached the duke that very day from London. It formed the subject of animated and excited conversation, in which the enthusiastic young soldier took part, and before he had left the table an inextinguishable spark had been struck and kindled in his breast, and his whole heart was on fire in the cause of American liberty. Regardless of the remonstrances of his friends, of the ministry, and of the king himself, in spite of every discouragement and obstacle, he soon tears himself away from a young and lovely wife, leaps on board a vessel which he had provided for himself,

braves the perils of a voyage across the Atlantic, then swarming with cruisers, reaches Philadelphia by way of Charleston, South Carolina, and so wins at once the regard and confidence of the Continental Congress by his avowed desire to risk his life in our service, at his own expense, without pay or allowance of any sort, that, on the 31st of July, 1777, before he was yet quite twenty years of age, he was commissioned a major-general in the army of the United States.

It is hardly too much to say that from that dinner at Metz, and that 31st of July, in Philadelphia, may be dated the train of influences and events which culminated four years afterwards in the surrender of Cornwallis to the allied forces of America and France. Presented to our great Virginian commander-in-chief a few days only after his commission was voted by Congress, an intimacy, a friendship, an affection grew up between them almost at sight. Invited to become a member of his military family, and treated with the tenderness of a son, Lafayette is henceforth to be not only the beloved and trusted associate of Washington, but a living tie between his native and his almost adopted country. Returning to France in January, 1779, after eighteen months of brave and valuable service here, during which he had been wounded at Brandywine, had exhibited signal gallantry and skill at Monmouth, and had received the thanks of Congress for important services in Rhode Island, he was now in the way of appealing personally to the French ministry to send an army and fleet to our assistance. He did appeal; and the zeal and force of his arguments at length prevailed. The young marquis, to whom alone the decision of the king was received, hastens back with eager joy to announce the glad tidings to Washington, and to arrange with him for the reception and employment of the auxiliary forces.

Accordingly, on the 10th of July, 1780, a squadron of the ships of war brings Rochambeau with six thousand French troops into the harbor of Newport, with instructions "to act under Washington, and live with the American officers as their brethren," and the American officers are forthwith desired by Washington, in General Orders,—"to wear white and black cockades as a symbol of affection for their allies."

Nearly a full year, however, was to elapse before the rich

fruits of that alliance were to be developed,—a year of the greatest discouragement and gloom for the American cause. The war on our side seemed languishing. As late as the 9th of April, 1781, Washington wrote to Colonel John Laurens, who had gone on a special mission to Paris, "If France delays a timely and powerful aid in the critical juncture of our affairs, it will avail us nothing should she attempt it hereafter. We are at this hour suspended in the balance. In a word, we are at the end of our tether, and *now or never our deliverance must come.*"

God's holy name be praised, deliverance was to come, and did come, now! On the 3d of September, 1781, the united armies reached Philadelphia, where, Congress being in session, the French army "paid it the honors which the king had ordered us to pay," as we are told in the journal of the gallant Count William de Deux Ponts. . . . On the 19th of October the articles were signed by which the garrisons of York and Gloucester, together with all the officers and seamen of the British ships in the Chesapeake, "surrender themselves prisoners of war to the combined forces of America and France."

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

THE YORKTOWN LESSON.

(Closing passage from Centennial Address, October 18, 1881.)

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES,—

Citizens of the old Thirteen of the Revolution, and citizens of the new Twenty-five, whose stars are now glittering with no inferior lustre in our glorious galaxy,—yes, and Citizens of the still other States which I dare not attempt to number, but which are destined at no distant period to be evolved from our imperial Texas and Territories,—I hail you all as brothers today, and call upon you all, as you advance in successive generations, to stand fast in the faith of the fathers, and to uphold and maintain unimpaired the matchless institutions which are now ours! "You are the advanced guard of the human race; you have the future of the world," said Madame de Staël to a distinguished American, recalling with pride what France had done for us at Yorktown. Let us lift ourselves to a full sense

of such a responsibility for the progress of freedom, in other lands as well as in our own. Next, certainly, to promoting the greatest good of the greatest number at home, the supreme mission of our country is to hold up before the eyes of all mankind a practical, well-regulated, successful system of Free, Constitutional government, purely administered and loyally supported, giving assurance and furnishing proof that true Liberty is not incompatible with the maintenance of Order, with obedience to Law, and with a lofty standard of political and social Virtue. . . .

We cannot escape from the great responsibility of this great intervention of American Example; and it involves nothing less than the hope or the despair of the Ages! Let us strive, then, to aid and advance the Liberty of the world, in the only legitimate way in our power, by patriotic fidelity and devotion in upholding, illustrating, and adorning our own free institutions. "Spartam nactus es: Hanc exorna!" There is no limit to our prosperity and welfare if we are true to those institutions. We have nothing now to fear except from ourselves. We are One by the configuration of nature and by the strong impress of art,—inextricably entwined by the lay of our land, the run of our rivers, the chain of our lakes, and the iron network of our crossing and recrossing and ever-multiplying and still advancing tracks of trade and travel. We are One by the memories of our fathers. We are One by the hopes of our children. We are One by a Constitution and a Union which have not only survived the shock of Foreign and of Civil war, but have stood the abeyance of almost all administration, while the whole people were waiting breathless, in alternate hope and fear, for the issues of an execrable crime. With the surrender to each other of all our old sectional animosities and prejudices, let us be One, henceforth and always, in mutual regard, conciliation, and affection!

"Go on, hand in hand, O States, never to be disunited! Be the praise and the heroic song of all posterity!" On this auspicious day let me invoke, as I devoutly and fervently do, the choicest and richest blessings of Heaven on those who shall do most, in all time to come, to preserve our beloved country in UNITY, PEACE, and CONCORD.

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

THE BENNINGTON MONUMENT BEGUN.

(From Address delivered August 16, 1887.)

We gather on this anniversary day to lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall fitly commemorate the great event known in our history as the battle of Bennington. The story has been often told by sire to son, and by grandsire to wondering grandchildren gathered at his knee. It was from these homes about us that so many went out to meet and stay the invader. It is in many of these peaceful homes that their kindred and descendants now live. At each recurring anniversary the story has been rehearsed anew, a theme fruitful of impassioned oratory, an inspiration to the poet, and embalmed by the historian.

The summer of 1777 was a season of gloom and depression in the American colonies. They were scattered, incoherent, without funds and appliances to cope with the rich and powerful mother-country. The Tories were exultant. The timid were halting between two. The leaders, even, were despondent. On the 6th of July Burgoyne captured Ticonderoga, and on the next day, at Hubbardton, routed the rear-guard of our retreating army. At this critical moment the Council of Safety, then the provisional government of Vermont, appealed to Massachusetts and New Hampshire for aid.

Right nobly did they respond, and "Ho, to the borders!" rang through the hills of New Hampshire and echoed along the valleys of Berkshire and Worcester. John Stark with stalwart men from the granite hills came marching across the mountains. Colonel Simonds rallied the men from Berkshire, and Warner, Herrick, Williams, and Brush, with their Vermonters, came also.

Probably few, if any, of those engaged in the battle began to measure the momentous consequences which hung upon its issue. Our fathers "builded better than they knew." The moral quality of their action lies in their ready, unselfish loyalty to a perilous duty and their prompt response to its call at the risk of life itself.

Did time serve, I might dwell upon the personal characteristics of the men who then dwelt in this region, of their manly fortitude

in time of trial, of the wisdom and moderation which marked their deliberations, of the courage with which they confronted all adversaries, of their respect for rightful authority, and their hatred of its abuse. I might tell how they braved the dangers of the frontier forest and subdued it to the uses of advancing civilization, how civil order prevailed while yet there was no organized power, legislative, executive, or judicial, by which those functions could be exercised, and yet, such was the self-governing capacity of those pioneers, for the most part plain farmers, that without the ordinary appliances for the maintenance of private rights, public rights, and public order, they held them secure, gave of their scanty means, without stint, and offered themselves a ready sacrifice in support of the common cause. Of all this, Ticonderoga, Hubbardton, Bennington, and Saratoga will stand as witnesses forever.

They were no carpet-knights nor plumed cavaliers playing fantastic tricks of knight-errantry. They were grim fighters, and they fought in their every-day clothes. Every patriot bullet was winged and instinct with the loftiest inspiration of a courage born of faith in God and in His eternal principles of justice, and in deathless devotion to country. That word country meant far more to them than it did to the Greeks at Marathon. To them, country stood for the people, secure in all natural rights, and all the social and civil free institutions essential to their preservation. They were living epistles of a new faith. They were yeomen, warriors, statesmen. They were fit founders of a new system of government, so well epitomized by the immortal Lincoln as a "government of the people, for the people, by the people." In this faith they lived, and for its triumphant establishment they fought and conquered on yonder hill-side. The honor of their grand achievement is the glorious inheritance of the three New England States represented here to-day, from whose valleys and hill-sides their patriotic sons so swiftly rallied at the call of country. The fruits of their victory are the common heritage of the whole country for all time to come. Their heroic example is for all time. The heroic life or heroic death in a just cause, though apparently hopeless, will some time bear rich harvest in reconversion into successful heroic action inspired by example. We begin now the erection of a majestic and en-

during memorial which shall in some degree symbolize our conception of an event fraught with great results.

Let it rise majestic here, girt by these grand mountains and overlooking the graves of the heroic dead. And so may it stand a mute but eloquent witness and memorial to all coming generations, of the battle of Bennington, and of the valor and virtue of the men who crowned the day, whose anniversary we celebrate, with glorious victory.

JOHN W. STEWART.

THE JASPER MONUMENT DEDICATED.

(From Address delivered February 22, 1888.)

PERHAPS no comparatively obscure name has ever gathered about it, after the lapse of a century, so general and tender an interest as that of Sergeant William Jasper. There was nothing in Jasper's birth, education, or circumstances, as far as these are known, calculated to arrest the attention or impress the imagination. He was born in our sister State of South Carolina, of humble parentage, and died an unpretending soldier in the non-commissioned ranks of a rebel army, and died, too, in the very hour of disastrous defeat. Yet there stands not upon this, or any other continent, one monument more worthily erected than the granite column and bronze statue which we are here to unveil.

At Fort Moultrie, on June 28, 1776, he leaped through an embrasure, under furious fire, and recovered, with its shattered staff, the fallen flag of South Carolina. In Georgia, on outpost duty, he released prisoners from the enemy's hands, and distinguished himself by deeds of extraordinary daring. His life was a noble illustration of all the characteristics that adorn the soldier and the patriot. It was an exhibition of all the boasted virtues of the knighthood of olden times. His courage was of the most heroic and elevated type. Patriotism burned with a steadfast and undying flame in his breast. His modesty was as conspicuous as his splendid and unselfish valor. He little thought, when with his dying breath he said, "Tell Mrs. Elliott that I saved the flag she gave me, though I lost my life," that

he was placing in the hands of the historic muse, one of the rarest gems of chivalry that ever sparkled upon her bosom. Indeed, his modest worth, his lofty courage, his self-sacrifice, his disinterestedness, and his touching reverence for womanhood, in the hour of danger and of death, constitute the very essence and glory of chivalry. They illustrate the truth, that genuine greatness of soul is independent of rank, of titles, of station.

You have raised this monument not only to Jasper, but to that vast army of unpretending heroes who, in all armies, have fought and suffered, and without the hope of distinction have forgotten self, braved dangers, faced death unblanched, torn flags from the enemy's hands, and placed their own on hostile breastworks, or gone down to unlettered graves, in the crash and carnage of war.

But, again, this monument will become another bond of sympathy between Ireland and America. Let us regard it, in some sense, as a memorial of the heroic and pathetic struggle waged for self-government by Jasper's father-land, that Niobe of the nations, "songful, soulful, sorrowful Ireland," the echoes of whose woes are in the very heart of Christendom, whose genius and courage have enriched and ennobled every land, and whose irrepressible passion for liberty, growing stronger through centuries of oppression, is the great phenomenon of history.

Lastly, I interpret the purpose of your monument to be the commemoration of those noble attributes of character which Jasper so beautifully illustrated in his life and death. "God save liberty and my country!" was his exclamation as he rescued the flag at Fort Moultrie. And as he closed his eyes upon his struggling country, he desired that his father might be assured that his son had died with a steadfast faith in an immortal life beyond the grave.

My countrymen, the occasion which convenes us allures us to the contemplation of a future of greater concord and more perfect unity. On the heights of Bunker Hill, the gratitude of the North has raised an imposing memorial to the heroes who fell there, in defence of liberty. Here, after the lapse of a century, on the lowlands of Georgia, on the birthday of Washington, we dedicate this monument to another martyr who fell in the cause of our country's independence. Erected on the same

continent, by the shores of the same ocean, to heroes of the same war, whose services and blood were a part of the price paid for our common freedom, these monuments should stand as effectual protests against sectional animosities, forever appealing, in their impressive silence, for a republic of concordant hearts as of equal States.

JOHN BROWN GORDON.

THE JASPER TABLET IN MADISON SQUARE, SAVANNAH.

To the Heroic Memory of
SERGEANT WILLIAM JASPER,
Who, Though Mortally Wounded,
Rescued the Colors of his Regiment,
In the Assault
On the British Lines about the City,
October 9th, 1779.
A Century Has Not Dimmed the Glory
Of the Irish-American Soldier
Whose Last Tribute to Civil Liberty
Was His Noble Life.
1779–1879.

THE PUTNAM MONUMENT DEDICATED.

(From Address delivered June 14, 1888.)

NINETY-EIGHT years ago the wasted form of an old soldier, scarred by tomahawk and bullet, was laid to rest in yonder graveyard. His epitaph was written by the foremost scholar of our State.* And here, to-day, above a handful of ashes, all that remains of that stalwart frame which in life was the inspiration of colonists, the hate of Frenchmen, the fear of Englishmen, and the awe of Indians, late, but not too late, a grateful State has built a seemly and enduring pedestal, has placed upon it his war-horse, and called again to his saddle, with his bronzed features saluting the morning, the Connecticut hero of the Revolution. . . .

Blessed is the State which has a history! Its present is the natural evolution of its past. Thermopylæ was a perpetual

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* The Putnam Tablet, page 172, *ante*.

legacy to the sons of Sparta; the atmosphere of the Academy was an everlasting inheritance to the men of Athens. The children of Israel sing the songs of Miriam and David, study the philosophy of Moses, and Ezra, and Hillel, fight over the battles of Saul and the Maccabees, and rightly say, they are all ours. The wars are over, the wisdom is written, the lyrics are sung, the laws are written on papyrus, are cut in stone, are printed on paper, but the lesson of them all is as fresh as a bubbling spring. . . .

A nation's characters may be read in its heroes. If men of blood and ambition are the ideals of a nation, we find a nation of warriors; if patriots are the heroes, be they on the battle-field or in the council-chamber, we find a nation proud of its nationality. It is not military greatness that we honor to-day; it is loyalty to manhood and to truth and to country. Salem had the honor of his birth, in 1718, and well did he repay the obligations of his Massachusetts nativity, by the defence and deliverance which he brought to her territory. He was of sturdy English blood, and, curiously enough, the family crest was a wolf's head. Like Washington and Hale, in his youth he was a conspicuous leader in athletic sports. When he visited the city of Boston for the first time, and his rural appearance excited uncomplimentary comment from a city youth of twice his size, who chaffed him in a way to which the country boy was not accustomed, the young Israel proceeded to amuse the Boston people by a thorough, if not a scientific, pounding of his antagonist. He was first married at twenty-one years of age, and at once removed to Pomfret. Here occurred the wolf's-den incident, a story which will be told to reverent and admiring boys as a classic as long as boys admire pluck and bravery, which may it be as long as grass grows. . . .

In the French and Indian War, beginning as a captain in 1753, he served until 1762. As an Indian-fighter Putnam had qualifications which have not been excelled in the long story of our conflicts with the red man. His career in these earliest wars was as romantic as the journeys and battles of Æneas, and as real as martyrdom. In the forests and swamps and fields, in rapids and creeks, and on the lakes, by night and by day, in reconnoitre, or bush-fight, or battle-line, as scout or as a company

leader, in charge of a battalion or in single combat, he was tireless in action, fertile in expedients, absolutely insensible to fear, and almost invariably a victor. . . .

For the next twelve or more years he remained at home, was honored by civil office, and enjoyed the hearty esteem of the colonists. He had an intuition of the coming independence which few, even of the most radical of the fathers, dared hope for. When British officers reasoned with him on the folly of colonial resistance, and asked him "if he had any doubt that five thousand veterans could march through the continent?" "No doubt," said he, "if they behaved civilly and paid well for everything they wanted; but," he continued, "if in a hostile manner, though the American men were out of the question, the women, with ladles and broomsticks, would knock them all on the head before they could get half through."

Putnam expected to fight the mother-country and expected to win! The call came soon. It found him in the field. Leaving his oxen unloosened, and mounting his horse, he rode to Boston, to the fight which he saw had come, and had come to stay until it should be forever settled upon principles of freedom and right. It was but a few weeks from Lexington to Bunker Hill. The story of Putnam's career, from Bunker Hill until his paralysis in the winter of 1779–80, is deeply interesting. He had his share, and no more, of the ill fortunes of the campaigns, and he had his full share of success. . . .

Putnam's bravery was the bravery of thoughtfulness; his courage was of the kind that thinks. He was as sensitive to the sufferings of others as a mother. He guarded the honor of woman with the chivalry of a knight. He loved war, for the sake of peace and freedom, and the camp, because he saw through and beyond its tents the peace of home. He was a military leader rather than a great general, and his leadership was marked by enthusiasm and faith, by daring, and tenacity, and endurance. And he was, in every fibre of his being, a true man,—kind, honest, pure, conscientious, devout. He loved goodness, and good men, and good things; he hated jealousies, and envies, and bitterness, and injustice. The fibres of his being were neither by nature nor by culture delicate or refined; but his heart beat and his nerves thrilled with a patriotism as

pure and true as the on-rushing waters of Niagara. If there was no place in his garden for tropical flowers, there was no room there for poisonous grasses. If he had little conception of the great universe of stars and planets, he knew there was to be a new day, and he stood and waited for the dawn with his sword in hand.

"What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?

"But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? behold, they that wear soft raiment are in kings' houses.

"But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet."

HENRY CORNELIUS ROBINSON.

THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.

(Extract from Centennial Poem, read October 17, 1877.)

BROTHERS, this spot is holy! Look around!
Before us flows our memory's sacred river,
Whose banks are Freedom's shrines. This grassy mound,
The altar, on whose height the Mighty Giver
Gave Independence to our country; when,
Thanks to its brave, enduring, patient men,
The invading host was brought to bay, and laid
Beneath "Old Glory's" new-born folds, the blade,
The brazen thunder-throats, the pomp of war,
And England's yoke, broken for evermore.

* * * * * * *

Yes, on this spot,—thanks to our gracious God,—
Where last in conscious arrogance it trod,
Defiled, as captives, Burgoyne's conquered horde;
Below, their general yielded up his sword;
There, to our flag bowed England's, battle-torn;
Where now we stand, th' United States was born.

JAMES WATTS DE PEYSTER.

PART VII.

THE DEMANDS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

INTRODUCTION.

If it were not for the mighty armaments which are still maintained by Continental powers, it would seem that the peoples of all civilized countries are rapidly approaching the period when patriotism and humanity will honor their rightful demand, and bless them with genuine freedom and wholesome peace. But even where the draft of industrial labor from shop and field into idle and costly armies has almost broken up natural homes and repressed individual ambition, the rulers themselves have become very careful to assert that this vast diversion and waste of human capacity and treasure have, as inducement, the better safety of those homes and the assured integrity of the State. Dynastic changes no longer overawe the growing sentiment of humanity, and force nations, as once, into foolish and hurtful wars; but an invisible, supreme law of moral constraint is converting selfish ambition, itself, into a means of lightening burdens and preparing the way for universal liberty.

At a time when the number of the United States was but Twenty-four, and the population but twelve millions, Daniel Webster thus gave expression to his appreciation of

THE PRESENT AGE.

"We live in a most extraordinary age! Events, so various and important that they might crowd and distinguish centuries, are in our times compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record in the same term of years as since the 17th of June, 1775? Our own Revolution, which, under other circumstances, might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved,

and a general government established, so safe, so free, so practical, that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon, were it not for the greater wonder that it should have been established at all. The great forests have been prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry. The dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi have become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the hills of New England. We have revenues adequate to all the exigencies of government, and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

"Europe, within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution, which, while it has been felt in the individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the centre her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our example has been followed, and colonies have sprung up to be nations. Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and at this moment the dominion of European power in this continent, from the place we stand, to the South Pole, is annihilated forever.

"In the mean time, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge, such the improvements in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and, above all, in liberal ideas and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed."

It is in the swift spread of forces mightier than the sword, and invulnerable to its thrusts, that the youth of America are borne along toward a higher attainment than ever could be reached before to-day; and the only retarding element, now or ever, is the failure to realize that "Peace on earth and good-will to men" is the crowning wish of the Creator, for all his children, everywhere.

Edward Everett, in his "History of Liberty," declares that

"The real history of man, rational, immortal man, is the history of struggle to be free; the theme is one; the free of all climes and nations are themselves one people. Let us resolve that our children shall have cause to bless the memory of their fathers as we have cause to bless the memory of ours."

TRUE GLORY.

They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and, in field, great battles win,
Great cities, by assault. What do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighboring or remote?
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those, their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin, wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipped with temples, priest, and sacrifice.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may, by means far different, be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence:
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.

Who names not now, with honor, patient Job?
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
By what he taught, and suffered, for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death, unjust, lives now,
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.

John Milton.

GOD IN HISTORY.

That God rules in the affairs of men is as certain as any truth of physical science. On the great moving power, which is from the beginning, hangs the world of the senses, and the world of thought and action. Eternal wisdom marshals the great procession of the nations, working in patient continuity through the ages, never halting and never abrupt, encompassing all its events in its oversight, and ever effecting its will, though mortals

may slumber in apathy, or oppose with madness. Kings are lifted up or thrown down, nations come and go, republics flourish and wither, dynasties pass away like a tale that is told; but nothing is by chance, though men in their ignorance of causes may think so. The deeds of time are governed, as well as judged, by the decrees of eternity. The caprice of fleeting existences bends to the immovable Omnipotent, which plants its foot on all the centuries, and has neither change of purpose nor repose. Sometimes, like a messenger through the thick darkness of night, it steps along mysterious ways, but when the hour strikes for a people, or for mankind, to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of futurity; an all-subduing influence prepares the minds of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence rather than with human devices; and all hearts and all understandings, most of all the opinions and influences of the unwilling, are wonderfully attracted and compelled to bear forward the change, which becomes more an obedience to the law of universal nature than submission to the arbitrament of man.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE PRESENT AN AGE OF REVOLUTIONS.

THE present age may be justly described as the age of revolutions. The whole civilized world is agitated with political convulsions, and seems to be panting and struggling in agony after some unattained—perhaps unattainable—good. From the commencement of our Revolution up to the present day we have witnessed in Europe and America an uninterrupted series of important changes. The thrones of the Old World have been shaken to their foundations. On our own continent, empires that bore the name of colonies have shaken or are shaking off the shackles of dependence.

What is the object of all these desperate struggles? The object of them is to obtain an extension of individual liberty. Established institutions have lost their influence and authority.

Men have become weary of submitting to names and forms which they once reverenced. It has been ascertained—to use the language of Napoleon—that a throne is only four boards covered with velvet, that a written constitution is but a sheet of parchment. There is, in short, an effort making throughout the world to reduce the action of government within the narrowest possible limits, and to give the widest possible extent to individual liberty.

Our own country, though happily exempt—and God grant that it may long continue so!—from the troubles of Europe, is not exempt from the influence of causes that produce them. We, too, are inspired, and agitated, and governed by the all-pervading, all-inspiring, all-agitating, all-governing spirit of the age. What do I say? We were the first to feel and act upon its influence. Our Revolution was the first of the long series that has since shaken every corner of Europe and America. Our fathers led the van in the long array of heroes, martyrs, and confessors who had fought and fallen under the banner of liberty. The institutions they bequeathed to us, and under which we are living in peace and happiness, were founded on the principles which lie at the bottom of the present agitation in Europe. We have realized what our contemporaries are laboring to attain. Our tranquillity is the fruit of an entire acquiescence in the spirit of the age. We have reduced the action of government within narrower limits, and given a wider scope to individual liberty, than any community that ever flourished before.

We live, therefore, in an age, and in a country, where positive laws and institutions have comparatively but little direct force. But human nature remains the same. The passions are as wild, as ardent, as ungovernable, in a republic as in a despotism. What, then, is to arrest their violence? What principle is to take the place of the restraints that were formerly imposed by time-honored customs,—venerable names and forms,—military and police establishments, which once maintained the peace of society, but which are fast losing their influence in Europe, and which have long since lost it in this country? I answer, in one word, Religion. Where the direct influence of Power is hardly felt, the indirect influence of Religion must be proportionably

increased, or society will be converted into a scene of wild confusion. The citizen who is released in a great measure from the control of positive authority, must possess within his own mind the strong curb of an enlightened conscience, a well-grounded, deeply felt, rational, and practical piety; or else he will be given over, without redemption, to the sins that most easily beset him, and, by indulging in them, will contribute, so far as he has it in his power, to disturb the harmony of the whole body politic.

EDWARD EVERETT.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

(An Ode in imitation of Alcæus.)

WHAT constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mounds,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—MEN, high-minded *men*,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their *duties* know,
But know their *rights*, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:—
These constitute a State;
And sovereign *law, that State's collected will*,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill;

Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such *was* this heaven-loved isle,
Than *Lesbos* fairer, and the *Cretan* shore.
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall *Britons* languish and be MEN no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

ABERGAVENNY, March 31, 1781.

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE INTELLIGENT MEN. The right of suffrage is a fearful thing. It calls for wisdom, and discretion, and intelligence, of no ordinary standard. It takes in, at every exercise, the interests of all the nation. Its results reach forward through time into eternity. Its discharge must be accounted for among the dread responsibilities of the great day of judgment. Who will go to it blindly? Who will go to it passionately? Who will go to it as a sycophant, a tool, a slave? How many do! These are not the men to make a state.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE HONEST MEN. I do not mean men that would never steal. I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in making change. I mean men with a single face. I mean men with a single eye. I mean men with a single tongue. I mean men that consider always what is right, and do it at whatever cost. I mean men whom no king on earth can buy. Men that are in the market for the highest bidder; men that make politics their trade, and look to office for a living; men that will crawl, where they cannot climb,—these are not the men to make a state.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE BRAVE MEN. I mean the

men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that do, but do not talk. I mean the men that dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are to-day where they were yesterday, and will be there to-morrow. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to kill, but not afraid to die. The man that calls hard names and uses threats; the man that stabs, in secret, with his tongue or with his pen; the man that moves a mob to deeds of violence and self-destruction; the man that freely offers his last drop of blood, but never sheds the first,—these are not the men to make a state.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, MUST BE RELIGIOUS MEN. To leave God out of states, is to be atheists. I do not mean that men must cant. I do not mean that men must wear long faces. I do not mean that men must talk of conscience, while they take your spoons. I speak of men who have it in their heart as well as on their brow. The men that own no future, the men that trample on the Bible, the men that never pray, are not the men to make a state.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, ARE MADE BY FAITH. A man that has no faith is so much flesh. His heart is a muscle; nothing more. He has no past, for reverence; no future, for reliance. Such men can never make a state. There must be faith to look through clouds and storms up to the sun that shines as cheerily, on high, as on creation's morn. There must be faith that can afford to sink the present in the future; and let time go, in its strong grasp upon eternity. This is the way that men are made, to make a state.

THE MEN, TO MAKE A STATE, ARE MADE BY SELF-DENIAL. The willow dallies with the water, draws its waves up in continual pulses of refreshment and delight; and is a willow, after all. An acorn has been loosened, some autumnal morning, by a squirrel's foot. It finds a nest in some rude cleft of an old granite rock, where there is scarcely earth to cover it. It knows no shelter, and it feels no shade. It asks no favor, and gives none. It grapples with the rock. It crowds up towards the sun. It is an oak. It has been seventy years an oak. It will be an oak for seven times seventy years; unless you need a man-of-war to thunder at the foe that shows a flag upon the

shore, where freemen dwell: and then you take no willow in its daintiness and gracefulness; but that old, hardy, storm-stayed and storm-strengthened oak. So are the men made that will make a state.

The men, to make a state, are themselves made by obedience. Obedience is the health of human hearts: obedience to God; obedience to father and to mother, who are, to children, in the place of God; obedience to teachers and to masters, who are in the place of father and of mother; obedience to spiritual pastors, who are God's ministers; and to the powers that be, which are ordained of God. Obedience is but self-government in action; and he can never govern men who does not govern first himself. Only such men can make a state.

George Washington Doane.

LIBERTY A SOLEMN RESPONSIBILITY.

Liberty is a solemn thing, a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please, but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay, if they can. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world,—to govern itself.

That hour in human life is most serious when it passes from parental control into free manhood; then must the man bind the righteous law upon himself more strongly than father or mother ever bound it upon him. And when a people leaves the leading-strings of prescriptive authority and enters upon the ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; it must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hallowed with prayer. The tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy church, must be built there, to intrench, to defend, and to keep the sacred heritage.

Liberty, I repeat, is a solemn thing. The world, up to this time, has regarded it as a boon, not as a bond. And there is nothing, in the present crisis of human affairs, there is no point in the great human welfare, on which men's ideas so much need

to be cleared up,—to be advanced,—to be raised to a higher standard, as this grand and terrible responsibility of freedom. In the entire universe there is no trust so awful as moral freedom, and all good civil freedom depends upon the use of that. But look at it! Around every human, every rational being, is drawn a circle. The space within is cleared from obstruction, or, at least, from all coercion; it is sacred to the being himself who stands there; it is secured and consecrated to his own responsibility. May I say it? God himself does not penetrate there with any absolute, any coercive power. He compels the winds and the waves to obey him. He compels animal instincts to obey him; but he does not compel men to obey. That sphere he leaves free. He brings influences to bear upon it; but the last, final, solemn, infinite question between right and wrong he leaves to the man himself.

Ah! instead of madly delighting in his freedom, I could well imagine a man to protest, to complain, to tremble, that such a tremendous prerogative is accorded to him. But it is accorded to him; and nothing but willing obedience can discharge that solemn trust; nothing but a heroism greater than that which fights battles and pours out its blood on its country's altar,—the heroism of self-renunciation and self-control.

Come that liberty! I invoke it with all the ardor of the poets and philosophers of freedom. With Spenser and Milton, with Hampden and Sidney, with Rienzi and Dante, with Hamilton and Washington, I invoke it! Come that liberty! come none that does not lead to that! Come the liberty that shall strike off every chain, not only of iron and iron law, but of painful construction, of fear, of enslaving passion, of mad self-will; the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

TRUE LIBERTY HONORS AUTHORITY.

I SUPPOSE something may be expected from me upon this charge that is befallen me; yet I intend not to intermeddle in the proceedings of the court, or with any of the persons con-

cerned therein. Only I bless God that I see an issue of this troublesome business. I was publicly charged, and I am publicly and legally acquitted, which is all I did expect or desire. And though this be sufficient for my justification before men, yet not so before God, who hath seen so much amiss in my dispensations as calls me to be humble. Give me leave, upon this special occasion, to speak a little more to this assembly. It may be of some good use, to inform and rectify the judgments of some of the people.

The great questions that have troubled the country are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. It is yourselves who have called us to this office, and being called by you, we have our authority from God, in way of an ordinance, such as hath the image of God eminently stamped upon it, the contempt and violation whereof hath been vindicated with examples of divine vengeance. I entreat you to consider, that when you choose magistrates you take them from among yourselves, men, subject to like passions, as you are. Therefore when you see infirmities in us, you should reflect upon your own, and that would make you bear the more with us, and not be severe censurers of the failings of your magistrate, when you have continual experience of the like infirmities in yourselves, and others. We account him a good servant who breaks not his covenant. The covenant between you and us is the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, that we shall govern you and judge your causes by the rules of God's laws, and our own, according to our best skill.

For the other point, concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil, or federal. The first is common to man, with beasts, and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man, simply, hath liberty to do what he lists. It is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and, in time, to be worse than brute beasts;—*omnes sumus licentia deteriores.*

This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast,

which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it.

The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal. It may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions among men themselves. This liberty is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard not only of your goods but of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is the proper end maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority. It is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. On the other side, ye know who they are that complain of this yoke, and say, "Let us break their bands asunder; we will not have this man to rule over us." Even so, brethren, it will be between you and your magistrates. If you stand for your natural corrupt liberties, and will do what is good in your own eyes, you will not endure the least weight of authority, but will murmur and oppose, and be always "striving to shake off that yoke;" but if you will be satisfied to enjoy such civil and lawful liberties, such as Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit unto that authority which is set over you, in all the administrations of it, for your good.

Wherein if we fail at any time, we hope we shall be willing, by God's assistance, to hearken to good advice from any of you, or in any other way of God; so shall your liberties be preserved in upholding the honor and power of authority among you.

JOHN WINTHROP. (1645.)

NOTE.—John Winthrop, deputy-governor of Massachusetts, under John Endicott, in 1641, was re-chosen, when Thomas Dudley became governor, in 1645. A local contest in the town of Hingham as to choice of captain and lieutenant made a wonderful stir in the colony as to the rightful action of the deputy in adjusting the controversy. When complaint was made, the deputy, waiving his position, appeared before the General Court, which had approved his action, and in the spirit of the conscientious man he was, took occasion to make what he called "his little speech." The historian Grahame says, "In the wisdom, piety, and dignity that it breathes it resembles the magnanimous vindication of a judge of Israel." Tocqueville quotes from it as "a fine definition of liberty." In the "Modern Universal History" it is compared to "the best of antiquity, whether as coming from a philosopher or a magistrate." Mr. Winthrop was chosen governor every year after as long as he lived.

TRUE LIBERTY MEASURED BY INTELLIGENCE.

Society can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. It is the political, then, which includes the social, that is his natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed him, into which he is impelled irresistibly, and in which only his race can exist, and all his faculties be fully developed. Such being the case, it follows that any, the worst form of government, is better than anarchy; and that individual liberty, or freedom, must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy within, or destruction from without; for the safety and well-being of society are as paramount to individual liberty as the safety and well-being of the race are to that of individuals; and, in the same proportion, the power necessary for the safety of society is paramount to individual liberty. On the contrary, government has no right to control individual liberty beyond what is necessary to the safety and well-being of society. Such is the boundary which separates the power of government and the liberty of the citizen, or subject, in the political state, which, as I have shown, is the natural state of man, the only one in which his race can exist, and the one in which he is born, lives, and dies.

It follows from all this that the quantum of power on the part of the government, and of liberty on that of individuals, instead of being equal in all cases, must, necessarily, be very unequal among different people, according to their different conditions. For, just in proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the government and individual liberty extinct. So, on the contrary, just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for which it was ordered, and how it ought to be adminis-

tered, and the less the tendency to violence and disorder within and danger from abroad, the power necessary for government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater. Instead, then, of all men having the same right to liberty and equality, as is claimed by those who hold that they are all born free and equal, liberty is the noble and highest reward bestowed on mental and moral development, combined with favorable circumstances. Instead, then, of liberty and equality being born with man, instead of all men, and all classes and descriptions, being equally entitled to them, they are high prizes to be won, and are, in their most perfect state, not only the highest reward that can be bestowed on our race, but the most difficult to be won, and, when won, the most difficult to be preserved.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

DESPOTISM AND DEMOCRACY INCOMPATIBLE.

No man can lawfully govern himself according to his own will; much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection,—all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, pre-existent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas and to all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which we cannot stir.

This great law does not arise from our conventions or compacts; on the contrary, it gives to our conventions and compacts all the force and sanction they can have;—it does not arise from our vain institutions. Every good gift is of God: all power is of God;—and he who has given the power, and from whom alone it originates, will never suffer the exercise of it to be practised upon any less solid foundation than the power itself. If, then, all dominion of man over man is the effect of the divine disposition, it is bound by the eternal laws of him that gave it, with which no human authority can dispense; neither he that

exercises it, nor even those who are subject to it; and, if they were mad enough to make an express compact, that should release their magistrate from his duty, and should declare their lives, liberties, and properties dependent upon, not rules and laws, but his mere capricious will, that covenant would be void.

Law and arbitrary power are in eternal enmity. Name me a magistrate, and I will name property; name me power, and I will name protection. It is a contradiction in terms, it is blasphemy in religion, it is wickedness in politics, to say that any man can have arbitrary power. In every patent of office the duty is included. For what else does a magistrate exist? To suppose, for power, is an absurdity in idea. Judges are guided and governed by the eternal laws of justice, to which we are all subject. We may bite our chains, if we will; but we shall be made to know ourselves, and be taught that man is born to be governed by *law;* and he that will substitute *will* in the place of it is an enemy to God. EDMUND BURKE.

SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY INCOMPATIBLE.

DEMOCRACY!—Socialism! Why profess to associate what, in the nature of things, can never be united? Can it be, gentlemen, that this whole grand movement of the French Revolution is destined to terminate in that form of society which the socialists have, with so much fervor, depicted?—a society marked out with compass and rule, in which the state is to charge itself with everything and the individual is to be nothing; in which society is to absorb all force, all life; and in which the only end assigned to man is his personal comfort? What! was it for such a society of beavers and of bees, a society rather of skilful animals than of men free and civilized,—was it for such that the French Revolution was accomplished? Not so! It was for a greater, a more sacred end; one more worthy of humanity.

But socialism professes to be the legitimate development of democracy. I shall not search, as many have done, into the true etymology of this word democracy. I shall not, as gentlemen did yesterday, traverse the garden of Greek roots to find

the derivation of this word. I shall point you to democracy where I have seen it, living, active, triumphant; in the only country in the world where it truly exists, where it has been able to establish and maintain, even to the present time, something grand and durable to claim our admiration,—in the New World,—in America. There shall you see a people among whom all conditions of men are more on an equality even than among us; where the social state, the manners, the laws, everything is democratic; where all emanates from the people and returns to the people; and where, at the same time, every individual enjoys a greater amount of liberty, a more entire independence, than in any other part of the world at any period of time; a country, I repeat it, essentially democratic; the only democracy in the wide world at this day; and the only republic, truly democratic, which we know of in history. And in this republic you will look in vain for socialism. Not only have the theories of the socialists gained no possession there, of the public mind, but they have played so trifling a part in the discussions and affairs of that great nation, that they have not even reached the dignity of being feared.

America is at this day that country, of the whole world, where the sovereignty of democracy is most practical and complete; and it is at the same time that, where the doctrines of the socialists, which you pretend to find so much in accordance with democracy, are the least in vogue; the country, of the whole universe, where the men sustaining those doctrines would have the least chance of making an impression. For myself personally, I do not see, I confess, any great objection to the emigration of these proselyting gentlemen to America; but I warn them that they will not find there any field for their labors.

No, gentlemen, democracy and socialism are the antipodes of each other. While democracy extends the sphere of individual independence, socialism contracts it. Democracy develops a man's whole manhood; socialism makes him an agent, an instrument, a cipher. Democracy and socialism assimilate on one point only,—the equality which they introduce; but mark the difference: democracy seeks equality in liberty, while socialism seeks it in servitude and constraint.

ALEXIS CHARLES DE TOCQUEVILLE.

CHRISTIANITY AND DEMOCRACY HARMONIZE.

Here, then, behold the creed of Freedom and its great high-priest. Ought not he who would be a true disciple of the democratic faith to worship also at the altar of Christianity? Behold its essential fundamental law and spirit,—"None of us liveth to himself." Animated by such a principle, derived from the great fountain of all holy impulse, let us go forth to bear the ark of Freedom through the world. Be it ours not merely to abolish the disheartening barriers of social caste, to dismiss the hireling soldier, to spike the cannon, to strike the coffle from the slave, but to disenthrall the mind from ignorance and vice, and raise the free soul's longing to the skies!

In this glorious enterprise are harmonized our religious and our civic duties. It allies us to all the glorious family of the truly free in earth and Heaven. Lo! they wait for us, they watch for us,—that mighty cloud of witnesses! They crowd the circumambient sky! O! glorious brotherhood of liberty! They bend from their starry thrones! They beckon us! Ay, and God is with us. He will set his King upon his holy hill of Zion.

To this do all the revolutions of the nations tend. "Thus saith the Lord God; Remove the diadem, and take off the crown: exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high. I will overturn, overturn, overturn, it: . . . until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him." He unrolls the blazing scroll of prophecy, and this is its golden inscription:

"For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron: I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness.

"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

"Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.

"A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time."

Happy association! Christ and the Genius of Liberty, pa-

triotism and evangelic zeal, the cause of country and the cause of universal man. The cause is heaven-born; the blessed influences of the universe are pledged to its success.

ROBERT RAIKES RAYMOND.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

EPHESUS was upside down. The manufacturers of silver boxes for holding heathen images had collected their laborers together to discuss the behavior of one Paul, who had been in public places assaulting image-worship, and consequently very much damaging their business. There was a great excitement in the city. People stood in knots along the street, violently gesticulating and calling one another hard names. Some of the people favored the policy of the silversmiths; others the policy of Paul.

Finally they called a convention. When they assembled they all wanted the floor, and all wanted to talk at once. Some wanted to denounce, some to resolve. At last the convention rose in a body, all shouting together, till some were red in the face and sore in the throat, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Well, the whole scene reminds me of the excitement we witness at the autumnal elections. While the goddess Diana has lost her worshippers, our American people want to set up a god in place of it, and call it political party. While there are true men, Christian men, standing in both political parties, who go into the elections resolved to serve their city, their State, their country, in the best possible way, yet in the vast majority it is a question between the peas and the oats. One party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" when in truth both are crying, if they were but honest enough to admit it, "Great is my pocket-book!"

What is the duty of Christian citizenship? If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rocks, and the Siberian is happy in his land of perpetual snow; if the Roman thought the muddy Tiber was the favored river of heaven, and the Chinese pities every-

body born out of the Flowery Kingdom, shall not we, in this land of glorious liberty, have some thought and love for country? There is a power higher than the ballot-box, the gubernatorial chair, or the President's house. To preserve the institutions of our country, we must recognize this power in our politics.

See how men make every effort to clamber into higher positions, but are cast down. God opposes them. Every man, every nation, that proved false to divine expectation, down it went. God said to the house of Bourbon, "Remodel France and establish equity." It would not do it. Down it went. God said to the house of Stuart, "Make the people of England happy." It would not do it. Down it went. He said to the house of Hapsburg, "Reform Austria and set the prisoners free." It would not do it. Down it went. He says to men now, "Reform abuses, enlighten the people, make peace and justice to reign." They don't do it, and they tumble down.

How many wise men will go to the polls high with hope and be sent back to their firesides! God can spare them. If he could spare Washington, before free government was tested; Howard, while tens of thousands of dungeons remained unvisited; Wilberforce, before the chains had dropped from millions of slaves, then Heaven can spare another man. The man who, for party, forsakes righteousness, goes down, and the armed battalions of God march over him.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE INHUMANITY OF SLAVERY.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man. The natural bond

Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and, having power
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man! And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned!
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home,—then why, abroad?
And they, themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive her air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire: that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

WILLIAM COWPER.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY CONTRASTED.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all, in public or in private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him, who eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven! grant me but health, thou great bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess for my companion; and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto the divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

Pursuing this idea, I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame of it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but, finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it nearer me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in a dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood;—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time; nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—— But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest part of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head,

notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had spent there;—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh,—I saw the iron enter his soul. I burst into tears,—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

LAURENCE STERNE.

DELAYED LIBERTY IS BUT MOCKERY.

UPON the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne of France many prisoners were set free from the thick and cold stone walls of the Bastile. An old man, whose locks, white, thin, and scattered, had almost acquired the rigidity of iron, had groaned in confinement for forty-seven years. One day the narrow door of his tomb turned upon its grating hinges and opened,—not, as usual, by halves, but wide,—and an unknown voice bade him depart,—at liberty. As in a dream, he hesitated. At length he rose, walked forth with trembling steps, amazed at the space he traversed. Stairs, halls, court, seemed immense! He stopped, like a bewildered traveller, and gazed around. His vision with difficulty took in the light of day. Stupefied with newly-acquired power, limbs and tongue alike refused, in spite of effort, to do their office.

Once through the formidable gate, as he felt the motion of the carriage which had been ordered to take him to his home, he screamed, unable to bear the new motion, and was obliged to descend. Supported by a benevolent arm, he sought the old street; but no trace of his old home remained. A public edifice occupied its site. The houses of neighbors, fresh in memory, had all changed. Terrified, he stopped, and fetched a long sigh. What if the city was peopled with living creatures? None were alive to him! He was unknown to the world,—he knew

nobody; he wept,—he regretted his dungeon. At the word "Bastile," which he repeated, as his asylum, his only home, the crowd gathered in curiosity and pity; but none remembered the incidents of his sad story.

At length a superannuated domestic, who did not remember his old master, remembered how the wife had gone to the grave thirty years before, how the children had gone abroad to distant climes, and that no relation or friend remained. The miserable man groaned, and groaned, alone. Bowing down before the minister who gave him his liberty, he could only say, "Restore me to the prison from which you have taken me. I cannot survive the loss of relations, friends, and, in one word, of a whole generation. While secluded I lived with myself, but here I can neither live with myself nor with a new race, to whom my anguish and despair appear only as a dream."

The minister was melted! He caused the old domestic to wait upon him; but the chagrin and mortification of meeting no person who could say to him, "We were formerly known to each other," soon put an end to his existence.

Arranged from Louis Sébastien Mercier.

POPULAR GOVERNMENT THE MOST JUST.

The real glory and prosperity of a nation does not consist in the hereditary rank or titled privileges of a very small class in the community; in the great wealth of the few and the great poverty of the many; in the splendid palaces of nobles and the wretched huts of a numerous and half-famished peasantry. No! such a state of things may give pleasure to proud, ambitious, and selfish minds, but there is nothing here on which the eye of a patriot can rest with unmingled satisfaction. In his deliberate judgment,—

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade:
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made;

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

It is an intelligent, virtuous, free, and extensive population, able, by their talents and industry, to obtain a competent support, which constitutes the strength and prosperity of a nation.

It is not the least advantage of a popular government that it brings into operation a greater amount of talent than any other. It is acknowledged by every one that the occurrence of great events awakens the dormant energies of the human mind and calls forth the most splendid and powerful abilities. It was the momentous question, whether your country should be free and independent, and the declaration that it was so, which gave to you orators, statesmen, and generals, whose names all future ages will delight to honor.

The characters of men are generally moulded by the circumstances in which they are placed. They seldom put forth their strength without some powerfully exciting motives. But what motives can they have to qualify themselves for stations from which they are forever excluded on account of plebeian extraction? How can they be expected to prepare themselves for the service of their country, when they know that their services would be rejected, because, unfortunately, they dissent from the established religion and have honesty to avow it!

But in a country like ours, where the most obscure individuals in society may, by their talents, virtues, and public services, rise to the most honorable distinctions and attain to the greatest offices which the people can give, the most effectual inducements are presented. It is indeed true that only a few who run in the race for political honor can obtain the prize. But, although many come short, yet the exertions and the progress which they make are not lost, either on themselves or society. The suitableness of their talents and characters for some other important station may have been perceived; at least the cultivation of their minds, and the effort to acquire an honorable reputation, may render them active and useful members of the community. These are some of the benefits peculiar to a popular government; benefits which we have long enjoyed.

DANIEL SHARP.

NATIONAL DISTINCTION DEPENDS UPON VIRTUE.

The great distinction of a nation, the only one worth possessing, and which brings after it all other blessings, is the prevalence of pure principle among the citizens. I wish to belong to a state in the character and institutions of which I may find a spring of improvement, which I can speak of with an honest pride; in whose records I may meet great and honored names, and which is fast making the world its debtor by its discoveries of truth, and by an example of virtuous freedom. Oh, save me from a country which worships wealth and cares not for true glory; in which intrigue bears rule; in which patriotism borrows its zeal from the prospect of office; in which hungry sycophants throng with supplication all the departments of state; in which public men bear the brand of private vice, and the seat of government is a noisome sink of private licentiousness and public corruption!

Tell me not of the honor of belonging to a free country. I ask, Does our liberty bear generous fruits? Does it exalt us in manly spirit, in public virtue, above countries trodden underfoot by despotism? Tell me not of the extent of our country. I care not how large it is, if it multiply degenerate men. Speak not of our prosperity. Better be one of a poor people, plain in manners, reverencing God, and respecting ourselves, than belong to a rich country which knows no higher good than riches. Earnestly do I desire for this country that, instead of copying Europe with an undiscerning servility, it may have a character of its own, corresponding to the freedom and equality of our institutions. One Europe is enough. One Paris is enough. How much to be desired is it that, separated, as we are, from the Eastern continent by an ocean, we should be still more widely separated by simplicity of manners, by domestic purity, by inward piety, by reverence for human nature, by moral independence, by withstanding the subjection to fashion and that debilitating sensuality which characterize the most civilized portions of the Old World! Of this country I may say, with peculiar emphasis, that its happiness is bound up in its virtue!

William Ellery Channing.

MORAL POWER THE MIGHTIEST.

If there be any one line of policy in which all political parties agree, it is that we should keep aloof from the agitations of other governments; that we shall not intermingle our national concerns with theirs; and much more, that our citizens shall abstain from acts which lead the subjects of other governments to violence and bloodshed. These violators of the law show themselves to be enemies of their country, by trampling under-foot its laws, compromising its honor, and involving it in the most serious embarrassment with a foreign and friendly nation. It is, indeed, lamentable to reflect that such men, under such circumstances, may hazard the peace of the country. If they were to come out in array against their own government, the consequence to it would be far less serious. In such an effort they could not involve it in much bloodshed, or in a heavy expenditure, nor would its commerce and general business be materially injured. But a war with a powerful nation, with whom we have the most extensive relations, commercial and social, would bring down upon our country the heaviest calamity. It would dry up the sources of its prosperity and deluge it in blood.

The great principle of our republican institutions cannot be propagated by the sword. This can be done by moral force, and not physical. If we desire the political regeneration of oppressed nations, we must show them the simplicity, the grandeur, and the freedom of our own government. We must recommend it to the intelligence and virtue of other nations by its elevated and enlightened action, its purity, its justice, and the protection it affords to all its citizens, and the liberty they enjoy. And if, in this respect, we shall be faithful to the high bequests of our fathers, to ourselves, and to posterity, we shall do more to liberate other governments and emancipate their subjects than could be accomplished by millions of bayonets. This moral power is what tyrants have most cause to dread. It addresses itself to the thoughts and the judgments of men. No physical force can arrest its progress. Its approaches are unseen, but its consequences are deeply felt. It enters garrisons most strongly fortified, and operates in the palaces of kings and

emperors. We should cherish this power as essential to the preservation of our own government, and as the most efficient means of ameliorating the condition of our race. And this can only be done by a reverence for the laws, and by the exercise of an elevated patriotism. But if we trample under our feet the laws of our country, if we disregard the faith of treaties, and our citizens engage without restraint in military enterprises against the peace of other governments, we shall be considered and treated, and justly, too, as a nation of pirates.

JOHN MCLEAN.

MORAL REFORM THE HOPE OF THE AGE.

THE crisis has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves probably, the amazing question is to be decided, whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away; whether our Sabbaths shall be a delight or a loathing; whether the taverns, on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshippers; whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land, or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness shall be the stability of our times; whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves. Be not deceived. Human nature in this state is like human nature everywhere. All actual difference in our favor is adventitious, and the result of our laws, institutions, and habits. It is a moral influence which, with the blessing of God, has formed a state of society so eminently desirable. The same influence which has formed it is indispensable to its preservation. The rocks and hills of New England will remain till the last conflagration. But let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children neglected, and the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no more surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defence.

If we neglect our duty, and suffer our laws and institutions to go down, we give them up forever. It is easy to relax, easy to retreat, but impossible, when the abomination of desolation has once passed over New England, to rear again the thrown-down altars, and gather again the fragments, and build up the ruins of demolished institutions. Another New England nor we nor our children shall ever see, if this be destroyed. All is lost irretrievably when the landmarks are once removed and the bands which now hold us are once broken. Such institutions, and such a state of society, can be established only by such men as our fathers were, and in such circumstances as they were in. They could not have made a New England in Holland. They made the attempt, but failed.

The hand that overturns our laws and altars, is the hand of death unbarring the gate of Pandemonium and letting loose upon our land the crimes and the miseries of hell. If the Most High should stand aloof, and cast not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative woe. But He will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with Him, He will contend openly with us. And never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of the living God. The day of vengeance is in His heart, the day of judgment has come; the great earthquake which sinks Babylon is shaking the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotion are dashing upon every shore. Is this, then, a time to remove foundations, when the earth itself is shaken? Is this a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth? Is this a time to run upon His neck and the thick bosses of His buckler, when the nations are drinking blood, and fainting, and passing away in His wrath? Is this a time to throw away the shield of faith, when His arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain? To cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting, and the sea and the waves are roaring, and thunders are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and the great hail is falling from heaven upon men, and every mountain, sea, and island is fleeing in dismay from the face of an incensed God?

LYMAN BEECHER.

TEMPERANCE REFORM MOST IMPERATIVE.

(From Address delivered at Salem, Massachusetts, June 14, 1833, upon the following resolution, introduced by the speaker, and having perpetual force as the most imperative demand of the present age:

"*Resolved*, That while we behold with the highest satisfaction the success of the efforts which have been made for the suppression of intemperance, we consider its continued prevalence as affording the strongest motives for persevering and increased exertion.")

EXTRACTS ARRANGED FROM ADDRESS.

The maxims of temperance are not new; they are as old as Christianity, as old as any of the inculcations of personal and social duty. The vice of intemperance, through the social circle, the stated club, the long-protracted sitting at the board on public occasions, and the midnight festivities of private assemblies, is social in its origin, progress, and aggravation, and authorizes us, by every rule of reason and justice, in exerting the whole strength of the social principle in the way of remedy. The law had done something, the press had done something, but all had done but little, and intemperance had reached a most alarming degree of prevalence. At length societies were formed, addresses made, information collected, pledges mutually given, hearts warmed by comparison of opinion, until the aspect of many entire communities has been changed, and an incalculable amount of vice and woe has been prevented. But when we contemplate intemperance in all its bearings and effects on the condition and character of men, we shall come to the conclusion that it is the greatest evil which, as beings of a compound nature, we have to fear, because striking directly at the ultimate principle of the constitution of the man.

Our life exists in a mysterious union of the corporeal and intellectual principles; an alliance of singular intimacy as well as of strange contrast between the two extremes of being. In their due relation to each other, and in the rightful discharge of their respective functions, I do not know whether the ethereal essence itself (at least as far as we can comprehend it, which is but faintly) ought more to excite our admiration than this most wondrous compound of spirit and matter. When I contrast the

dull and senseless clod of the valley in its unanimated state, with the curious hand, the glowing cheek, the beaming eye, the discriminating sense which dwells in a thousand nerves, I feel the force of that inspired exclamation, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made!" When I consider the action and reaction of soul and body on each other, the impulse given to volition from the senses, and again to the organs by the will; when I reflect how thoughts, so exalted that, though they comprehend all else, the laws of their own existence are incomprehensible, are yet able to take a shape in the material air, to issue and travel from one sense in one man to another sense in another man, so that, as the words drop from my lips, the secret chambers of the soul are thrown open and its invisible ideas made manifest, I am lost in wonder! If I add to this the reflection, how the world and its affairs are governed, the face of nature changed, oceans crossed, continents settled, families gathered and kept together for generations, and monuments of power, wisdom, and taste erected, which last for ages after the hands that reared them have turned to dust, and all this by the regency of that fine intellectual principle which sits modestly concealed behind its veil of clay and moves its subject organs, I find no words to express my admiration of the union of mind and matter by which these miracles are wrought. The vice of intemperance, which aims directly to destroy this organization, is the arch-abomination of our natures, assuring the triumph of the low, base, sensual, and earthly, over the heavenly and pure; converting this curiously-organized frame into a crazy, disordered machine, and dragging down the soul to the slavery of grovelling lusts!

Such and so formidable is its power! Public opinion in all its strength is enlisted against it. Men that agree in nothing else unite in this. Religious divisions are healed and party feuds forgotten in this good cause. Individuals and societies, private citizens and the government, have joined in waging war against intemperance; and above all, the press, the great engine of reform, is thundering with all its artillery against it.

It is a moment of great interest, and also of considerable delicacy. That period in a moral reform in which a great evil, that has long passed comparatively unquestioned, is overtaken by a sudden bound of public opinion, is somewhat critical. Indi-

viduals, as honest as their neighbors, are surprised in pursuits and practices, sanctioned by the former standard of moral sentiment, but below the mark of reform. Tenderness and delicacy are unnecessary to prevent such persons, by mistaken pride of character, from becoming enemies of the cause. In our denunciations of the evil we must take care not to include those whom a little prudence might bring into cordial co-operation with us in its suppression. Let us mingle discretion with our zeal, and the greater will be our success in this pure and noble enterprise.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE REFORMER'S TRIALS.

The Fate of the Reformer, 1830.

I HAVE heard it said that, when one lifts up his voice against things that are, and wishes for a change, he is raising a clamor against existing institutions, a clamor against our venerable establishments, a clamor against the law of the land; but, "WHERE THERE IS ABUSE THERE OUGHT TO BE CLAMOR; BECAUSE IT IS BETTER TO HAVE OUR SLUMBER BROKEN BY THE FIRE-BELL THAN TO PERISH, AMIDST THE FLAMES, IN OUR BED." I have been told, by some who have little objection to the clamor, that I am a timid and a mock reformer; and by others, if I go on firmly and steadily, and do not allow myself to be driven aside by either one outcry or another, and care for neither, that it is a rash and dangerous innovation which I propound; and that I am taking, for the subject of my reckless experiments, things which are the objects of all men's veneration. I disregard the one as much as I disregard the other of these charges.

> "False honor charms, and lying slander scares,
> Whom, but the false and faulty?"

It has been the lot of all men, in all ages, who have aspired at the honor of guiding, instructing, or mending mankind, to have their paths beset by every persecution from adversaries, by every misconstruction from friends; no quarter from the one, —no charitable construction from the other! To be miscon-

strued, misrepresented, borne down, till it was in vain to bear down any longer, has been their fate. But truth will survive, and calumny has its day. I say that, if this be the fate of the reformer,—if he be the object of misrepresentation,—may not an inference be drawn favorable to myself? Taunted by the enemies of reform as being too rash, by the over-zealous friends of reform as being too slow or too cold, there is every reason for presuming that I have chosen the right course. A reformer must proceed steadily in his career; not misled, on the one hand, by panegyric, nor discouraged by slander, on the other. He wants no praise. I would rather say, "Woe to him when all men speak well of him!" I shall go on in the course which I have laid down for myself; pursuing the footsteps of those who have gone before us, who have left us their instructions and success,—their instructions to guide our walk, and their success to cheer our spirits.

HENRY (LORD) BROUGHAM. (1833.)

TRUE PATRIOTISM IS UNSELFISH.

RIGHT and wrong, justice and crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man should shout, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded; my country, right or wrong!" he merely repeats the words of the thief who steals in the street, or of the trader who swears falsely at the custom-house, both of them chuckling, "My fortune; however acquired."

Thus, gentlemen, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land,—of mountains, rivers, and woods,—but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm, this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol, is the idea which they represent; and this idea, the patriot worships, through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture

the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once comprehending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand puts aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall,—recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in their confidence in their cause.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

TRUE PATRIOTISM EMBRACES MANKIND.

SELF-LOVE is in alliance with principle to endear a home, a native land, to every human heart; to give us an interest in a society with which we must rise and fall; to engage our attachments to the spot where we first drew our breath, and where our tender infancy was reared; with which are associated all the soothing remembrances of early years, and all our hopes of quiet and serenity in the evening of our days.

The sympathies and affections that grow out of the near relations of private life, constitute elements of the love of country. It presents itself to our thoughts with the recollection of a mother's smile, a father's revered image; with the loved idea of a spouse and child, a brother and sister, a benefactor and friend; and, from this connection, has a power over our feelings that makes patriotism an instinct.

A common interest in ancestral worth promotes this affection.

We love our country for the sake of those who have loved and served it in former and later periods; honored worthies, whose labors have subdued her fields, and wisdom guided her councils, and eloquence swayed her assemblies; whose learning and talents have exalted her name; whose piety has sustained her churches, and valor defended her borders.

Religious sentiments and emotions hallow the feelings that unite us to our own land and to one another. Here is the church of the Most High, and here the houses of our solemnities, in which we are accustomed to seek the favor and celebrate the praises of the God of our fathers, the God of our salvation.

The marks of divine favor shown to our nation, the striking interpositions of divine Providence in our behalf, cannot fail to enliven the patriotic sentiments of a pious mind.

There is no want of arguments and motives to cultivate in ourselves and others public spirit. Truly the Maker of our frame and the Disposer of our lot requires us to regard the advantage and honor, to feel for the dangers and sufferings, to wish well to the inhabitants of the country which we call our own. All should care for all, bound together as they are by strong and tender ties, with interests blended, and, though various, not opposite.

Geographical divisions must not be suffered to limit the walk of our benevolence; nor shades of difference in religion, manners, state of society, to make us aliens; nor should the passions produced by competition for influence, nor even the sense of unfriendly conduct in one section towards another, countervail, though they cannot but impair, the force of the incentives to sympathy and expanded patriotism. It is right to feel a peculiar and intimate concern for the smaller divisions and communities to which we immediately belong. For members of a great confederacy to have no country but their state, of a state to be indifferent to all but their town or district, is miserable narrowness, or overweening self-love. To be destitute of local attachment, on the other hand, and to have proximity and distance alike to our feelings, is against nature, and truth, and reason.

JOHN THORNTON KIRKLAND.

PATRIOTISM INCULCATES PUBLIC VIRTUE.

THERE is a sort of courage to which—I frankly confess it—I do not lay claim; a boldness to which I dare not aspire; a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That, I cannot, I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit or aggrandizement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough; I am too cowardly for that!

I would not, I dare not, lie down and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the *want* of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself!

The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring towards heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspiration from on high, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself,—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

HENRY CLAY.

PATRIOTISM ASSURES PUBLIC FAITH.

To expatiate on the value of public faith, may pass, with some men, for declamation; to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge, can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement, than the want of it? Can anything tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, than such a standard of action?

It would not merely demoralize mankind; it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire, in its stead, a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue; and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self-love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a country odious in the eyes of strangers and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country, as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period, when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It

is observed by barbarians: a whiff of tobacco-smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity, to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together, and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine that a republican government sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless, can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No; let me rather make the supposition that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty after we have done everything to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or rather what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel, shame would stick to him, he would disown his country? You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth and arrogant in the possession of power, blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonor. Such a nation might truly say to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men, their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

FISHER AMES.

PATRIOTISM BROAD AS HUMANITY.

It is the opinion of many, that self-love is the grand impelling spring in the human machine. This sentiment is either utterly false, or the principle, as distinguished in some actions, becomes so exceedingly refined, as to merit a more engaging name. If the man who weeps in secret for the miseries of others and privately tenders relief, who sacrifices ease, property, health, and even life, to save his country, be actuated by self-love, it is a principle only inferior to that which prompted the Saviour of the world to die for man, and is but another name for perfect disinterestedness.

Patriotism, whether we reflect upon the benevolence which gives it birth, the magnitude of its object, the happy effect which it produces, or the height to which it exalts human character, by the glorious action of which it is the cause, must be considered as the noblest of all the social virtues. The patriot is influenced by love for his fellow-men and an ardent desire to preserve sacred and inviolate their natural rights. His philanthropic views, not confined to the small circle of his private friends, are so extensive, as to embrace the liberty and happiness of a whole nation. That he may be instrumental, under heaven, to maintain and secure these invaluable blessings to his country, he devotes his wealth, his fame, his life, his all. Glorious sacrifice! What more noble!

To the honor of humanity, the histories of almost every age and nation are replete with examples of this elevated character. Every period of the world has afforded its heroes and its patriots; men who could soar above the narrow views and grovelling principles which actuate so great a part of the human species, and drown every selfish consideration in the love of their country. But we need not advert to the annals of other ages and nations, as the history of our own country points with so much pleasure, veneration, and gratitude to the illustrious Washington. Before him the heroes of antiquity, shorn of their beams, like stars before the rising sun, hide their heads with shame. Uniting in his character the enterprising spirit of Hannibal, the prudent wisdom of Fabius, the disin-

terestedness of Cincinnatus, and the military talents of the Scipios, he could not fail to succeed in the glorious undertaking of giving liberty and happiness to a people who dared to be free. Whilst he lived, he proved a rich blessing to his country, a bright example to the dawning patriotism of the Old World, the terror of despotism, and the delight and admiration of all mankind.

INCREASE COOK. (1796.)

HEROIC EXAMPLE HAS POWER.

WE must not forget the specific and invaluable influence exerted on the spirit of a people by those examples of signal heroism and chivalrous devotion for which a magnanimous war gives occasion, and which it exalts, as peace cannot, before men's minds.

Almost five centuries ago, under the tumbling walls of Sempach, where Leopold stood with four thousand Austrians to crush the fourteen hundred Swiss who dared to confront him, one, springing upon the foe with wide-spread arms, gathered into his breast a sheaf of spears, and made a way above his body for that triumphant valor which pierced and broke the horrid ranks, and set a new and bloody seal to the rightful autonomy of the mountain republic. The hardy Switzers will not forget the daring deed and magic name of Arnold Winkelried!

Before Herodotus wrote his history, before Nehemiah rebuilt Jerusalem, before Cincinnatus was dictator at Rome, under the shadow of Mount Ætna, a thousand men, Spartans and Thespians, fell, to a man, unwilling to retreat before the invader. It is not even irreverent to say, that, save *one* cross, beneath which Earth herself did shiver, no other hath lifted its head so high, or flung its arms so wide abroad to scatter inspiring influence, as did that cross on which the Persian nailed, in fury, the dead Leonidas! . . .

Such examples as these become powers in civilization. History hurries from the drier details, and is touched with enthusiasm as she draws near to them. Eloquence delights to rehearse and

impress them! The *songs* of a nation repeat their story, and make their triumph sound again through the silver cymbals of speech. Legends prolong and art commemorates them. Language itself takes new images from them; and words, that are themselves "half battles," are suddenly born at their recital. The very household life is exalted; and the humblest feels his position higher, and expresses his sense of it in a more dauntless bearing, as he sees that heroism still lives in the world; that men of his own race and stuff, perhaps of his own neighborhood, even, have faced, so calmly, such vast perils,

RICHARD SALTER STORRS, JR. (1863.)

HEROES AND MARTYRS TO BE HONORED.

HEROES and martyrs! They are the men of the hour. They are identified with the names that live upon the lips of millions! Our heroes! Named in the homes of all who have left home and occupation, comfort and kindred, and stood in the midst of battle; presented to us in glorious clusters on many a deck and field!

But where the hero stands, there also the martyr dies. With the chorus of victory blends the dirge, mournful, and yet majestic too. The burden of that dirge, as it falls from the lips of wives and mothers, of fathers and children, is sad and tender, like the strain of David for those who fell upon Gilboa! That burden is still mournful, but as time passes on, and it re-issues from a nation's lips, it swells also into exultation and honor,—that same burden, "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle!"

Some of us, perhaps, have read of that company whom their brave officer had so often led to victory, and who would never part with their dead hero's name. Still, day by day, it is called aloud. The generation that loved him has passed away, but their sons and their sons' sons will ever and always love the honored name! "Cornet Latour d'Auvergne," still first of the brave band, is summoned; and ever and always a brave soldier steps from the front rank to reply, "Dead, on the field of honor."

"Dead, on the field of honor!" This, too, is the record of thousands of unnamed men whose influence upon other generations is associated with no personal distinction, but whose sacrifice will lend undying lustre to the nation's archives, and richer lustre to the nation's life. Go visit the mourning homes of the land; homes of wealth and plenty, some of them, but richer now by the consecration of sacrifice. Many are homes of toil and obscurity, from which the right hand of support has been taken, or the youthful prop. Poor and obscure; but these, the unknown fallen, have names and riches of solemn and tender memory. And what heralding on palatial wall, more glorious, than the torn cap and soiled uniforms that hang in those homes where the dead soldier comes, no more!

Sleep, sleep in quiet graves, grassy graves, where the symbols that ye loved so well shall cover and spread over you, by day, the flowers of the red, white, and blue, and by night, the constellated stars, while out of those graves there grows the better harvest of the nation and of times to come!

EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN. (1864.)

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

I CALL upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do indeed toil; but they too generally do it, because they *must*. Many submit to it as, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfil it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theatre of improvement. But

so he is not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature, it is impiety to heaven, it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat, toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

LABOR IS WORSHIP.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
  Unintermitting, goes up into heaven.
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
  Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
  Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
  Only *man*, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides!
Labor is wealth! In the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

IDLENESS A CRIME.

Patriotism is an active principle, exacting of its subject full acceptance of the fact that the aggregate of national good depends upon the fullest possible meed of individual good. Individual support at the expense of society, without a contributive return, is robbery. Protection in life's work demands that contributive share of aid to protect others. Just as optional obedience to law is a senseless paradox, so is the assumption of any, "I will be idle if I please to be idle." At that instant the idler forces others to do for him, unrequited, what he is bound to do for himself. This is not a matter of ethics or morals merely, but of social peace. Labor that enters into the aggregate of national industry is an obligation as well as a necessity. The liability to military service, or to help preserve the peace, is only a part of the obligation which fastens upon voluntary vagrancy, in the non-self-supporting sense, the character of crime. Even a professed readiness to take the consequences of the infraction of law or obligation does not convert the wrong to right.

Delay or temporary suspension of work incident to the changing relations of labor and product, pending a fair adjustment of terms and conditions, is legitimate and reasonable; but in its arbitrary exercise may prove not only suicidal to the individual, but ruinous to the rights of society at large, which are secured only through the contributed and balanced industry of all.

Innocent idleness, irrespective of the adjustments, from time to time needed, is impossible. Not to rescue a drowning man is to drown him! There is no negative idleness! It tears down, but does not rebuild. It is not only irrational to expect support without a contributive return, but is at the expense of, and works violence to, the rights of all faithful workers. Even if the popular fallacy that a man may work, or not, at his pleasure, had a technical basis of merit, it loses all recognition when it asserts a claim to suspend or paralyze other labor than its own.

Mental faculties and physical activities will not lie dormant. The industrious will save. The improvident will waste. Remove the incentive to labor for worthy ends, and at once all

the lower animal elements which are harmonized, softened, and wisely subjected, through legitimate exercise, will assert their presence for harm. The motive to industry must be acquisition for proper use, and the good of society as well, or human life becomes more abject than that of instinct. Free, honest, and patient labor develops the highest types of domestic and social good; and the principle of patriotism cannot obtain where voluntary idleness is tolerated, or condoned. An uncertain and changeable wage-rate is inevitable, in all kinds of labor, mental or physical; but emotional love of country will be measured by the zeal with which the citizen enters into his work, and finds, in his own success, a corresponding appreciation of all the values which make both home and country his joy and pride.

INTERNATIONAL SYMPATHIES ON THE INCREASE.

In many respects, the nations of Christendom, collectively, are becoming somewhat analogous to our own Federal republic. Antiquated distinctions are breaking away, and local animosities are subsiding. The common people of different countries are knowing each other better, esteeming each other more, and attaching themselves to each other, by various manifestations of reciprocal good will. It is true, every nation has still its separate boundaries and its individual interests; but the freedom of commercial intercourse is allowing those interests to adjust themselves to each other, and thus rendering the causes of collision of vastly less frequent occurrence. Local questions are becoming of less, and general questions of greater, importance. Thanks be to God, men have at last begun to understand the rights, and feel for the wrongs, of each other! Mountains interposed, do not so much make enemies of nations. Let the trumpet of alarm be sounded, and its notes are now heard by every nation, whether of Europe or America. Let a voice borne on the feeblest breeze tell that the rights of man are in danger, and it floats over valley and mountain, across continent and ocean, until it has vibrated on the ear of the remotest dweller in Christendom. Let the arm of Oppression be raised to crush the feeblest nation on

earth, and there will be heard everywhere, if not the shout of defiance, at least the deep-toned murmur of implacable displeasure. It is the cry of aggrieved, insulted, much-abused man. It is human nature waking in her might from the slumber of ages, shaking herself from the dust of antiquated institutions, girding herself for the combat, and going forth conquering and to conquer; and woe unto the man, woe unto the dynasty, woe unto the party, and woe unto the policy, on whom shall fall the scath of her blighting indignation!

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

EUROPE AND AMERICA HAVE COMMON RESPONSIBILITIES.

IN many respects the European and the American nations are alike. They are alike Christian states, civilized states, and commercial states. They have access to the same common fountains of intelligence; they all draw from those sources which belong to the whole civilized world. In knowledge and letters, in the arts of peace and war, they differ in degrees; but they bear, nevertheless, a general resemblance.

On the other hand, in matters of government and social institutions, the nations on this continent are founded upon principles which never did prevail, in considerable extent, either at any other time, or in any other place. There has never been presented to the mind of man a more interesting subject of contemplation, than the establishment of so many nations in America, partaking in the civilization and in the arts of the Old World, but having left behind them those cumbrous institutions which had their origin in a dark and military age.

Whatsoever European experience has developed favorable to the freedom and happiness of man; whatsoever European genius has invented, for his improvement or gratification; whatsoever of refinement or polish the culture of European society presents, for his adoption and enjoyment,—all this is offered to man in America, with the additional advantage of the full power of erecting forms of government, on free and simple principles, without overturning institutions suited to times long past, but

too strongly supported, either by interests or prejudices, to be shaken without convulsions.

This unprecedented state of things presents the happiest of all occasions for an attempt to establish national intercourse upon improved principles; upon principles tending to peace and the mutual prosperity of nations. In this respect America, the whole of America, has a new career before her. If we look back on the history of Europe, we see how great a portion of the last two centuries her states have been at war for interests connected mainly with her feudal monarchies; wars, for particular dynasties; wars, to support or defeat particular successions; wars, in fine, to enforce or to resist religious intolerance. What long and bloody chapters do these not fill, in the history of European politics!

Who does not see, and who does not rejoice to see, that America has a glorious chance of escaping, at least, these causes of contention? Who does not see, and who does not rejoice to see, that, on this continent, under other forms of government, we have before us the noble hope of being able, by the mere influence of civil liberty and religious toleration, to dry up these outpouring fountains of blood, and to extinguish these consuming fires of war? The general opinion of the age favors such hopes and such prospects. There is a growing disposition to treat the intercourse of nations more like the useful intercourse of friends. Philosophy, just views of national advantage, good sense, the dictates of a common religion, and an increasing conviction that war is not the interest of the human race,—all concur to increase the interest created by this new accession to the list of nations.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE FORESHADOWED.

(From Address before the Peace Congress, at Paris, 1849.)

A DAY will come when you, France,—you, Russia,—you, Italy, —you, England,—you, Germany,—all you nations of the Continent, shall, without losing your distinctive qualities and your

glorious individuality, blend in a higher unity, and form a European fraternity, even as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, all the French provinces, blended into France. A day will come when war shall seem as impossible between Paris and London, between Petersburg and Berlin, as between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia. A day will come when bullets and bombs shall be replaced by ballots, by the universal suffrages of the people, by the sacred arbitrament of a great Sovereign Senate, which shall be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon shall be exhibited in our museums, as an instrument of torture is now, and men shall marvel that such things could be. A day will come when we shall see those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, in face of each other, extending hand to hand over the ocean, exchanging their products, their commerce, their industry, their art; their genius clearing the earth, colonizing deserts, and ameliorating creation under the eye of the Creator.

And, for that day to arrive, it is not necessary that four hundred years should pass; for we live in a fast time; we live in a current of events and of ideas, the most impetuous that has ever swept along the nations, and an epoch when a year may sometimes effect the work of a century. And to you I appeal, French, English, Germans, Russians, Sclaves, Europeans, Americans, what have we to do to hasten the coming of that great day? Love one another! To love one another, in this immense work of pacification, is the best way of aiding God. For God wills that this sublime end should be accomplished. And see, for the attainment of it, what, on all sides, he is doing. See what discoveries he causes to spring from the human brain, all tending to the great end of peace! What progress! What simplifications! How does nature, more and more, suffer herself to be vanquished by man! How does matter become, more and more, the slave of intelligence and the servant of civilization! How do the causes of war vanish with the causes of suffering! How are remote nations brought near! How is distance abridged! And how does this abridgment make men more like brothers! Thanks to railroads, Europe will soon be

no larger than France was in the Middle Ages! Thanks to steamships, we now traverse the ocean more easily than we could the Mediterranean once! Yet a few years more, and the electric thread of concord shall encircle the globe and unite the world!

When I consider all that Providence has done for us, and all that politicians have done against us, a melancholy consideration presents itself. Europe spends annually the sum of five hundred millions of dollars to maintain armies. If, for the last thirty-two years, this enormous sum had been expended in the interests of peace, know you what would have happened? The face of the world would have been changed. Isthmuses would have been cut through; rivers would have been channelled, mountains tunnelled. Railroads would have covered the two continents. The merchant tonnage of the world would have increased a hundred-fold. There would be nowhere barren plains, nor moors, nor marshes. Cities would be seen where now all is solitude. Harbors would have been dug where shoals and rocks now threaten navigation. Asia would be raised to a state of civilization. Africa would be restored to man. Abundance would flow forth from every side, from all the veins of the earth, beneath the labor of the whole family of man, and misery would disappear. And with misery, what would also disappear? Revolutions! Yes, the face of the world would be changed. Instead of destroying one another, men would peacefully people the waste places of the earth. Instead of making revolutions, they would establish colonies. Instead of bringing back barbarism into civilization, they would carry civilization into barbarism.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO.

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

WHAT American can survey the field of battle at Bunker Hill, or at New Orleans, without recalling the deeds which will render these names imperishable? Who can pass the islands of Lake Erie without thinking upon those who sleep in the waters below, and upon the victory which broke the power of the enemy and

led to the security of an extensive frontier? There no monument can be erected, for the waves roll and will roll over them. But he who met the enemy and made them ours, and his devoted companions, will live in the recollections of the American people while there is virtue to admire patriotism, or gratitude to reward it.

I have stood upon the Plain of Marathon, the battle-field of Liberty. It is silent and desolate. Neither Greek nor Persian is there, to give life and animation to the scene. It is bounded by sterile hills on one side, and lashed by the eternal waves of the Ægean Sea on the other. But Greek and Persian were once there, and that dreary spot was alive with hostile armies, who fought the great fight which rescued Greece from the yoke of Persia.

And I have also stood upon the Hill of Zion, the City of Jerusalem, the scene of our Redeemer's sufferings, and crucifixion, and ascension. But the sceptre has departed from Judah, and its glory from the capital of Solomon. The Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, the Arab, the Turk, and the Crusader, have passed over this chief place of Israel, and have reft it of its power and beauty. Well has the denunciation of the prophet of misfortune been fulfilled, when he declared that "the Lord had set his face against this city for evil, and not for good," when he pronounced the words of the Most High, "I will cause to cease from the city of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride: for the land shall be desolate."

In those regions of the East where society passed its infancy it seems to have reached decrepitude. If the associations which the memory of the past glory excites are powerful, they are melancholy. They are without joy for the present, without hope for the future. But here, we are in the freshness of youth, and can look forward with national confidence to ages of progress in all that gives power and pride to man, and dignity to human nature. No deeds of glory hallow this region! But nature has been bountiful to it in its best gifts, and art and industry are at work to extend and improve them. You cannot pierce the barrier which shuts in the past, and separates you from the great high-

way of nations. You have opened a vista to the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. From this elevated point two seas are before us, which your energy and perseverance have brought within reach. It is better to look forward to prosperity than backward to glory. To the mental eye no prospect can be more magnificent than here meets the vision. I need not stop to describe it. It is before us in the long regions of fertile land which stretch off to the east and the west, to the north and the south, in all the advantages that Providence has liberally bestowed upon them, and in the changes and improvements which man is making. The forest is fading and falling, and towns and villages are rising and flourishing. And, better still, a moral, intelligent, and industrious people are spreading themselves over the whole face of the country, and making it their own and their home. And what changes and chances await us! Shall we go on increasing, and improving, and united, or shall we add another to the list of republics which have preceded us, and which have fallen the victim of their own follies and dissensions? My faith in the stability of our institutions is enduring, my hope is strong; for they rest upon public virtue and intelligence.

LEWIS CASS.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE ADVERSE TO WAR.

WAR will yet cease from the whole earth, for God himself has said it shall. As an infidel I might doubt this, but as a Christian I cannot. If God has taught anything in the Bible, he has taught peace; if he has promised anything there, he has promised peace, ultimate peace, to the whole world; and unless the night of a godless scepticism should settle on my soul, I must believe on, and hope on, and work on, until the nations, from pole to pole, shall beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more. I see, or think I see, the dawn of that coming day! I see it in the new and better spirit of the age! I see it in the press, the pulpit, and the school! I see it in every factory, and steamship, and rail-car! I see it in every enterprise of Christian benevolence and reform! I see it in all the means of general improvement, in all the good influences

of the age, now at work over the whole earth! Yes, there is a spirit abroad that can never rest until the war-demon is hunted from the habitations of men,—the spirit that is now pushing its enterprises and improvements in every direction; the spirit that is unfurling the white flag of commerce on every sea and bartering its commodities in every port; the spirit that is laying every power of nature, as well as the utmost resources of human ingenuity, under the largest contributions possible for the general welfare of mankind; the spirit that hunts out from your cities' darkest alleys, the outcasts of poverty and crime, for relief and reform,—nay, goes down into the barred and bolted dungeons of penal vengeance and brings up its callous, haggard victims into the sunlight of a love that pities even while it smites; the spirit that is everywhere rearing hospitals for the sick, retreats for the insane, and schools that all but teach the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear, and the blind to see; the spirit that harnesses the fire-horse in his iron gear, and sends him, panting with hot but unwearied breath, across empires, and continents, and seas; the spirit that catches the very lightning of heaven and makes it bear messages, swift almost as thought, from city to city, from country to country, round the globe; the spirit that subsidizes all these to the godlike work of a world's salvation, and employs them to scatter the blessed truths of the gospel, thick as leaves of autumn or dew-drops of morning, all over the earth; the spirit that is, at length, weaving the sympathies and interests of our whole race into the web of one vast fraternity, and stamping upon it, or writing over it, in characters bright as sunbeams, these simple yet glorious truths: the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man! Is it possible for such a spirit to rest, until it shall have swept war from the earth forever?

JOHN WATROUS BECKWITH.

THE REIGN OF PEACE FORESHADOWED.

THAT future which filled the lofty visions of sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by prophets and her-

alded by the evangelists, when man, in happy isles or in a new paradise, shall confess the loveliness of peace, may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it! The true golden age is before you, and not behind you. If man has been driven once from paradise, while an angel with flaming sword forbade his return, there is another paradise, even on earth, which he may form for himself by the cultivation of knowledge, religion, and the kindly virtues of life; where the confusion of tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts, and joyous nature, borrowing prolific charms from the prevailing harmony, shall spread her lap with unimagined bounty, and there shall be a perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on "odoriferous wing of gentle gales," through valleys of delight more pleasant than the vale of Tempe, richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit.

Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The robber conquerors of the past, from their fiery sepulchres, demand it; the precious blood of millions unjustly shed in war, crying from the ground, demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; and the conscience, even of the soldier, whispers, "Peace." There are considerations springing from our situation and condition, which fervently invite us to take the lead in this work. Here, should bend the patriotic ardor of the land, the ambition of the statesman, the efforts of the scholar, the persuasive influence of the press, the mild persuasion of the sanctuary, the early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs, more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our republic. Let us renounce and throw off, forever, the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-tops discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of the new era. Lift high the gates and let the king of glory in, and the king of true glory,—of peace!

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods,

and kept at all times sacred from war. No hostile foot ever sought to press this kindly soil, and the citizens of all countries here met in common worship beneath the ægis of inviolable peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country, and may the blessed consecration be felt in all its parts, everywhere throughout its ample domain! The Temple of Honor shall be surrounded here, at last, by the Temple of Concord, that it may never more be entered through any portal of war; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its flashing steps of adamant; while within its enraptured courts, purged of violence and wrong, Justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, with mighty scales for nations, as well as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front; and by her side, greatest of all, Charity, sublime in meekness, hoping all and enduring all, shall divinely temper every righteous decree, and with words of infinite cheer shall inspire those good works that cannot vanish away. And the future chiefs of the republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be "the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen."

But while seeking these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to tender them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world, forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind,—that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothed with all celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed by massacring soldiers upon the spot occupied by the sepulchre of our Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mould. The whole earth is the sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth, and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

CHARLES SUMNER.

DUTY TO ONE'S COUNTRY.

Our country is a whole, my Publius,
Of which we all are parts; nor should a citizen
Regard his interests as distinct from hers;
No hopes or fears should touch his patriot soul
But what affect her honor or her shame.
E'en when in hostile fields he bleeds to save her,
'Tis not his blood he loses, 'tis his country's;
He only pays her back a debt he owes.
To her he's bound for birth and education,
Her laws secure him from domestic feuds,
And from the foreign foe her arms protect him.
She lends him honors, dignity, and rank,
His wrongs revenges, and his merit pays;
And, like a tender and indulgent mother,
Loads him with comforts, and would make his state
As blessed as nature and the gods designed it.
Such gifts, my son, have their alloy of pain,
And let the unworthy wretch, who will not bear
His portion of the public burden, lose
The advantages it yields; let him retire
From the dear blessings of a social life,
And from the sacred laws which guard those blessings;
Renounce the civilized abodes of man;
With kindred brutes, one common shelter seek
In horrid wilds, and dens, and dreary caves,
And with their shaggy tenants share the spoils;
Or, if the shaggy hunters miss their prey,
From scattered acorns pick a scanty meal,
Far from the sweet civilities of life;
There let him live, and vaunt his wretched freedom,
While we, obedient to the laws that guard us,
Guard them, and live or die, as they decree.

William Cowper.

PART VIII.

SPECIAL OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICANS.

INTRODUCTION.

The history of the United States since the achievement of national independence has, in an extraordinary degree, verified the wisdom of the men who founded the government and framed its Constitution. Every important domestic or foreign issue which that history has unfolded, was clearly anticipated. The debates in Congress, State legislation, the expansion or acquisition of territory, the changing relations of slavery, the development of the fisheries, the revenue changes, the reciprocal and specific relations or obligations of the Federal and the State governments, have been legitimate developments of well-appreciated and fully-anticipated principles and wise forethought. These developments have realized the hopes of the fathers, and escaped the dangers which they most anxiously dreaded. The republic has accepted the expressed will of the majority, and patiently re-submitted to the people all matters which seemed of doubtful wisdom, in the successive changes of administration or policy. It has been found that the people are ever in advance of the politicians, and that an inherent sense of what is truly patriotic and best for home-life will rightly shape the national life. Apart from the development of independence during the Revolutionary War, and separate from the succession of public utterances which illustrate the nation's growth, are other addresses, which may well be given a place, as early expressions of the satisfaction of the fathers with their work and its early progress.

On the 4th of July, 1787, the year of the adoption of the Constitution, and a few days before the passage of the "Ordi-

nance of '87," Joel Barlow, of Connecticut, eminent as statesman and poet, addressed the "Society of the Cincinnati," at Hartford, Connecticut, and stated the philosophy of the Revolution in words of permanent value.

ADDRESS OF JOEL BARLOW. (July 4, 1787.)

On the anniversary of so great an event as the birth of the empire in which we live, none will question the propriety of passing a few moments in contemplating the various objects suggested to the mind by the important occasion; and while the nourishment, the growth, and even the existence of our empire depend upon the united efforts of an extensive and divided people, the duties of this day ascend from amusement and congratulation to a serious patriotic employment.

We are assembled, not to boast, but to realize, not to inflate our national vanity by a pompous relation of past achievements in the council or the field, but, from a modest retrospect of the truly dignified part already acted by our countrymen, from an accurate view of our present situation, and from an anticipation of the scenes that remain to be unfolded, to discern and familiarize the duties that still await us as citizens, as soldiers, and as men.

Revolutions in other countries have been effected by accident. The faculties of human reason and the rights of human nature have been the sport of chance and the prey of ambition. When indignation has burst the bands of slavery, to the destruction of one tyrant, it was only to impose the manacles of another. This arose from the imperfection of that early stage of society, the foundations of empires being laid in ignorance, with a total inability of foreseeing the improvements of civilization, or of adapting government to a state of social refinement. On the western continent a new task, totally unknown to the legislators of other nations, was imposed upon the fathers of the American empire. Here was a people, lords of the soil on which they trod, commanding a prodigious length of coast, and an equal breadth of frontier, a people habituated to liberty, professing a mild and benevolent religion, and highly advanced in science and civilization. To conduct such a people in a revolution, the address must be made to reason, as well as the passions.

In what other age or nation has a people, at ease upon their own farms, secure and distant from the approach of fleets and armies, tide-waiters and stamp-masters, reasoned, before they had felt, and, from the dictates of duty and conscience, encountered dangers, distress, and poverty, for the sake of securing to posterity a government of independence and peace? Here was no Cromwell to inflame the people with bigotry and zeal; no Cæsar to reward his followers with the spoils of vanquished foes; and no territory to be acquired by conquest. Ambition, superstition, and avarice, those universal torches of war, never illumed an American field of battle. But the permanent principles of sober policy spread through the colonies, roused the people

to assert their rights, and conducted the revolution. Those principles were noble, as they were new and unprecedented in the history of human actions. The majority of a great people, on a subject which they understand, will never act wrong.

Our duty calls us to act worthy of the age and the country that gave us birth. Every possible encouragement for great and generous exertions is presented before us. The natural resources are inconceivably various and great. The enterprising genius of the people promises a most rapid improvement in all the arts that embellish human nature. The blessings of a rational government will invite emigrations from the rest of the world and fill the empire with the worthiest and happiest of mankind; while the example of political wisdom and sagacity, here to be displayed, will excite emulation through the kingdoms of the earth, and meliorate the condition of the human race.

On the 4th of July, six years later, at Boston, John Quincy Adams, with equal wisdom and faith, placed on record his own convictions as to the value of the results, realized and prospective.

ADDRESS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. (July 4, 1793.)

Americans! let us pause for a moment to consider the situation of our country at that eventful day when our national existence commenced. In the full possession and enjoyment of all those prerogatives for which you then dared to adventure upon "all the varieties of untried being," the calm and settled moderation of the mind is scarcely competent to conceive the tone of heroism to which the souls of freemen were exalted in that hour of perilous magnanimity.

Seventeen times has the sun, in the progress of his annual revolutions, diffused his prolific radiance over the plains of independent America. Millions of hearts, which then palpitated with the rapturous glow of patriotism, have already been translated to brighter worlds; to the abodes of more than mortal freedom.

Other millions have arisen, to receive from their parents and benefactors the inestimable recompense of their achievements.

A large proportion of the audience, whose benevolence is at this moment listening to the speaker of the day, like him, were at that period too little advanced beyond the threshold of life to partake of the divine enthusiasm which inspired the American bosom; which prompted her voice to proclaim defiance to the thunders of Britain; which consecrated the banners of her armies; and finally erected the holy temple of American Liberty over the tomb of departed tyranny.

It is from those who have already passed the meridian of life; it is from you, ye venerable assertors of the rights of mankind, that we are to be informed what were the feelings which swayed within your breasts and

impelled you to action; when, like the stripling of Israel, with scarcely a weapon to attack, and without a shield for your defence, you met and, undismayed, engaged with the gigantic greatness of the British power.

Untutored in the disgraceful science of human butchery; destitute of the fatal materials which the ingenuity of man has combined to sharpen the scythe of death; unsupported by the arm of any friendly alliance, and unfortified against the powerful assaults of an unrelenting enemy, you did not hesitate at that moment, when your coasts were infested by a formidable fleet, when your territories were invaded by a numerous and veteran army, to pronounce the sentence of eternal separation from Britain, and to throw the gauntlet at a power, the terror of whose recent triumphs was almost coextensive with the earth.

The interested and selfish propensities which, in times of prosperous tranquillity, have such powerful dominion over the heart, were all expelled, and in their stead the public virtues, the spirit of personal devotion to the common cause, a contempt of every danger, in comparison with the subserviency of the country, had assumed an unlimited control.

The passion for the public had absorbed all the rest, as the glorious luminary of heaven extinguishes, in a flood of refulgence, the twinkling splendor of every inferior planet. Those of you, my countrymen, who were actors in those interesting scenes will best know how feeble and impotent is the language of this description, to express the impassioned emotions of the soul with which you were then agitated.

Yet it were injustice to conclude from thence, or from the greater prevalence of private and personal motives in these days of calm serenity, that your sons have degenerated from the virtues of their fathers. Let it rather be a subject of pleasing reflection to you that the generous and disinterested energies which you were summoned to display, are permitted, by the bountiful indulgence of heaven, to remain latent in the bosoms of your children.

From the present prosperous appearance of our public affairs, we may admit a rational hope that our country will have no occasion to require of us those extraordinary and heroic exertions, which it was your fortune to exhibit.

But from the common versatility of all human destiny, should the prospect hereafter darken, and the clouds of public misfortune thicken to a tempest; should the voice of our country's calamity ever call us to her relief, we swear, by the precious memory of the sages who toiled and of the heroes who bled in her defence, that we will prove ourselves not unworthy of the prize which they so dearly purchased; that we will act as the faithful disciples of those who so magnanimously taught us the instructive lesson of republican virtue.

On the twentieth anniversary of American independence John Lathrop delivered an oration at Boston, drawing even a brighter picture of the future, and a clearer outline of the struggle which the day honored.

EXTRACT FROM ADDRESS OF JOHN LATHROP. (July 4, 1796.)

In the war for independence America had but one object in view, for in independence are concentrated and condensed every blessing that makes life desirable, every right and privilege which can tend to the happiness, or secure the native dignity, of man. In the attainment of independence were all their passions, their desires, and their powers engaged. The intrepidity and magnanimity of their armies, the wisdom and inflexible firmness of their Congress, the ardency of their patriotism, their unrepining patience when assailed by dangers and perplexed with aggravated misfortunes, have long and deservedly employed the pen of panegyric and the tongue of oratory.

Through the whole Revolutionary conflict a consistency and systematic regularity were preserved, equally honorable as extraordinary. The unity of design and classically correct arrangement of the series of incidents which completed the epic story of American independence, were so wonderful, so well wrought, that political Hypercriticism was abashed at the mighty production, and forced to join her sister, Envy, in applauding the glorious composition.

On the last page of Fate's eventful volume, with the raptured ken of prophecy, I behold Columbia's name recorded, her future honors and happiness inscribed. In the same important book, the approaching end of tyranny and the triumph of right and justice are written, in indelible characters. The struggle will soon be over; the tottering thrones of despots will quickly fall, and bury their proud incumbents in their massy ruins.

"Then Peace on earth shall hold her easy sway,
And man forget his brother man to slay.
To martial arts shall milder arts succeed;
Who blesses most shall gain th' immortal meed.
The eye of pity shall be pained no more
With Vict'ry's banners stained with human gore.
Thou glorious era, come! Hail, blessed time
When full-orbed Freedom shall unclouded shine;
When the chaste Muses, cherished by her rays,
In olive grove shall tune their sweetest lays;
When bounteous Ceres shall direct her car
O'er fields now blasted by the fires of war,
And angels view, with joy and wonder joined,
The golden age returned to bless mankind."

COLUMBIA.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise;
The queen of the world and the child of the skies;
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom's broad basis thy empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy foes shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards, and new sages, unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguished, when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image, enstamped on the mind,
With peace, and soft rapture, shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the East and the South yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed;
The gloom from the face of fair Heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

THEORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an Act of Parliament, rather than against any sufferings under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a Preamble. They fought seven years against a Declaration. They poured out treasure and their blood like water, in a contest in opposition to an assertion which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it, nor did it elude either their steady eye or

their well-directed blow, till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE EXAMPLE OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

THE instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in the Revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit, or gain, that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was, in them, an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty; the tongue mute that would dishonor their names by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price!

They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console, in all ages, the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter, as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may

at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives; in this are our safety and our hope,—the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts,—while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done,—the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance which they so nobly achieved.

JARED SPARKS.

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT.

WHY is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lesson of their own experience? To this manly spirit posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the Revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered,—no government established of which an exact model did not present itself,—the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must, at best, have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America,—happily, we trust, for the whole human race,—they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabric of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If

their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the Union, this was the most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new-modelled by the act of your Convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

JAMES MADISON.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE.

THE sovereignty of the people is the basis of our system. With the people the power resides both theoretically and practically. The government is a determined, uncompromising democracy, administered immediately by the people, or by the people's responsible agents. In all the European treatises on political economy, and even in the state papers of the Holy Alliance, the welfare of the people is acknowledged to be the object of government. We believe so too; but as each man's interests are safest in his own keeping, so, in like manner, the interests of the people can be best guarded by themselves. If the institution of monarchy were neither tyrannical nor oppressive, it should at least be dispensed with as a costly superfluity.

We believe the sovereign power should reside equally among the people. We acknowledge no hereditary distinctions, and we confer on no man prerogatives or peculiar privileges. Even the best services rendered the state cannot destroy this original and essential equality. Legislation and justice are not hereditary offices; no one is born to power, no one dandled into political greatness. Our government, as it rests for support on reason and our interests, needs no protection from a nobility; and the strength and ornament of the land consist in its industry and morality, its justice and intelligence.

The States of Europe are all intimately allied with the Church and fortified by religious sanctions. We approve of the influence of the religious principle on public not less than on private life; but we hold religion to be an affair between each individual conscience and God, superior to all political institutions and independent of them. Christianity was neither introduced nor re-

formed by the civil power; and with us the modes of worship are in no wise prescribed by the State.

Thus, then, the people governs, and solely; it does not divide its power with a hierarchy, a nobility, or a king. The popular voice is all-powerful with us; this is our oracle, and this, we acknowledge, is the voice of God. Invention is solitary, but who shall judge of its results? Inquiry may pursue truth apart, but who shall decide if truth be overtaken? There is no safe criterion of opinion but the careful exercise of the public judgment; and in the science of government, as elsewhere, the deliberate convictions of mankind, reasoning on the cause of their own happiness, their own wants and interests, are the surest revelations of political truth.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

NECESSITY OF THE UNION.

NOTHING is more certain than the indispensable necessity of government; and it is equally undeniable, that whenever and however it is instituted, the people must cede to it some of their natural rights in order to vest it with requisite powers.

It is well worthy of consideration, therefore, whether it would conduce more to the interest of the people of America that they should, to all general purposes, be one nation, under one federal government, than that they should divide themselves into separate confederacies, and give to the head of each the same kind of powers which they are advised to place in one national government.

It is worthy of remark, that not only the first but every succeeding Congress, as well as the late Convention, have invariably joined with the people in thinking that the prosperity of America depends on its Union.

To preserve and perpetuate the Union was the great object of the people in forming that Convention; and it is also the great object of the plan which the Convention has advised them to adopt.

With what propriety, therefore, or for what good purposes, are attempts at this particular period made by some men to depreciate the importance of the Union? or why is it suggested that three or four confederacies would be better than one?

I am persuaded in my own mind, that the people have always thought right on this subject, and that their universal and uniform attachment to the cause of the Union rests on great and weighty reasons.

Those persons who promote the idea of substituting a number of distinct confederacies, in the room of the plan of the Convention, seem clearly to foresee that the rejection of it would put the continuance of the Union in the utmost jeopardy.

That certainly would be the case; and I sincerely wish that it may be as clearly foreseen by every good citizen, that whenever the dissolution of the Union arrives, America will have reason to exclaim, in the words of the poet, "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"

JOHN JAY. (1788.)

THE NATURE OF THE UNION.

OUR fathers were, by every circumstance surrounding their homes, by their relations to each other, and by their own expressed assent, one people; separated, it is true, into thirteen several municipal organizations, having in many respects diverse interests, but still not the less in mind, in heart, and in destiny, one.

You and I are descendants of that people; and I ask you if it is not true—if you do not in your hearts know it to be true—that when, in the incipient stages of the revolution through which they were called to struggle, they magnanimously put aside all local differences and jealousies, and with one impulse combined their efforts, their fortunes, their lives, their all, against fearful odds, for the redress of their common grievances at the hands of the mother-country, and for the independence which they resolved to achieve, they evoked an already-existing feeling of unity, and did, in the very essence of the term, form a full,

unreserved, and practical union of the people, intended by themselves to be perpetual? Did they not, as perfectly as any people ever did, constitute and declare themselves a single and undivided nation? Is there in all history an instance of such a union among a people who did not feel themselves to be, in every important particular, the same people? Why, even before the Union was a fact in history, the feeling in the North in reference to it was expressed by James Otis, one of the leading patriots of Massachusetts, in the Convention of 1765, in the hope that a union would be formed which should "knit and work together into the very blood and bones of the original system, every region, as fast as settled;" and from distant South Carolina, great-hearted Christopher Gadsden answered back, "There ought to be no New-England man, no New-Yorker, known on the continent, but all of us Americans." And in the very hour of the Union's birth-throes, Patrick Henry flashed upon the Congress of 1774 these lightning words: "All America is thrown into one mass. Where are your landmarks,—your boundaries of colonies? They are all thrown down. The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New-Yorkers, and New-Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." And when, after the Union was a recorded and mighty fact in history, the united people, through their Congress, organized the first form of government for the new-born nation, they solemnly wrote down in the articles of their confederation, "The Union shall be perpetual."

CHARLES DANIEL DRAKE. (1861.)

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

SIR, I agree to this Constitution, with all its faults, if they are such, because I think a general government necessary for us, and there is no form of government but what may be a blessing to the people, if well administered; and I believe, further, that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic

government, being incapable of any other. I doubt, too, whether any other convention we can obtain, may be able to make a better constitution. For when you assemble a number of men, to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected? It therefore astonishes me, sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does; and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are waiting with confidence to hear that our counsels are confounded, like those of the builders of Babel, and that our States are on the point of separation, only to meet, hereafter, for the purpose of cutting one another's throats.

Thus I consent, sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that this is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors, I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. If every one of us, in returning to his constituents, were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavor to gain partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects and great advantages resulting naturally in our favor, among foreign nations, as well as among ourselves, from our real or apparent unanimity. Much of the strength and efficacy of any government, in procuring and securing happiness to the people, depends on opinion, on the general opinion of the goodness of that government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of its governors. I hope, therefore, that for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of our posterity, we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this Constitution, wherever our influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavors to the means of having it well administered.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A REPUBLIC THE STRONGEST GOVERNMENT.

(Extract from First Inaugural Address after the bitter Presidential canvass in 1800.)

THE contest being now decided by the voice of the nation, and announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good.

Let us, then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind; let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, his long-lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety: but, every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle.

We have called, by different names, brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans: we are all federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand, undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which *error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.* I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong,—that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has, so far, kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, to be the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the stand-

ard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Let history answer this question. THOMAS JEFFERSON.

AMERICAN LIBERTY IS REASONABLE AND JUST.

To the Anglo-Saxon mind, liberty is not apt to be the enthusiast's mountain nymph, with cheeks wet with morning dew, and clear eyes that mirror the heavens; but rather is she an old dowager lady, fatly invested in commerce and manufactures, and peevishly fearful that enthusiasm will reduce her establishment, and panics cut off her dividends.

Our political institutions, again, are but the body, of which liberty is the soul; their preservation depends upon their being continually inspired by the light and heat of the sentiment and idea whence they sprung, and when we timorously suspend, according to the latest political fashion, the truest and dearest maxims of our freedom to the call of expediency or threat of passion; when we convert politics into a mere game of interest, unhallowed by a single great or unselfish principle, we may be sure that our worst passions are busy "forging our fetters;" that we are proposing all those intricate problems which red republicanism so swiftly solves, and giving manifest destiny pertinent hints, to shout new anthems of atheism over victorious rapine.

The liberty which our fathers planted, and for which they sturdily contended, and under which they grandly conquered, is a rational, and temperate, but brave and unyielding freedom; the august mother of institutions; the hardy nurse of enterprise; the sworn ally of justice and order; a liberty that lifts her awful and rebuking face equally upon the cowards who would sell, and the braggarts who would pervert, her precious gifts of rights and obligations.

This liberty we are solemnly bound, at all hazards, to protect; at any sacrifice to preserve; and by all just means to extend, against the unbridled excesses of that ugly and brazen hag,

originally scorned and detested by those who unwisely gave her infancy a home, but which now, in her enormous growth and favored deformity, reels with blood-shot eyes, and dishevelled tresses, and words of unshamed slavishness, into halls where Liberty should sit enthroned.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE.

AMERICAN RESPONSIBILITY MEASURED.

WHEN we reflect on what has been, and is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibleness of this republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance and moderate our confidence!

The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvellous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics, in fair procession, chanted the praises of liberty and the gods, where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more.

The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns, and her palaces, are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done, by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun, where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The Malaria has but travelled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have

mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute-money.

And where are the republics of modern times, which clustered round immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss in their native fastnesses; but the guarantee of their freedom is in their weakness, and not in their strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sink before him. The country is too poor for plunder, and too rough for valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barriers, on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition; and Switzerland remains, with her simple institutions, a military road to fairer climates, scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last, experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning,—simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe.

Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes and snuffed the breezes of both

oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the low lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not"? Forbid it, my countrymen! forbid it, Heaven!

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be, resist every project of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave with the recollection that you have lived in vain! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves!

No, I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We who are now assembled here must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim that here is still his country!—

> "Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
> Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms;
> Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms."

JOSEPH STORY.

AMERICAN LIBERTY ON A PERMANENT BASIS.

The election of a chief magistrate by the mass of the people of an extensive community was, to the most enlightened nations of antiquity, an impossibility. Destitute of the art of printing, they could not have introduced the representative principle into their political systems even if they had understood it. In the very nature of things, that principle can only be coextensive with popular intelligence. In this respect the art of printing, more than any invention since the creation of man, is destined to change and elevate the political condition of society. It has given a new impulse to the energies of the human mind, and opens up new and brilliant destinies to modern republics, which were utterly unattainable by the ancients. The existence of a country population, scattered over a vast extent of territory, as intelligent as the population of the cities, is a phenomenon which was utterly and necessarily unknown to the free states of antiquity. All the intelligence which controlled the destiny and upheld the dominion of republican Rome was confined to the walls of the great city. Even when her dominion extended beyond Italy, to the utmost known limits of the inhabited world, the city was the exclusive seat both of intelligence and empire. Without the art of printing, and the consequent advantages of a free press, that habitual and incessant action of mind upon mind, which is essential to all human improvement, could no more exist among a numerous scattered population, than the commerce of disconnected continents could traverse the ocean without the arts of navigation. Here, then, is the source of our superiority and our just pride as a nation. The statesmen of the remotest extremes of the Union can converse together like the philosophers of Athens in the same portico, or the politicians of Rome in the same forum. Distance is overcome, and the citizens of Georgia and Maine can be brought to co-operate in the same great object, with as perfect a community of views and feelings as actuated the tribes of Rome in the assemblies of the people.

It is obvious that liberty has a more extensive and durable foundation in the United States than it ever has had in any

other age or country. By the representative principle, a principle unknown and impracticable among the ancients, the whole mass of society is brought to operate in constraining the action of power and in the conservation of liberty.

GEORGE MCDUFFIE.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP AND ITS DUTIES.

IT behooves us to look our perils and difficulties, such as they are, in the face. Then, with the exercise of candor, calmness, and fortitude, being able to comprehend fully their character and extent, let us profit by the teachings of almost every page in our annals, that any defects, under our existing system, have resulted more from the manner of administering it than from its substance or form.

We less need new laws, new institutions, or new powers, than we need, on all occasions, at all times, and in all places, the requisite intelligence concerning the true spirit of our present ones; the high moral courage, under every hazard and against every offender, to execute with fidelity the authority already possessed; and the manly independence to abandon all supineness, irresolution, vacillation, and time-serving pusillanimity, and enforce our present mild system with that uniformity and steady vigor, throughout, which alone can supply the place of the greater severity of less free institutions.

To arm and encourage us in renewed efforts to accomplish everything on this subject which is desirable, our history constantly points her finger to a most efficient resource, and indeed to the only elixir, to secure a long life to any popular government, in increased attention to useful education and sound morals, with the wise description of equal measures and just practices they inculcate, on every leaf of recorded time. Before their alliance, the spirit of misrule will always, in time, stand rebuked, and those who worship at the shrine of unhallowed ambition must quail.

Storms, in the political atmosphere, may occasionally happen, by the encroachments of usurpers, the corruption or intrigues

of demagogues, or in the expiring agonies of faction, or by the sudden fury of popular frenzy; but, with the restraints and salutary influences of the allies before described, these storms will purify as healthfully as they often do in the physical world, and cause the tree of liberty, instead of falling, to strike its roots deeper. In this struggle the enlightened and moral possess also a power, auxiliary and strong, in the spirit of the age, which is not only with them, but onward, in everything to ameliorate or improve.

When the struggle assumes the form of a contest with power, in all its subtlety, or with undermining and corrupting wealth, as it sometimes may, rather than with turbulence, sedition, or open aggression by the needy and desperate, it will be indispensable to employ still greater diligence; to cherish earnestness of purpose, resoluteness in conduct; to apply hard and constant blows to real abuses, rather than milk-and-water remedies, and encourage not only bold, free, and original thinking, but determined action.

In such a cause, our fathers were men whose hearts were not accustomed to fail them through fear, however formidable the obstacles. Some of them were companions of Cromwell, and imbued deeply with his spirit and iron decision of character, in whatever they deemed right. . . . We are not, it is trusted, such degenerate descendants as to prove recreant, and fail to defend, with gallantry and firmness as unflinching, all which we have either derived from them, or since added to the rich inheritance.

At such a crisis, therefore, and in such a cause, yielding to neither consternation nor despair, may we not all profit by the vehement exhortations of Cicero to Atticus?—"If you are asleep, awake; if you are standing, move; if you are moving, run; if you are running, fly."

All these considerations warn us, the gravestones of almost every former republic warn us, that a high standard of moral rectitude, as well as of intelligence, is quite as indispensable to communities, in their public doings, as to individuals, if they would escape from either degeneracy or disgrace.

LEVI WOODBURY.

AMERICA'S TRUE GREATNESS.

At present we behold only the rising of our sun of empire,—only the fair seeds and beginnings of a great nation. Whether that glowing orb shall attain to a meridian height, or fall suddenly from its glorious sphere; whether those prolific seeds shall mature into autumnal ripeness, or shall perish, yielding no harvest, depends on God's will and providence. But God's will and providence operate not by casualty or caprice, but by fixed and revealed laws. If we would secure the greatness set before us, we must find the way which those laws indicate, and keep within it. That way is new and all untried. We departed early —we departed at the beginning—from the beaten track of national ambition. Our lot was cast in an age of revolution,—a revolution which was to bring all mankind from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government,—from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion,—from under subjection to matter to dominion over nature.

It was ours to lead the way,—to take up the cross of republicanism and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest battles, to enjoy its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and the martyrdom of fire. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by beneficence without ambition. We are in danger of losing that holy zeal. We are surrounded by temptations. Our dwellings become palaces, and our villages are transformed, as if by magic, into great cities. Fugitives from famine, and oppression, and the sword, crowd our shores, and proclaim to us that we alone are free, and great, and happy. Our empire enlarges. The continent and its islands seem ready to fall within our grasp, and more than even fabulous wealth opens under our feet. No public virtue can withstand, none ever encountered, such seductions as these. Our own virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified, under circumstances so new and peculiar.

Where shall we seek the influence adequate to a task so

arduous as this? Shall we invoke the press and the pulpit? They only reflect the actual condition of the public morals, and cannot change them. Shall we resort to the executive authority? The time has passed when it could compose and modify the political elements around it. Shall we go to the Senate? Conspiracies, seditions, and corruptions in all free countries have begun there. Where, then, shall we go to find an agency that can uphold and renovate declining public virtue? Where should we go but there, where all republican virtue begins and must end? where the Promethean fire is ever to be rekindled until it shall finally expire? where motives are formed and passions disciplined? To the domestic fireside and humbler school, where the American citizen is trained. Instruct him there, that it will not be enough that he can claim for his country Lacedæmonian heroism, but that more than Spartan valor and more than Roman magnificence is required of her. Go, then, ye laborers in a noble cause; gather the young Catholic and the young Protestant alike into the nursery of freedom, and teach them there, that, although religion has many and different shrines on which may be made the offering of a "broken spirit" which God will not despise, yet that their country has appointed only one altar and one sacrifice for all her sons, and that ambition and avarice must be slain on that altar, for it is consecrated to humanity.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

AMERICA'S INTRINSIC STRENGTH.

THE enemies of popular right and power have been pointing to the dreadful proof which is afforded in America, that an extended suffrage is a thing to be shunned, as the most calamitous thing possible to a country. I will not refer to the speeches that have dealt with this question in this manner, or to the newspapers which have so treated it. I believe now, that a great many people in this country are beginning to see that those who have been misleading them, for the last two or three years, have been profoundly dishonest or profoundly ignorant.

If I am to give my opinion upon it, I should say, that which has taken place in America within the last three years, affords the most triumphant answer to charges of this kind. Let us see the government of the United States. They have a suffrage which is almost what here would be called a manhood suffrage. There are frequent elections, vote by ballot, and ten thousand, twenty thousand, and one hundred thousand persons vote at an election. Will anybody deny that the government at Washington, as regards its own people, is the strongest government in the world, at this hour? And for this simple reason: because it is based on the will, and the good will, of an instructed people. Look at its power! I am not now discussing why it is, or the cause which is developing this power; but power is the thing which men regard, in these old countries, and which they ascribe mainly to European institutions; but look at the power which the United States have developed! They have brought more men into the field, they have built more ships for their navy, they have shown greater resources, than any nation in Europe at this moment is capable of. Look at the order which has prevailed at their elections, at which, as you see by the papers, fifty thousand, or one hundred thousand, or two hundred and fifty thousand persons vote, in a given State, with less disorder than you have seen lately in three of the smallest boroughs in England. Look at their industry. Notwithstanding this terrific struggle, their agriculture, their manufactures and commerce, proceed with an uninterrupted success. They are ruled by a President, chosen, it is true, not from some worn-out royal or noble blood, but from the people, and the one whose truthfulness and spotless honor have claimed him universal praise; and now the country that has been vilified through half the organs of the press in England, during the last three years, and was pointed out, too, as an example to be shunned, by many of your statesmen,—that country, now in mortal strife, affords a haven and a home for multitudes, flying from the burdens and the neglect of the old governments of Europe; and when this mortal strife is over,—when peace is restored, when slavery is destroyed, when the Union is cemented afresh,—for I would say, in the language of one of our own poets addressing his country,—

"The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay,
In fearful haste, thy murdered corse away,"—

then, Europe and England may learn that an instructed democracy is the surest foundation of government, and that education and freedom are the only sources of true greatness and true happiness among any people.

JOHN BRIGHT. (1863.)

AMERICA WITHOUT A PARALLEL.

IN all the attributes of a great, happy, and flourishing people, we stand without a parallel in the world. Abroad, we enjoy the respect and, with scarcely an exception, the friendship of every nation; at home, while our government quietly, but efficiently, performs the sole legitimate end of political institutions, in doing the greatest good to the greatest number, we present an aggregate of human prosperity surely not elsewhere to be found.

How imperious, then, is the obligation imposed upon every citizen, in his own sphere of action, whether limited or extended, to exert himself in perpetuating a condition of things so singularly happy! All the lessons of history and experience must be lost upon us, if we are content to trust alone to the peculiar advantages we happen to possess. Position and climate, and the bounteous resources that nature has scattered with so liberal a hand,—even the diffused intelligence and elevated character of our people,—will avail us nothing, if we fail sacredly to uphold those political institutions that were wisely and deliberately formed with reference to every circumstance that could preserve, or might endanger, the blessings we enjoy. The thoughtful framers of our Constitution legislated for our country as they found it. Looking upon it with the eyes of statesmen and of patriots, they saw all the sources of rapid and wonderful prosperity; but they saw, also, that various habits, opinions, and institutions, peculiar to the various portions of so vast a region, were deeply fixed. Distinct Sovereignties were in actual existence, whose cordial union was essential to the welfare and happi-

ness of all. Between many of them there was, at least to some extent, a real diversity of interests, liable to be exaggerated through sinister designs; they differed in size, in population, in wealth, and in actual and prospective resources and power; they varied in the character of their industry and staple productions; and in some existed domestic institutions which, unwisely disturbed, might endanger the harmony of the whole. Most carefully were all these circumstances weighed, and the foundations of the new government laid upon principles of reciprocal concession and equitable compromise.

The jealousies which the smaller States might entertain of the power of the rest were allayed by a rule of representation confessedly unequal at the time, and designed forever to remain so. A natural fear that the broad scope of general legislation might bear upon and unwisely control particular interests, was counteracted by limits strictly drawn around the action of the Federal authority; and to the people, and to the States, was left, unimpaired, their sovereign power over the innumerable subjects embraced in the internal government of a just republic, excepting such only as necessarily appertain to the concerns of the whole Confederacy, or its intercourse, as a united community, with the other nations of the world.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

AMERICA IN THE FRONT RANK OF NATIONS.

THIS lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes,—all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to

our children. Let us feel deeply how much, of what we are and what we possess, we owe to this liberty and these institutions of government.

Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? And how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us, then, acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us, a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often and dwell on too long, cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance; but it is that we may judge justly of our situation, and of our own duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position and our character among the nations of the earth.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been be-

fore altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upheld them.

Let us contemplate, then, this connection which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear upper sky. Those other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

AMERICA THE COLOSSUS OF THE NATIONS.

Two ideas there are which, above all others, elevate and dignify a race,—the idea of God and country. How imperishable is the idea of country! How does it live within and ennoble the heart in spite of persecution and trials, difficulties and dangers! After two thousand years of wandering, it makes the Jew a sharer in the glory of the prophets, the law-givers, the warriors and poets who lived in the morning of time. How does it toughen every fibre of an Englishman's frame, and imbue the spirit of a Frenchman with Napoleonic enthusiasm! How does the German carry with him even the "old house-furniture of the Rhine," surround himself with the sweet and tender associations of "Fatherland;" and wheresoever he may be, the great names of German history shine like stars in the heaven above him! And the Irishman, though the political existence of his country is merged in a kingdom whose rule he may abhor, yet still do the chords of his heart vibrate responsive to the tones

of the harp of Erin, and the lowly shamrock is dearer to his soul than the fame-crowning laurel, the love-breathing myrtle, or storm-daring pine.

What is our country? Not alone the land and the sea, the lakes and rivers, and valleys and mountains; not alone the people, their customs and laws; not alone the memories of the past, the hopes of the future; it is something more than all these combined. It is a divine abstraction. You cannot tell what it is, but let its flag rustle above your head, you feel its living presence in your hearts. They tell us that our country must die; that the sun and the stars will look down upon the great republic no more; that already the black eagles of despotism are gathering in our political sky; that even now kings and emperors are casting lots for the garments of our national glory. It shall not be! Not yet, not yet shall the nations lay the bleeding corpse of our country in the tomb! If they could, angels would roll the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre! It would burst the cerements of the grave and come forth a living presence, "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled." Not yet, not yet shall the republic die! The heavens are not darkened, the stones are not rent. It shall live,—it shall live, the embodiment of the power and majesty of the people. Baptized anew, it shall stand a thousand years to come, the *colossus of the nations*,—its feet upon the continents, its sceptre over the seas, its forehead among the stars.

NEWTON BOOTH.

AMERICA AN AGGREGATE OF NATIONS.

GIANT aggregate of nations, glorious whole, of glorious parts,
Unto endless generations live united, hands and hearts!
Be it storm or summer weather, peaceful calm or battle jar,
Stand in beauteous strength together, sister States, as now ye are!

Every petty class-dissension, heal it up as quick as thought;
Every paltry place-pretension, crush it as a thing of naught;
Let no narrow private treason your great onward progress bar,
But remain, in right and reason, sister States, as now ye are!

Fling away absurd ambition! people, leave that toy to kings;
Envy, jealousy, suspicion,—be above such grovelling things:
In each other's joys delighted, all your hate be—joys of war,
And by all means keep united, sister States, as now ye are!

Were I but some scornful stranger, still my counsel would be just;
Break the band and all is danger, mutual fear and dark distrust;
But you know me for a brother, and a friend who speaks from far,
Be as one, then, with each other, sister States, as now ye are!

If it seems a thing unholy, Freedom's soil by slaves to till,
Yet be just! and sagely, slowly, nobly cure that ancient ill:
Slowly,—haste is fatal ever; nobly,—lest good faith ye mar;
Sagely,—not in wrath, to sever, sister States, as now ye are!

Charmed with your commingled beauty, England sends the signal round,
"Every man must do his duty" to redeem from bonds the bound!
Then, indeed, your banner's brightness, shining clear from every star,
Shall proclaim your uprightness, sister States, as now ye are!

So a peerless constellation may those stars forever blaze!
Three-and-ten times threefold nation, go ahead in power and praise!
Like the many-breasted goddess, throned on her Ephesian car,
Be—one heart, in many bodies! sister States, as now ye are!

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT'S HOPE.

OUR republic has long been a theme of speculation among the savans of Europe. They profess to have cast its horoscope; and fifty years was fixed upon by many as the utmost limit of its duration. But those years passed by, and beheld us a united and happy people; our political atmosphere agi-

tated by no storm, and scarce a cloud to obscure the serenity of our horizon; all of the present was prosperity, all of the future was hope.

True, upon the day of that anniversary two venerable fathers of our freedom and of our country fell; but they sank calmly to rest, in the maturity of years and the fulness of time, and their simultaneous departure, on that day of jubilee, for another and a better world, was hailed by our nation as a propitious sign, sent to us from heaven.

Wandering the other day in the alcoves of the library, I accidentally opened a volume containing the orations delivered by many distinguished men on that solemn occasion, and I noted some expressions of a few who now sit in this hall, which are deep-fraught with the then prevailing, I may say, universal feeling. It is inquired by one, "Is this the effect of accident, or blind chance, or has God, who holds in his hands the destiny of nations and of men, designed these things as an evidence of the permanence and perpetuity of our institutions?" Another says, "Is it not stamped with the seal of divinity?" And a third, descanting on the prospects, bright and glorious, which opened on our beloved country, says, "Auspicious omens cheer us!"

Yet it would have required but a tinge of superstitious gloom to have drawn from that event darker forebodings of that which was to come. In our primitive wilds, where the order of nature is unbroken by the hand of man, there, where majestic trees arise, spread forth their branches, live out their age, and decline, sometimes will a patriarchal plant, which has stood for centuries the winds and storms, fall, when no breeze agitates a leaf of the trees that surround it. And when, in the calm stillness of a summer's noon, the solitary woodsman hears, on either hand, the heavy crash of huge, branchless trunks, falling by their own weight to the earth whence they sprung,—prescient of the future, he foresees the whirlwind at hand, which shall sweep through the forest, break its strongest stems, upturn its deepest roots, and strew in the dust its tallest, proudest heads.

But I am none of those who indulge in gloomy anticipation. I do not despair of the republic. My trust is strong that

the gallant ship, in which all our hopes are embarked, will yet outride the storm; saved alike from the breakers and billows of disunion, and the greedy whirlpool, the all-engulfing maelstrom of executive power; that, unbroken, if not unharmed, she may pursue her prosperous voyage far down the stream of time; and that the banner of our country, which now waves over us so proudly, will still float in triumph, borne on the wings of heaven, fanned by the breath of fame, every stripe bright and unsullied, every star fixed in its sphere, ages after each of us, now here, shall have ceased to gaze on its majestic folds forever.

THOMAS EWING.

AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WORLD.

WHAT, it is asked, has this nation done to repay the world for the benefits we have received from others? Is it nothing for the universal good of mankind to have carried into successful operation a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity, such as had never before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers? Is it nothing, in moral science, to have anticipated, in sober reality, numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are but now received as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe? Is it nothing to have been able to call forth, on every emergency, either in war or peace, a body of talents always equal to the difficulty? Is it nothing to have, in less than half a century, exceedingly improved the sciences of political economy, of law, and of medicine, with all their auxiliary branches; to have enriched human knowledge by the accumulation of a great mass of useful facts and observations; and to have augmented the power and the comforts of civilized man by miracles of mechanical invention? Is it nothing to have given the world examples of disinterested patriotism, of political wisdom, of public virtue, of learning, eloquence, and valor, never exerted save for some praiseworthy end? It is sufficient to have briefly suggested

these considerations; every mind would anticipate me in filling up the details.

No, Land of Liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the Muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers, yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect and the wretched of all nations. Land of refuge, land of benedictions! Those prayers still arise and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces!" "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets!" "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!"

GULIAN CROMMELIN VERPLANCK.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE OLDER THAN INDEPENDENCE.

(Address before Parliament, 1775.)

FOR some time past, Mr. Speaker, the Old World has been fed from the New. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating famine, if this child of your old age, if America, with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent. Turning from the agricultural resources of the colonies, consider the wealth which they have drawn from the sea, by their fisheries. Pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale-fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits; whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that

they have pierced into the opposite region of Polar cold,—that they are at the Antipodes, and engaged under the frozen Serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry.

Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the Poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterity and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

When I contemplate these things; that the colonies owe little or nothing to any care of ours; that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of a watchful and suspicious government; but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection, I feel all the pride of power sink and die away within me. My rigor relents! I pardon something to the spirit of liberty!

JOHN WILKES.

THE AMERICAN UNION A GEOGRAPHICAL NECESSITY.

(Extract from Address at Randolph Macon College, Virginia, at Commencement, 1854.)

THE name "American," itself, is sufficient to inspire within the bosom of every one, who so proudly claims it, a holy zeal to preserve forever the endearing epithet. This Union must and will be preserved! Division is impossible! Mind has never conceived of the man equal to the task! Geographical lines can

never separate the interests of the American people, can never dissever the ties which unite them. Each claims the beautiful lakes and flourishing cities of the North. Each claims the extended prairies of the West and the rich productions of the sunny South. Each claims Massachusetts' patriot. Each claims Kentucky's sage. Who has not an inheritance in the ashes of Vernon's tomb? New England as loudly and as affectionately proclaims him Father of his country, as does Virginia. New England never will relinquish her claim; Virginia, never, never suffer those ashes to be touched!

The Divine Architect of Nature, Himself, has said in His lofty mountains and majestic rivers, "Be united!" Observe their ranges and courses. The Blue Ridge, the Alleghany, and the Rocky Mountains all run north and south; the great Mississippi with her vast tributaries, parallel with them, waters the whole extent. There must be design in all this. The ancient poets and philosophers pictured a far-off land, across the waters, a fairer abode, a land of equal rights and a happy people. This, surely, is that land; and through this people the Supreme Legislator has decreed that the true principles of government shall be taught all mankind. And as the blue arch, above, is in beauty shown us, so surely will it span the mightiest domain that ever shook earth.

As surely as art and labor are now adorning, and science exalting, a land which religion has sanctified and patriotism redeemed, so surely will the Goddess of Liberty yet walk abroad in the gardens of Europe, and to our country shall belong all the honor. Then, no longer will be obscure our resplendent and glorious Constitution! No more will our bright escutcheon be tarnished! No more will our banner droop; but, in his original strength and pride, the American eagle, pluming himself for loftier flights and brighter climes, shall, fearlessly, while gazing on the beauties and splendors of his country's flag, shriek the downfall of tyranny; and the longest, loudest, proudest shout of Freedom's sons, in honor of Freedom's triumph, shall be,—

"The star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

ALEXANDER HOGG.

UNION LINKED WITH LIBERTY.

(From Inaugural Address, 1833.)

Without union, our independence and liberty would never have been achieved; without union, they can never be maintained.

The time at which I stand before you is full of interest. The eyes of all nations are fixed on our republic. The event of the existing crisis will be decisive, in the opinion of mankind, of the practicability of our federal system of government. Great is the stake placed in our hands; great is the responsibility which must rest upon the people of the United States. Let us realize the importance of the attitude in which we stand before the world. Let us exercise forbearance and firmness. Let us extricate our country from the dangers which surround it, and learn wisdom from the lessons they inculcate. Deeply impressed with the truth of these observations, and under the obligation of that solemn oath which I am about to take, I shall continue to exert all my faculties to maintain the just powers of the Constitution, and to transmit unimpaired to posterity the blessings of our Federal Union.

At the same time, it will be my aim to inculcate, by my official acts, the necessity of exercising, by the General Government, those powers only that are clearly delegated; to encourage simplicity and economy in the expenditures of the Government; to raise no more money from the people than may be requisite for these objects, and in a manner that will best promote the interests of all classes of the community, and of all portions of the Union. Constantly bearing in mind that, in entering into society, individuals must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest, it will be my desire so to discharge my duties as to foster with our brethren, in all parts of the country, a spirit of liberal concession and compromise; and by reconciling our fellow-citizens to those partial sacrifices which they must unavoidably make, for the preservation of a greater good, to recommend our invaluable Government and Union to the confidence and affections of the American people. Finally, it is my most fervent prayer to that Almighty Being before whom now I stand, and who has

kept us in his hands from the infancy of our republic to the present day, that he will so overrule all my intentions and actions, and inspire the hearts of my fellow-citizens, that we may be preserved from dangers of all kinds and continue forever a united and happy people.

ANDREW JACKSON.

LIBERTY AND UNION ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union that we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly,—*Liberty first and Union afterwards;* but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—*Liberty* AND *Union, now* and *forever, one* and *inseparable!*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

You cannot calculate the value of the Union! The astronomer, from his observatory, may measure the disk of the sun, tell you his distance from the earth, describe the motion of his rays, and predict with positive certainty an eclipse, but he cannot compute the utility of heat, the blessings of light, nor the splendor and glory of the god of day.

Who can calculate the value of constitutional liberty,—the blessings of a free press, free schools, and a free religion? Go and calculate the value of the air we breathe, the water we drink, the earth that we inhabit! By what mathematical

process will you calculate the value of national character? In what scales will you weigh political equality and the ballot-box? At what price would you sell American citizenship? What is self-government worth,—its freedom, happiness, and example? "Calculate the value of the Union?"

Look at the mighty Mississippi, the Father of Waters. It rises in the nameless snows of North America, runs through twenty-three degrees of latitude, all our own soil, and washes the sides of ten young, flourishing, and powerful States. Its tributaries drain the rains that fall in sight of the Atlantic, and meet the streams that flow into the Pacific, upon the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Its broad tides bear on their buoyant bosom the clothing of half the world, and the fertile valleys which spread out from its ample banks are capable of producing food for the whole population of the earth, for a thousand years to come.

On its eastern shore, near the Crescent City, you see some clusters of small orange-trees growing upon a broken embankment, and now and then an old but flourishing live-oak spreads its green branches over the damp soil. You are on the battle-field of New Orleans. You behold the field of the most remarkable victory ever won, and, as you ascend the mouldering intrenchment, the morning of the 8th of January, 1815, rises before you. Your hearts beat anxiously; you watch the serried columns of Packenham advance to the charge; you note the calm faces of Jackson's men; you hear the rifle's peal, the din of musketry, the cannon's roar; you see the repulse, the retreat, the field of the dead and dying; you cross the moat, and as the smoke clears away, you count the fallen. The English have lost twenty-six hundred men on that field; the Americans have lost seven killed and six wounded. You remember no victory like it. The historian tells you, "It is a disproportion of loss unrecorded of any other battle." You see the Flag of the Stars waving over you, and you feel your country in your veins!

Stand upon the battle-ground of New Orleans, by the side of the great Father of Waters, and tell me, if you can, what the Union is worth? These are its jewels. They shine brightly in a diadem whose full and radiant circle sparkles all over with glorious deeds.

MATTHEW W. RANSOM.

OUR COUNTRY IS ONE GRAND POEM.

Sir, I dare not trust myself to speak of my country with the rapture which I habitually feel when I contemplate her marvellous history. But this I will say,—that, on my return to it, after an absence of only four years, I was filled with wonder at all I saw and all I heard. What is to be compared with it? I found New York grown up to almost double its former size, with the air of a great capital, instead of a mere flourishing commercial town, as I had known it. I listened to accounts of voyages of a thousand miles, in magnificent steamboats, on the waters of those great lakes, which, but the other day, I left sleeping in the primeval silence of nature, in the recesses of a vast wilderness; and I felt that there is a grandeur and a majesty in this irresistible onward march of a race, created, as I believe, and elected, to possess and people a continent, which belong to few other objects, either of the moral or material world.

We may become so accustomed to such things that they shall make as little impression upon our minds as the glories of the heavens above us; but, looking on them, lately, as with the eye of the stranger, I felt, what a recent English traveller is said to have remarked, that, far from being without poetry, as some have vainly alleged, our whole country is one great poem.

Sir, it is so; and if there be a man who can think of what is doing, in all parts of this most blessed of all lands, to embellish and advance it,—who can contemplate that living mass of intelligence, activity, and improvement as it rolls on, in its sure and steady progress, to the uttermost extremities of the West, —who can see scenes of savage desolation transformed, almost with the suddenness of enchantment, into those of fruitfulness and beauty, crowned with flourishing cities, filled with the noblest of all populations,—if there be a man, I say, that can witness all this, passing under his very eyes, without feeling his heart beat high, and his imagination warmed and transported by it, be sure that the raptures of song exist not for him.

Hugh Swinton Legaré.

VAST TERRITORY NO BAR TO UNION.

Extent of country, in my conception, ought to be no bar to the adoption of a good government. No extent on earth seems to me too great, provided the laws be wisely made and executed. The principles of representation and responsibility may pervade a large as well as a small territory, and tyranny is as easily introduced into a small as into a large district. Union is the rock of our salvation. Our safety, our political happiness, our existence, depend on the union of these States. Without union, the people of this and the other States will undergo the unspeakable calamities which discord, faction, turbulence, war, and bloodshed, have continually produced in other countries. Without union, we throw away all those blessings for which we have so earnestly fought! Without union, there is no peace in the land!

The American spirit ought to be mixed with American pride, —pride to see the Union magnificently triumphant. Let that glorious pride which once defied the British thunder, reanimate you again. Let it not be recorded of Americans, that, after having performed the most gallant exploits, after having overcome the most astonishing difficulties, and after having gained the admiration of the world, by their incomparable valor and policy, they lost their acquired reputation, lost their national consequence and happiness, by their own indiscretion. Let no future historian inform posterity, that Americans wanted wisdom and virtue to concur in any regular, efficient government.

Catch the present moment! Seize it with avidity! It may be lost, never to be regained; and if the Union be lost now, it will remain so forever.

John Randolph.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT A BOND OF UNION.

On this subject of national power, what can be more important than a perfect unity in every part, in feelings and sentiments? And what can tend more powerfully to produce it than overcoming the effects of distance? No country enjoying free-

dom ever occupied anything like as great an extent of territory as this republic. One hundred years ago the most profound philosophers did not believe it to be even possible. They did not suppose it possible that a pure republic could exist on as great a scale even as the island of Great Britain.

What then was considered as chimerical, we have now the felicity to enjoy; and, what is more remarkable, such is the happy mould of our government, so well are the State and general powers blended, that much of our political happiness draws its origin from the extent of our republic. It has exempted us from most of the causes which distracted the small republics of antiquity. Let it not, however, be forgotten, let it be forever kept in mind, that it exposes us to the greatest of all calamities, next to the loss of liberty,—even to disunion itself.

We are great, and rapidly, I was about to say fearfully, growing. This is our pride and our danger, our weakness and our strength. Little does he deserve to be intrusted with the liberties of this people who does not raise his mind to these truths. We are under the most imperious obligations to counteract every tendency to disunion. The strongest of all cement is, undoubtedly, the wisdom, justice, and, above all, the moderation of this House; yet the great subject on which we are now deliberating, in this respect, deserves the most serious consideration.

Whatever impedes the intercourse of the extremes with this, the centre of the republic, weakens the Union. The more enlarged the sphere of commercial circulation, the more extended that of social intercourse; the more strongly we are bound together, the more inseparable are our destinies. Those who understand the human heart best know how powerfully distance tends to break the sympathies of our nature. Nothing, not even dissimilarity of language, tends more to estrange man from man. Let us, then, bind the republic together with a perfect system of roads and canals. Let us conquer space. It is thus, the most distant part of the republic will be brought within a few days' travel of the centre; it is thus, that a citizen of the West will read the news of Boston, still moist from the press.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

Break up the Union of these States because there are acknowledged evils in our system? Is it so easy a matter, then, to make everything in the actual world conform exactly to the ideal pattern we have conceived, in our minds, of absolute right? Suppose the fatal blow were struck, and the bonds which fasten together these States were severed, would the evils and mischiefs that would be experienced by those who are actually members of this vast republican community be all that would ensue? Certainly not. We are connected with the several nations and races of the world as no other people has ever been connected. We have opened our doors and invited emigration to our soil from all lands. Our invitation has been accepted. Thousands have come at our bidding. Thousands more are on the way. Other thousands still are standing a-tiptoe on the shores of the Old World, eager to find a passage to the land where bread may be had for labor, and where man is treated as man. In our political family almost all nations are represented. The several varieties of the race are here subjected to a social fusion, out of which Providence designs to form a "new man."

We are in this way teaching the world a great lesson,—namely, that men of different languages, habits, manners, and creeds can live together, and vote together, and, if not pray and worship together, yet in near vicinity, and do all in peace, and be, for certain purposes at least, one people. And is not this lesson of some value to the world, especially if we can teach it not by theory merely, but through a successful example? Has not this lesson, thus conveyed, some connection with the world's progress towards that far-off period to which the human mind looks for the fulfilment of its vision of a perfect social state? It may safely be asserted that this Union could not be dissolved without disarranging and convulsing every part of the globe. Not in the indulgence of a vain confidence did our fathers build the ship of State and launch it upon the waters. We will exclaim, in the noble words of one of our poets,—*

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* Longfellow.

"Thou too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,—
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

WILLIAM PARSONS LUNT.

THE SOUTH IN THE REVOLUTION.

IF there be one State in the Union, and I say it not in a boastful spirit, that may challenge comparisons with any other, for an uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina.

From the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you, in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at

once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother-country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found, in their situation, a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict; and, fighting for principle, perilled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution! The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "Plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.

AMERICA'S GREETING TO ENGLAND.

ALL hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
O! stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,

O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The genius of our clime,
From pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine,—
O'er the main, our naval line,
Like the Milky Way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host,—
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,—
Between let ocean roll,

Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet, still, from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One!"

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

AMERICA.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years;
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.
* * * * * *
They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide,—
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen.
* * * * * *
O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye with every coming hour
Shall brighten, and thy fame shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PART IX.

PATRIOTIC TRIBUTE TO EXEMPLAR LIVES.

INTRODUCTION.

"The imperishability of great examples" is the pledge of human progress and the inspiration of human hope. Incentive and warning alike leap out from the mists of the past to challenge recognition, and, in return, impart to the present and the future a strengthened purpose and a firmer tread. Words as well as facts have thus blazed a path through all the centuries, to mark the pioneer work accomplished, leaving solid landmarks for our guidance and benefit.

The voice of Edward Everett still rings in our ears:

GREAT EXAMPLES.

"To be cold and breathless,—to feel not, and speak not,—this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country; who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age; who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity! Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not see him,—not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die! The hand that traced the charter of Independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, 'make it life to live,' these cannot expire.

> 'These shall resist the empire of decay,
> When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die.'"

The poet Byron thus pays his meed of tribute to

THE PROCREATIVE VIRTUE OF GREAT EXAMPLES.

"We must forget all feelings save the one;
We must resign all passions save our purpose;
We must behold no object save our country;
And only look on death as beautiful,
So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
And draw down Freedom on her evermore.
But if we fail?
They never fail who die
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to Freedom."

It was in the spirit of such utterances as these that, when the greatest of New England's orators rested from life's work, the *Boston Courier* uttered its memorable words of mingled sadness and triumph:

"WEBSTER STILL LIVES.

"The arm that defended the Constitution is broken in death. The sun that has so long guided the steps of the nation is quenched. The great intellect which poured forth its treasures of truth and wisdom for the enlightenment of mankind has departed from us. The lips whose words were miracles, and which stirred the nation like the sound of a trumpet, are forever closed, forever silent. The great heart that embraced a whole people no longer throbs with the flood of life. All that was mortal of Daniel Webster has returned to dust; but his spirit remains among us; his fame can never die, nor the light of his great example, nor the lessons of wisdom he has taught us. Men die; principles, never!

"Our country has lost many gifted spirits, many strong intellects, many brave and devoted hearts, but since the day when George Washington was summoned from earth we have not been called upon to mourn the loss of one so truly great, so clearly destined to stamp his name and character upon the age, as Mr. Webster. He taught the American people not only to be great and powerful, but he taught them justice and honor, he taught them steadfast principle and manly self-respect, enlarged patriotism, comprehensive

and true philanthropy. His teachings were for all time. A future age will render him the justice which was withheld from him in this.

"The great statesman was great to the last. The light of that splendid intellect went out at full blaze. The strong sense, the clear thought, the firm self-possession, that have ever been the mental characteristics of Daniel Webster, remained with him to the hour of his death. He died at his post, with the cares of a nation on his hands, yet in full preparation for his great and last change. With a noble calmness of spirit he contemplated the sublime and solemn approach of the King of Terrors, and he passed into the bosom of eternity, sustained by all the hopes and confidence of a sincere Christian."

The name of Simon Bolivar will be perpetually associated with the republics of South America, and that of Toussaint L'Ouverture with the independence of San Domingo; but neither the military genius of Napoleon Bonaparte, nor his stirring appeals to his army, could awaken that pure spirit of patriotism which counts an assured peace as the only true glory of war.

Now and then some master-mind comprehends the spirit of an age and its exemplar characters, so that he can reproduce age and characters in a form that will stand as a pyramid against time and tempest. On the 2d of August, 1826, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, during a memorial tribute to John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster drew a vivid picture of the solemn deliberations at Philadelphia when the Declaration of American Independence was still pending. He saw John Hancock preside with impressive dignity. He heard the voice of some timid patriot, who shrank back from the awful responsibility of the hour. He merged the lapsed hours of more than half a century, and invoked the spirit of John Adams, through himself, to make reply. It is Webster who voices the utterance; it is Adams who inspires the orator.

SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS, JULY 4, 1776.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a

reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague near you; are you not both, already, the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port-Bill and all? Do we mean to submit and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, why, then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

"If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle.

"I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed,

has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so! Be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

"But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment:—independence now, and independence forever!"

WHAT MAKES A HERO?

What makes a hero? Not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants, and the loud acclaim
Of glutted Avarice, caps tossed up in air,
Or pen of journalist, with flourish fair,
Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a titular name,—
These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
His rightful tribute,—not his end or aim,
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul, or set the heart at ease.
What makes a hero? An heroic mind,
Expressed in action, in endurance proved.
And if there be pre-eminence of right,
Derived through pain well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse,—ingratitude and poisonous darts
Launched by the country he had served and loved:
This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
This, in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts,
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown:
This is the hero's complement and crown;
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still,
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts.

HENRY TAYLOR.

MOSES THE FIRST LIBERATOR.

(Period of life, from about 1570 to 1450 B.C.)

THE conquest of nations and the subversion of governments formed, as well as exhibited, such men as Alexander, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and others of a sim-

ilar character. We sicken while we read of their exploits, and blush that such scourges of the world should have claimed a common nature with ourselves. But there have been times when empire and religion changed for the better. Among the men who, at such periods, have risen to eminence, the prophet Moses is unquestionably the first. In all the talents which enlarge the human mind, and all the virtues which ennoble the human heart, in the amiableness of private life and the dignity of a ruler, in dangers hazarded and difficulties overcome, in splendor of destination and the enjoyment and proof of divine complacency, he is clearly without a rival.

Born with a superior soul, educated in the first school of wisdom, trained to arms and to policy in the most improved and powerful court in the world, and nurtured in wisdom still more sublime, in the quiet retreats of Midian, he came forth, to accomplish a more important revolution than had ever taken place, and, under God, was formed and finished, as the instrument which so illustrious a design required.

In whatever course of life, in whatever branch of character, we trace this great man, we find almost everything to approve and love, and scarcely anything to blame or censure. We mark unexampled patriotism, immovable by ingratitude, rebellion, and insult: glorious integrity, in always adhering to the duties of his office; unseduced by power and splendor; unmoved by homage; unawed by faction or opposition; undaunted by danger or difficulty; unaltered by provocation, obloquy, and distress; meek beyond example; patient and persevering through forty years of declining life, of trial, toil, and hazard. We read in his own writings the frank record of his own failings, and those of his family, friends, and nation. We see the first efforts of the historian, the poet, the orator, and the law-giver, and a life of self-government, benevolence, and piety approximating to angelic virtue. In him we behold the Deliverer of his Nation; the restorer of truth; the pillar of righteousness, and the reformer of mankind. He is, everywhere, the same glorious person; the greatest of all the prophets conducted to Pisgah; unclothed of mortal flesh, and entombed in the dust, by the immediate hand of the Most High.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

THE LAST HOURS OF SOCRATES.

(470–399 B.C.)

Socrates was the reverse of a sceptic. No man ever looked upon life with a more positive and practical eye. No man ever pursued his mark with a clearer perception of the road which he was travelling. No man ever combined, in like manner, the absorbing enthusiasm of a missionary, with the acuteness, the originality, the inventive resources, and the generalizing comprehension, of a philosopher. And yet this man was condemned to death, condemned by a hostile tribunal of more than five hundred citizens of Athens, drawn at hazard from all classes of society. A majority of six turned the scale, in the most momentous trial, up to that time, the world had witnessed. And the vague charges on which Socrates was condemned were, that he was a vain babbler, a corrupter of youth, and a setter-forth of strange gods!

It would be tempting to enlarge on the closing scene of his life, a scene which Plato has invested with such immortal glory; on the affecting farewell to the judges; on the long thirty days which passed in prison before the execution of the verdict; on his playful equanimity, amid the uncontrolled emotions of his companions; on the gathering in of that solemn evening, when the fading of the sunset hues on the tops of the Athenian hills was the signal that the last hour was at hand; on the introduction of the fatal hemlock; the immovable countenance of Socrates, the firm hand, and then the burst of frantic lamentation from all his friends, as, with his habitual ease and cheerfulness, he drained the cup to its dregs; then the solemn silence enjoined by himself; the pacing to and fro; the strong religious persuasions attested by his last words; the cold palsy of the poison creeping from the extremities to the heart; the gradual torpor ending in death! But I must forbear.

Oh for a modern spirit like his! Oh for one hour of Socrates! Oh for one hour of that voice whose questioning would make men see what they knew, and what they did not know; what they meant, and what they only thought they meant; what

they believed in truth, and what they only believed in name; wherein they agreed, and wherein they differed. That voice is, indeed, silent; but there is a voice in each man's heart and conscience, which, if we will, Socrates has taught us to use rightly. That voice still enjoins us to give to ourselves a reason for the hope that is in us, both hearing and asking questions. It tells us, that the fancied repose which self-inquiry disturbs is more than compensated by the real repose it gives; that a wise questioning is the half of knowledge; and that a life without self-examination is no life at all.

EPES SARGENT.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

(848–901 A.D.)

As great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. He made just laws that they might live more happily and freely; he turned away all partial judges that no wrong might be done them; he was so careful of their property, and punished robbers so severely, that it was a common thing to say that under the great King Alfred garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets, and no man would have touched them.

He founded schools; he patiently heard causes himself in his court of justice. Every day he divided into certain portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, which were all of the same size, were notched across at regular distances, and were always kept burning. Thus, as the candles burned down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours by the clock. He had the candles put into cases formed of wood and white horn; and these were the first lanthorns ever made in England.

A brave, good man he lived, and, after a reign of thirty years,

died at the age of fifty-three, in the year nine hundred and one; but, long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

CHARLES DICKENS.

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

(1533–1584 A.D.)

THE history of the rise of the Netherland Republic is at the same time the biography of "William the Silent." That life was a noble Christian epic, inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close; the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fulness, but retaining all its original purity.

Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation, even in his darkest hours. He looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. Tolerant of error, no man ever felt more keenly than he, that the reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of a struggle as unequal as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. He lived and died, not for himself, but for his country. When assassinated, July 10, 1584, his dying words were, "God pity this poor people!"

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of his age. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. Possessed of a ready eloquence, sometimes impassioned, but always rational, his influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed, but always led, the nation

in the path of duty and honor; much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement wherever it was due, to parsimony, to insubordination, to intolerence, to infidelity; nor feared to confront the States, or the people, in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces.

At fifteen, he was the confidential counsellor, as at twenty-one he became the general-in-chief, to the most politic as well as the most warlike potentate of his age. His enemies said that he was governed by a desire of personal advancement, but never denied his talents, his industry, and his vast sacrifices of wealth and station. As far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man, not even Washington, had ever been inspired by a purer patriotism.

William the Silent went through life, bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders, with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier, who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul, in dying, "to his great Captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William." As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died, the little children cried in the streets.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

JOHN MILTON GIVES EYESIGHT TO LIBERTY.

(From Lecture upon Milton as an Educator.)

THE Commonwealth was in danger. Liberty, whether in England or Ireland, Massachusetts or Carolina, does not rest, cannot rest long, on bayonets; but on the intelligence and virtue of the people; and the book of Salmasius was confusing the intelligence, undermining the virtue, bringing odium upon republican government, and paving the way for the triumphal return of

despotism. The Council of State voted "that Mr. Milton do prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius." But Milton's eyesight was now so feeble and so dependent upon his general health, then sadly impaired by excessive toil, that his physicans absolutely forbade new literary labor. They warned him that the certain effect of writing the proposed reply would be the loss of his remaining eye, for his left eye was gone already. "I did not long balance," says Milton, "whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes!" So he wrote and published his "Defence of the People of England," a work of prodigious energy, smiting Salmasius like a Thor hammer, pulverizing him and his arguments. Milton's fame at once spread over the world. His book was repeatedly translated into foreign tongues, and had the distinguished honor to be publicly burned, by the common hangman, both at Toulouse and Paris.

But in 1653, as forewarned, Milton became totally blind. Aided by amanuenses, he still toiled for freedom; and there was sore need of it. Alas, oppression bears a charmed life!

In 1658, Cromwell died. In 1660, Charles II. was triumphantly enthroned. Republican government had been tried in England, but the people were not ready for it. Milton was himself in peril. The spirit that could behead "good Sir Harry Vane, once governor of Massachusetts," pronounced by Wendell Phillips to have been "the greatest man that ever trod the streets of Boston," could hardly brook the life of the mightiest literary champion of freedom.

A resolution of the House of Commons and a royal Proclamation singled him out by name for vengeance. We are told that he was concealed in a friend's house, for four months; that he was reported as dead, and a mock-funeral paraded for him in London. His property was swept away. By order of Parliament, his "Image-Breaker" and his "Defence of the People of England" were burned in the centre of London during August, 1660.

This was Milton's gloomiest period. The darkness that veiled his eyes was but typical of that deeper shadow. What a shadow! Property gone, health failing, life imperilled, old age coming on apace; political and religious liberty, for which he had battled so long and so well, and for which he had cheerfully given up

the precious light of day,—even *that* annihilated; his magnificent writings vanished in smoke, the friends of his manhood slain, or hunted and hiding like Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell in the caves and cellars of Connecticut and Massachusetts; the putrid corpses of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw dug up from their repose of years and swinging in chains at Tyburn; the Avatar of lust, the reign of diabolism visibly begun; such men as the good Dr. South poisoned against him, and stigmatizing him as "the blind adder that spit venom on the king's cause;" even his own daughters, as there is too much reason to believe, siding with the royalists against their father, cheating him, and selling his choicest books away from him. How changed!

O calm gray eyes, that shall see the sunlight nevermore! locks, once clustering in auburn and gold, now thin and gray! face, once radiant with joy and beautiful as an angel's, now furrowed and saddened with agonies that have torn the heart! hands, once skilled to ply the pen, to swing the sword, or finger the organ-keys, now groping feebly to supply, by touch, the want of sight! form, once of celestial symmetry, now bowed with disease, pain, and age, tremulous, slow, with garments faded and worn! Ah, the twin serpents, civil tyranny and religious bigotry, twining around him and around him, have stifled this truth-telling Laocoön at last!

And yet, of all men, he least needed pity. His soul was unsubdued, heroic, radiant with truth, strong in God. Out of Bunyan's prison flashed his immortal allegory! Out of Milton's darkness shone the unfading splendors of "Paradise Lost"! Flowers and fruits from that Eden now fill with fragrance and beauty the school-books of every child, illustrating, to use his own language, "what religious, what glorious, what magnificent use may be made of poetry." Thus, "being dead, he yet speaketh!" Silenced by tyranny for a moment, how grandly was all overruled by Divine Providence, so that, till the end of time, the London teacher might be the world's educator! But, greater than all his books, the *life* of Milton is an educating force, a power for evermore.

HOMER BAXTER SPRAGUE.

WILLIAM PITT.

AN ODE TO MR. PITT.

(This ode is a tribute of very early appreciation of Mr. Pitt's devotion to the people, and is given literally. On November 10, 1759, Poet-Laureate Whitehead issued a Birthday Ode in honor of George II., not recognizing Minister Pitt, to whose patriotic energy the closing years of that reign owed their glory, by land and sea. Stanzas addressed "To a Great Minister and Great Man," with a burlesque, addressed "To no Minister nor Great Man," seem to have inspired those now quoted. Grattan's eulogy of Mr. Pitt is familiar, and enough has been exhibited in Part IV. of Mr. Pitt's patriotic character to warrant its omission.)

Our prayers unbribed, unpensioned, rise
For thee, the fav'rite of the skies,
  The guardian of the land;
For thee, defender of the laws,
The foremost in fair Freedom's cause,
  The chief of Virtue's band.

Long may thy light thy country cheer!
Thou minister without a peer,
  Long may thy wisdom warm!
For, like the Spring, thy genial ray
Improves the sun, adorns the day,
  And guards us all from harm.

Behold the ox in safety feeds,
And Ceres scatters all her seeds,
  And Plenty smiles around.
Each ship triumphant rides the main,
Bright Honor dreads black Slander's stain,
  And dances glad the ground.

Britannia now for battle burns,
Behold, her genius now returns,

Her foes dismayed with fear;
Her vengeance shall affright the brave,
Reduce the proud, and crush the slave,
If *Pitt* but points the spear.

Auspicious *Pitt!* thy glory beams
On Mississippi's silver streams,
And Ohio's savage shores;
It dazzles Afric's tawny race,
Inspires the noble, scares the base,
And ev'ry heart explores.

Now blest, and free, each *Briton* roves
Along his hills, or thro' his groves,
Nor fears the frown of kings;
Enjoys himself (that bliss divine),
Or, to the elm, he joins the vine,
Or clears the bubbling springs,

Then social quaffs the cheerful bowl,
While gratitude inflames his soul,
And *Pitt* employs his praise;
In solemn pomp he crowns his bust,
Amidst the great, the good, and just,
With laurels, palms, and bays.

Oh! be it thine, at last, to close
The scene of war,—of Europe's woes,
And hush the world to rest;
Bid Peace advance with placid mien,
Proclaim her sports on every green,
And let each land be blest.

This is our prayer, when cool we rise,
Ere morning blushes streak the skies,
Or Phœbus sips the dew;
This is our prayer, when thee we toast,
Auspicious *Pitt!* as "*Britain's* boast,"
And ev'ning joys renew.

Annual Register, 1759, p. 446.

WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn stands the first among the law-givers whose names and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare with him Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array against the rest of their species? taught them to consider their fellow-men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth? What benefit did mankind derive from their boasted institutions? Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe. But see our William Penn, with weaponless hands, sitting down peaceably with his followers in the midst of savage nations, whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow-men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust. See them bury their tomahawks in his presence, so deep that man shall never be able to find them again. See them, under the shade of the thick groves of Quaquannock, extend the bright chain of friendship, and solemnly promise to preserve it as long as the sun and moon shall endure. See him, then, with his companions, establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality, and universal love, and adopting, as the fundamental maxims of his government, the rule handed down to us from heaven, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

Here was a spectacle for the potentates of the earth to look upon, an example for them to imitate. But the potentates of the earth did not see, or, if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight; they did not hear, or, if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice.

The character of William Penn alone sheds a never-fading lustre upon our history. No other State in this Union can boast of such an illustrious founder; none began their social career under auspices so honorable to humanity. Every trait of the life of that great man, every fact and anecdote of those golden times, will furnish many an interesting subject for the fancy of the novelist and the enthusiasm of the poet.

Peter S. Duponceau.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

The leading feature in his character, ever in exercise, a virtue steadfast and warming as the sun, was his distinguishable patriotism. As an ardent and constant natural impulse, it was not distinguishable, more than in other men, but it was signally pure, it was enlightened, it was heroic. Signally pure it was, for there did not rest upon it a single stain of self-interest. He toiled for others, not for himself; for the advancement of his country, not his own; not alone for the America of the Revolution, but for the America of all time. Foreseeing clearly the rising greatness of this land under the fostering embrace of Liberty and Union, and under the sunshine of peace, knowing well its inexhaustible resources, and the laws which should govern its progress, he took an interest in public affairs which was most profound. He labored to combine, in one great harmony, all sectional interests.

Patriotism often has its counterfeits in national vanity or a contented self-sufficiency. In Trumbull it bore none of these false stamps. He did not enter the bloody arena of the American Revolution simply that he might open the book of history and show America, in feats of arms, belligerent as Athens, brave as Sparta, resolute as Rome, hardy as Germany, indefatigable as Holland, chivalric as Spain, gallant as Gaul, and mightier far than her English mother-foe, but to vindicate the honor of his native land, and to plant for her, set beyond even the tornado's power, that Tree of Liberty, whose fruitage, and whose whole fruitage, he knew to be civilization, prosperity, happiness, and glory. His patriotism was pure, like the chaste passion of the poet for his Muse. His patriotism was like the zeal of the painter for glorious forms of art, working within him, by virtue of an intense and irresistible yearning in his nature, for the sublime and beautiful in human government and human improvement.

But the patriotism of Trumbull was enlightened. His mind grasped with more than ordinary power the grand idea of the greatest of societies, the State, and felt the excellence of its mechanism, almost as a living thing, whose disruption or injury

would bring death to all the valuable interests of his countrymen. To him, therefore, the celebrated Charter of Connecticut was, peculiarly, a grand patriotic missive, which made him acute to perceive the first secret invasions of American rights, quickened him to trace them down, through their whole sad series of consequences, into an oppressor's final errands of blood and rapine, and rendered him swift to organize resistance. His patriotism was the exact counterpart of that which shone in the spirit of the immortal Hampden, and of that spirit which beamed from the life of one, whose enlightened republican effort, virtuous eagerness, and noble modesty, stamped him as the savior of Genoa,—the renowned Andrea Doria.

The patriotism of Trumbull was heroic. Look at him, at the outset of the Revolutionary struggle, voluntarily constituting himself the only rebel executive, among thirteen governors, in the colonies. Before him was one of the mightiest of human monarchs claiming his allegiance, but he spurned it in the face of rewards, princely and profusely within his reach, to espouse the side of his native land. His spirit of patriotism knew no difficulty, contemned all danger. It flew through the people, rousing activity, infusing patience, and enkindling intrepidity. It exclaimed to every son of Connecticut and to every sister State in the Union, in the language of the great Frederick to his gallant little army before the battle of Rossbach, "My brave countrymen, the hour is come in which all that is and all that ought to be dear to us, depends upon the swords that are now drawn forth in battle. You see me ready to lay down my life with you, and for you. All I ask of you, is the same pledge of fidelity and affection that I give. Acquit yourselves like men, and put your confidence in God."

ISAAC M. STUART.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

(June 11, 1790.)

FRANKLIN is dead! Restored to the bosom of the Divinity, is that genius which gave freedom to America, and rayed forth torrents of light upon Europe. The sage whom two worlds

claim—the man whom the History of Empires and the History of Science alike contend for—occupied, it cannot be denied, a lofty rank among his species. Long enough have political cabinets signalized the death of those who were great in their funeral eulogies only. Long enough has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mournings. For their benefactors, only, should nations assume the emblems of grief; and the representatives of nations should commend only the heroes of humanity to public veneration.

In the fourteen States of the Confederacy, Congress has ordained a mourning of two months, for the death of Franklin; and America is at this moment acquitting herself of this tribute of honor to one of the fathers of her Constitution. Would it not become us, gentlemen, to unite in this religious act; to participate in this homage, publicly rendered, at once to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who has contributed most largely to their vindication throughout the world? Antiquity would have erected altars to this great and powerful genius, who, to promote the welfare of mankind, comprehending both the heavens and the earth in the range of his thought, could at once snatch the bolt from the cloud and the sceptre from tyrants. France, enlightened and free, owes at least the acknowledgment of her remembrance, and regret, to one of the greatest intellects that ever served the united cause of philosophy and liberty. I propose that it be now decreed that the National Assembly wear mourning, during three days, for Benjamin Franklin.

VICTOR RIQUETTI DE MIRABEAU.

FRANKLIN'S EPIGRAMS.

("Poor Richard's Sayings.")

IF pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.

He that can travel well afoot keeps a good horse.

Some men grow mad by studying much to know, but who grows mad by studying good to grow?

Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Against diseases, know the strongest defensive virtue, abstinence.

Sloth maketh all things difficult; industry, all easy.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

A mob is a monster; with heads enough, but no brains.

There is nothing humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

A little neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and keep.

Old boys have playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in price.

If you would keep a secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Contempt.

Fly pleasures, and they will follow you.

Creditors have better memories than debtors. Creditors are a superstitious set,—great observers of set days and times.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

(From Centennial Address at Concord, Massachusetts, April 19, 1875.)

Samuel Adams, the New-Englander in whom the Revolution seemed to be most fully embodied, was not eloquent like Otis,

nor scholarly like Quincy, nor all-fascinating like Warren; yet, bound heart to heart with these great men, his friends, the plainest, simplest, austerest among them, he gathered all their separate gifts, and, adding to them from his own, fused the whole, in the glow of that untiring energy, that unerring perception, that sublime will, which moved before the chosen people of the colonies,—a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night.

Until 1768, Samuel Adams did not despair of a peaceful issue of the quarrel with Great Britain. But when in May of that year the British frigate Romney sailed into Boston harbor, and her shotted guns were trained upon the town, he saw that the question was changed. From that moment, he knew that America must be free or slave, and the unceasing effort of his life, by day and night, with tongue and pen, was to nerve his fellow-colonists to strike when the hour should come. On that gray December evening, two years later, when he rose in the Old South, and in a clear, calm voice said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country," and so gave the word for the march to the tea-ships, he comprehended more clearly, perhaps, than any man in the colonies, the immense and far-reaching consequences of his words. He was ready to throw the tea overboard, because he was ready to throw overboard the king and Parliament of England.

During the ten years from the passage of the Stamp Act to the fight at Lexington and Concord, this poor man, in an obscure provincial town beyond the sea, was engaged with the British ministry in one of the mightiest contests that history records. Not a word in Parliament, that he did not hear; not an act in the cabinet, that he did not see. Intrenched in his own honesty, the king's gold could not buy him. Enshrined in the love of his fellow-citizens, the king's writ could not take him. And when, on this morning, the king's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw, beyond the clouds of the moment, the rising sun of the America that we behold, and, careless of himself, mindful only of his country, he exultingly exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning!"

Yet this man held no office but that of clerk of the Assembly, to which he was yearly elected, and that of constant Moderator of the town-meeting. That was his mighty weapon. The

town-meeting was the alarm-bell with which he aroused the continent. It was the rapier with which he fenced with the ministry. It was the claymore with which he smote their counsels. It was the harp of a thousand strings that he swept into a burst of passionate defiance, or an electric call to arms, or a proud pæan of exulting triumph,—defiance, challenge, and exultation, all lifting the continent to independence. His indomitable will and command of the popular confidence, played Boston against London, the provincial town-meeting against the royal Parliament, Faneuil Hall against St. Stephen's. And as long as the American town-meeting is known, its great genius will be revered, who, with the town-meeting, overthrew an empire. So long as Faneuil Hall stands, Samuel Adams will not want his most fitting monument, and when Faneuil Hall falls, its name, with his, will be found written, as with a sunbeam, upon every faithful American heart.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

REVOLUTIONARY VETERANS HONORED.

(From Address at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825.)

VENERABLE men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country.

Behold, how altered! The same heavens are, indeed, over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown.

The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly

bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace.

The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee.

Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever.

He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example.

But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

> "another morn,
> Risen on mid-noon,"—

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes, was cloudless.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

NATHAN HALE.

Nathan Hale was born on the 6th of June, 1755, at Coventry, Connecticut. His early education was of that distinctly domestic type, under definite religious direction, which partook of the New England custom of those days. It looked forward to the best, and upward to the noblest, so that there was no service, for God or country, to which the boy, trained under its influence, might not aspire.

Such distinctly religious training as was given in those old Puritan congregations of New England, had its visible effect in the political struggle of that time. No one understands the political history of the Revolution who does not remember what had been, for a century and a half, their ecclesiastical history. They went into the contest with such confidence in their own local governments, and in their sufficiency to combine, with others, like themselves, that single towns declared war, separately, against George III. Where did such towns learn that lesson of self-reliance? Where did they learn that, when a great occasion should arise, such separate communities would stand shoulder to shoulder, as if united in the most absolute political power? It was simply the lesson of their Congregational Order, where every church, which is absolutely separate, for its own affairs, finds no difficulty in holding absolute unity with sister churches, against the common enemy of mankind. For one hundred and fifty years they had been learning that central lesson of the civil liberty of to-day, the lesson which gives life and form to every constitution which the last century has called into being,—the double lesson of local independence for local purposes, and of vital organic unity for national purposes.

Young Hale entered Yale College at fourteen, having, ultimately, the ministry in view. Just after the battle of Lexington, at a town-meeting, with the audacity of boyhood, he cried out, "Let us never lay down our arms till we have achieved independence!" Where had he learned that new word, not to be found in Shakespeare, or in Spenser, and, in Bacon, only as applied to the "Independents" of England? Is there on record

any earlier demand for independence than this bold utterance of the boy, Nathan Hale, in April, 1775?

Not yet two years out of college, he secured release from the school he was teaching, enlisted in Webb's regiment, the Seventh Connecticut,—by the 1st of September was promoted from lieutenant to captain, and on the 14th marched to Cambridge. He shared in the achievement at Dorchester, and his regiment was one of the five that first marched to New London and thence by water to New York. On the 29th of August, 1776, a sergeant and four of his men attempted to burn the frigate Phœnix, and did cut out one of her tenders, securing four cannon.

The war goes on. Where was Hale, as the weeks go by? He was on dangerous service. Washington needed immediate information of the enemy's plans. At a meeting of officers, when his wishes were made known, one answered, "I am willing to be shot; but not hung." When dead silence ensued, Hale, the youngest captain present, still pale from recent sickness, spoke out: "I will undertake it. If my country demands a peculiar service, its claims are imperious." These are the last words we can report of him, until those, near his death.

In the second week of September he made a successful attempt, taking with him his college diploma, to pass for a Connecticut school-master, and secured the information desired; but his boat failed to meet him. A British boat answered the signal. His notes, written in Latin, exposed him. He was taken to New York on that eventful 21st of September when five hundred of its buildings were burned, was summarily tried, and executed the next day. The brutal provost-marshal burned, before his face, the letters written to his friends, saying, as excuse, "The rebels shall not know they have a man who can die so bravely." A Bible was refused him, but he was permitted, in derision, "to address the people when he went to the gallows." One sentence makes his name immortal: "I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

WASHINGTON'S LAMENT FOR LAFAYETTE.

(The author of these lines served as lieutenant-colonel in the Revolution, then as Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, and then as Attorney-General of the United States. While a member of Washington's cabinet he visited Mount Vernon, and there put in this form his conversation with the President as to the imprisonment by Austria of their old comrade and friend Lafayette.)

THE LAMENT OF WASHINGTON.

As beside his cheerful fire, 'midst his happy family,
Sat a venerable sire, tears were starting in his eye,
Selfish blessings were forgot,
Whilst he thought on Fayette's lot,
Once so happy on our plains,
Now in poverty and chains.

"Fayette," cried he, "honored name,
Dear to these far-distant shores;
Fayette, fired by Freedom's flame,
Bled to make that Freedom ours;
What, alas, but this remains,
What, but poverty and chains!

"Soldiers, in our field of death
Was not Fayette foremost there?
Cold and shivering on the heath,
Did you not his bounty share?
What reward but this remains,
What, but poverty and chains!

"Hapless Fayette, 'midst thine error,
How my soul thy worth reveres!
Son of Freedom, tyrants' terror,
Hero of both hemispheres,
What reward for all remains,
What, but poverty and chains!

"Born to honors, ease, and wealth,
See him sacrifice them all;
Sacrificing, also, health,
At his country's glorious call.
What for thee, my friend, remains,
What, but poverty and chains!

"Thus, with laurels on his brow,
Belisarius begged for bread;
Thus, from Carthage forced to go,
Hannibal, an exile, fled.
Alas, Fayette at once sustains
Exile, poverty, and chains!

"Courage, child of Washington!
Though thy fate disastrous seems,
We have seen the setting sun
Rise and burn with brighter beams.
Thy country soon shall break thy chain,
And take thee to her arms again.
Thy country soon shall break thy chain,
And take thee to her arms again."

WILLIAM BRADFORD.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON AND JOHN JAY.

IT were, indeed, a bold task to venture to draw into comparison the relative merits of Jay and Hamilton on the fame and fortunes of their country. In patriotic attachment equal, yet was that attachment far different in kind. With Hamilton it was a sentiment, with Jay a principle; with Hamilton enthusiastic passion, with Jay duty as well as love; with Hamilton patriotism was the paramount law, with Jay a law *sub graviori lege*. Either would have gone through fire and water to do his country a service,—Hamilton with the roused courage of the lion, Jay with the calm fearlessness of a man; or rather, Hamilton's courage would have been that of the soldier, Jay's that of the Christian. Of the latter it might be truly said,—

> "Conscience made him firm,
> That boon companion, who her strong breastplate
> Buckles on him that fears no guilt within,
> And bids him on, and fear not."

In intellectual power, in depth, and grasp, and versatility of mind, as well as in all the splendid and brilliant parts which captivate and adorn, Hamilton was greatly, not to say immeasurably, Jay's superior. In the calm and deep wisdom of practical duty,—in the government of others, and, still more, in the government of himself,—in seeing clearly the right, and following it whithersoever it might lead, firmly, patiently, self-deniedly, Jay was again greatly, if not immeasurably, Hamilton's superior.

Hamilton's mind had in it more of "constructive" power, Jay's of "executive." Hamilton had genius, Jay had wisdom. We would have taken Hamilton to plan a government, and Jay to carry it into execution; and, in a court of law, we would have Hamilton for our advocate, if our cause were generous, and Jay for judge, if our cause were just.

Hamilton's civil official life was a brief and single, though brilliant, one. Jay's numbered the years of a generation, and exhausted every department of diplomatic, civil, and judicial trust. In fidelity to their country, both were pure to their hearts' core; yet was Hamilton loved, perhaps, more than trusted, and Jay trusted, perhaps, more than loved.

Such were they in points of character. Their lives, when viewed from a distance, stand out in equally striking contrast. Jay's, viewed as a whole, has in it a completeness of parts, such as a nicer critic demands for the perfection of an epic poem, with its beginning of promise, its heroic middle, and its peaceful end, and partaking, too, somewhat of the same cold stateliness,—noble, however, still and glorious, and ever pointing, as such poem does, to the stars,—*sic itur ad astra*. The life of Hamilton, on the other hand, is broken and fragmentary, begun in the darkness of romantic interest, running on into the sympathy of all high passion, and at length breaking off in the midst, like some half-told tale of sorrow, amid tears and blood, even as does the theme of the tragic poet. Hamilton had his frailties, arising out of passion, as tragic heroes have. Jay's name was faultless,

and his course passionless, as becomes the epic leader, and, in point of fact, was, while living, a name at which frailty blushed and corruption trembled.

If we ask, whence, humanly speaking, came such disparity of fate between equals, the stricter morals, the happier life, the more peaceful death, to what can we trace it but to the healthful power of religion over the heart and conduct? Was not this the ruling secret? Hamilton was a Christian in his youth, and a penitent Christian, we doubt not, on his dying bed; but Jay was a Christian, as far as man may judge, every day and hour of his life. He had but one rule, the gospel of Christ; in that he was nurtured,—ruled by that; through grace he lived,—resting on that, in prayer, he died.

Admitting both names to be objects of our highest sympathetic admiration, yet with the name of Hamilton, as the master says of tragedy, the lesson is given "with pity and in fear." Not so with that of Jay; with him we walk fearless, as in the steps of one who was a Christian, as well as a patriot.

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS.

JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON.

(From Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, delivered at Faneuil Hall, August 2, 1826.)

ADAMS and Jefferson are no more. On our fiftieth anniversary, the great day of national jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, in the midst of echoing and re-echoing voices of thanksgiving, while their own names were on all tongues, they took their flight, together, to the world of spirits.

As human beings, indeed, they are no more. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live forever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they

live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world.

A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that, when it glimmers, in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows; but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit.

Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused, by the touch of his miraculous wand, to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on, in the orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space.

No two men now live—perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived, in one age—who, more than those we now commemorate, have impressed their own sentiments, in regard to politics and government, on mankind, infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep; it has sent them to the very centre; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens.

We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come in which the American Revolution will appear less than it is, one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come in which it will cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July, 1776.

And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant, or so unjust, as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of these we now honor, in producing that momentous event.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE COLLEAGUES OF JOHN ADAMS.

(Extract from Eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, delivered at Faneuil Hall, August 2, 1826.)

IT would be unjust on this occasion to omit a most respectful, affectionate, and grateful mention of those other great men, his colleagues, who stood with him, and, with the same spirit, the same devotion, took part in the interesting transaction. Hancock, the proscribed Hancock, exiled from his home by a military governor, cut off, by proclamation, from the mercy of the crown, for him Heaven reserved the distinguished honor of putting this great question to the vote, and of writing his name first, and most conspicuously, on that parchment which spoke in defiance to the power of the crown of England.

There, too, is the name of that other proscribed patriot, Samuel Adams; a man who hungered and thirsted for the independence of his country; who thought the Declaration halted and lingered, being himself not only ready, but eager for it, long before it was proposed; a man of the deepest sagacity, the clearest foresight, and the profoundest judgment of men.

And there is Gerry, himself among the earliest and the foremost of the patriots, found, when the battle of Lexington summoned them to common councils, by the side of Warren; a man who lived to serve his country at home and abroad, and to die in the second place in the government.

There, too, is the inflexible, the upright, the Spartan character, Robert Treat Paine. He also lived to serve his country through the struggle, and then withdrew from her councils only that he might give his labors and his life to his native State, in another relation. These names are the treasures of the Commonwealth, and they are treasures which grow brighter by time.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

(John Quincy Adams, on the 21st of February, 1848, while in his seat in the Capitol, was struck with paralysis, and died on the 23d of that month. His last words were, "This is the last of earth,—I am content." Of all the tributes to his memory, not one is more tender and just than that of Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, delivered the week after his death.)

ADDRESS.

The mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come unto us from a sister State,—Massachusetts, weeping for her honored son. The State, I in part represent, once endured with her a common suffering, battled for a common cause, and rejoiced in a common triumph. Surely, then, it is meet that in this, the day of her affliction, we should mingle our griefs.

When a great man falls, the nations mourn; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times has been suddenly snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered, are closed in death. Yes, Death has been among us. He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant; he has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation. His footstep has been heard in the halls of state. He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people. He has borne from among you the gravest, wisest, most honored head. Ah, he has taken him, as a trophy, who was once chief over many statesmen, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth; he has borne at his chariot-wheels a renowned one of the earth.

How often we have crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the venerable sage, we can all remember; for it was but of yesterday! But what a change! How wondrous! How sudden! 'Tis like a vision of the night. That form which we beheld, but a few days since, is now cold in death.

But the last Sabbath, and in this hall, he worshipped with

others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs, and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him, "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone, and forever. The sun that ushers in the morn of that next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the Capitol, shall rest with soft and mellow light upon the consecrated spot beneath whose turf forever lies the Patriot Father, and the Patriot Sage.

ISAAC EDWARD HOLMES.

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON, THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

COME to the window, old man. Come, and look your last upon this beautiful earth. The day is dying, the year is dying, you are dying; so light, and leaf, and life, mingle in one common death, as they shall mingle in one resurrection.

Clad in a dark morning gown that reveals the outline of his tall form, now bent with age, once so beautiful in its erect manhood, rises a man from his chair, which is covered with pillows, and totters to the window, spreading forth his thin white hands. Did you ever see an old man's face that combines all the sweetness of childhood with the vigor of mature intellect? Snow-white hair, in waving flakes, around a high and open brow; eyes that gleam with clear light; a mouth moulded in an expression of benignity, almost divine!

It is the 14th of November, 1832; the hour is sunset, and the man, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last of the Signers. Ninety-five years of age, a weak and trembling old man, he has summoned all his strength, and gone along the carpeted chamber, to the window, his dark gown contrasted with the purple curtains. He is the last! Of the noble fifty-six who, in the Revolution, stood forth, undismayed by the axe or the gibbet, their mission the freedom of an age, the salvation of a country, he alone remains. One by one the pillars have crumbled from the roof of the temple, and now the last, a trembling column, glows in the sunlight, as it is about to fall.

But, for the pillar that crumbles, there is no hope that it shall ever tower aloft in its pride again; while for this old man, about to sink into the night of the grave, there is a glorious hope. His memory will live. His soul will live, not only in the presence of God, but on the tongues and in the hearts of millions. The band in which he counts one, can never be forgotten. The last! As the venerable man stands before us, the declining day imparts a warm flush to his face, and surrounds his brow with a halo of light. His lips move, without sound; he is recalling the scenes of the Declaration; he is murmuring the names of his brothers in the good work.

All gone but him! Upon the woods, dyed with the rainbow of the closing year; upon the stream, darkened by masses of shadow; upon the home peeping out from among the leaves, falls, mellowing, the last light of the declining day. He will never see the sun rise again. He feels that the silver cord is slowly, gently loosening; he knows the golden bowl is crumbling, at the fountain's brink. But death comes on him as a sleep, as a pleasant dream, as a kiss from beloved lips. He feels that the land of his birth has become a mighty people, and thanks God that he was permitted to behold its blossoms of hope ripen into full life.

In the recess, near the window, you behold an altar of prayer; above it, glowing in the fading light, the image of Jesus seems smiling, even in agony, around that death-chamber. The old man turns aside from the window. Tottering on, he kneels beside the altar, his long dark robe drooping over the floor. He reaches forth his white hands, he raises his eyes to the face of the Crucified. There, in the sanctity of an old man's last prayer, we will leave him. There, where, amid the deepening shadows, glows the image of the Saviour; there, where the light falls over the mild face, the waving hair, and tranquil eyes of the aged patriarch!

The smile of the Saviour was upon that perilous day, the 4th of July, 1776; and now that its promise has brightened into fruition, He seems to smile, He does smile, again, even as His sculptured image meets the dying gaze of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last of the Signers.

GEORGE LIPPARD.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

(The following is an extract from the O'Connell Centennial Address, delivered by Wendell Phillips, at Boston, August 6, 1875. This address was subsequently written out in full by its eloquent author, and was republished in the *Boston Pilot* of February 16, 1884. The speech is without its equal, as an exponent of Mr. Phillips's views of human liberty, no less than as a just tribute to the subject of the address. It belongs to history as the dispassionate estimate, by an extraordinary man, of Ireland's great liberator.)

A HUNDRED years ago to-day, Daniel O'Connell was born. The Irish race, wherever scattered, pay tribute to his memory,—to one of the most eloquent men, one of the most devoted patriots, and the most successful statesman which that race has given to history. We, of other races, may well join in that tribute, since the cause of constitutional government owes more to Mr. O'Connell than to any other political leader for the last two centuries. If to put the civil and social elements of your day into successful action, and plant the seeds of continued strength and progress for coming time; if this is to be a statesman, then, most emphatically, he was one. To exert this control and secure this progress while, and because, ample means lie ready for use under your hand, does not rob Walpole and Colbert, Chatham and Richelieu, of their title to be considered statesmen. When Napoleon's soldiers bore the negro chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture, into exile, he said, pointing back to San Domingo, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty. But I am only a branch. I have planted the tree so deep that ages will never root it up." O'Connell is the only Irishman who can say as much of Ireland. He found her a mass of quarrelling races and sects, divided, dispirited, broken-hearted, and servile. He made her a nation! His generous aid, thrown into the scale of the three great British reforms, the ballot, the corn laws, and slavery, secured their success. He ranks not with founders of States, like Alexander, Cæsar, Bismarck, Napoleon, and William the Silent, but with men who, without arms, by force of reason, have revolutionized their times,—with Luther, Jefferson, Mazzini, Samuel Adams, Garrison, and Franklin. Grattan, with all the courage and more than the eloquence of his race; Emmet in the field, Sheridan in the senate, and, above

all, Edmund Burke, whose name makes eulogy superfluous, gave their lives to Ireland; and when the present century opened, where was she? It was then that Daniel O'Connell gave fifty years to the service of his country; and to-day, she is not only redeemed, but her independence put beyond doubt or peril. He created a public opinion and unity of purpose which make Ireland a nation.

Fifty or sixty years hence, when scorn of race has vanished, and bigotry lessened, it may be possible for Ireland to be safe while holding the position to England that Scotland does; but during this generation, and the next, O'Connell was wise in claiming that Ireland's rights would never be safe without "Home Rule." His tireless patience was unexampled. That every man should be allowed freely to worship God according to his conscience, that no man's civil rights should be affected by his religious creed, were both cardinal principles of O'Connell. I have no time to speak of his marvellous success at the bar; nor of his courage, that met every new question frankly; his entireness of devotion, that made the people feel that he was entirely their own; that masterly brain, that made them always sure that they were safe in his hands!

When I consider O'Connell's personal disinterestedness; his rare, brave fidelity to every cause his principles covered, no matter how unpopular; that clear, far-reaching vision, and true heart, which on most moral and political questions set him so much ahead of his times; his eloquence, almost equally effective in the courts, in the senate, and before the masses; that sagacity, which set at naught the malignant vigilance of the whole Imperial bar, watching thirty years for a misstep; when I see the sobriety and moderation with which he used his measureless power, and the lofty, generous purpose of his whole life, I am ready to affirm that he was, all things considered, the greatest man the Irish race ever produced.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,—
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on,—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud,
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;—
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;—
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;—
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee,—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

The eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner of his exhibition of his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner. These qualities enabled him, through such a long course of years, to speak often, and yet always command attention. His demeanor as a senator is known to us all,—is appreciated, venerated by us all. No man was more respectful to others; no man carried himself with greater decorum; no man with superior dignity.

He had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was, unspotted integrity, unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations, they were high, honorable, and noble. There was nothing grovelling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest in the principles that he espoused, and in the measures that he defended, aside from that large regard for that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive, or selfish feeling.

However he may have differed from others in his political opinions, or his political principles, those principles and those opinions will now descend to posterity under the sanction of a great name. He is now an historical character. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a great recollection, that we have lived in his age, that we have been his contemporaries, that we have seen him, and heard him, and known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And when the time shall come when we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism. Daniel Webster.

HENRY CLAY.

Henry Clay was the favorite son, the pride, the glory of Kentucky; but his life for forty years has been, literally, that of his country. He was so identified with the government for forty years of its existence, that, during that time, hardly any act which has redounded to its honor, its present prosperity, its present rank among the nations of the earth, can be spoken of without calling to mind involuntarily the lineaments of his noble person. It would be difficult to determine whether in peace or war, in the field of legislation or of diplomacy, in the spring-tide of his life or in its golden ebb, he won the highest honor. In all the points of practical statesmanship, he encountered no superior in any of the employments which his constituents, or his country, conferred upon him.

He was indebted to no adventitious circumstances for the success and glory of his life. Sprung from an humble stock, "he was fashioned to much honor from his cradle," and he achieved it by the noble use of the means which God and nature had given him. He was no scholar, and had none of the advantages of collegiate education. But there was a "divinity that stirred within him." This mighty genius was accompanied in him by all the qualities necessary to sustain its action and to make it most irresistible.

His person was tall and commanding, and his demeanor

> "Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
> But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

He was direct and honest, ardent and fearless, prompt to form his own opinions, always bold in their avowal, and sometimes impetuous, or even rash, in their vindication. In the performance of his duties he feared no responsibility. He scorned all evasion or untruth. No pale thoughts ever troubled his decisive mind. "Be just and fear not" was the sentiment of his heart and the principle of his action. It regulated his conduct in private and public life; all the ends he aimed at were his country's, his God's, and truth's.

Such was Henry Clay, and such were his talents, qualities, and objects. Nothing but success and honor could attend such a

character. For nearly half a century he was an informing spirit, a brilliant and heroic figure, in our political sphere, marshalling our country in the way she ought to go. The great objects of his life were, to preserve and strengthen the Union; to maintain the Constitution and laws of the United States; to cherish industry; to protect labor; and to facilitate, by all proper national improvements, the communication between all the parts of our widely-extended country. This was his "American system" of policy. With inflexible patriotism he pursued and advocated it, to his end. He was every inch an American. His heart, and all that there was of him, were devoted to his country, to its liberty, and its free institutions. He inherited the spirit of the Revolution, in the midst of which he was born; and the love of liberty and the pride of freedom were in him principles of action. As against the injurious designs of visionary politicians or party demagogues, he may be almost said to have been, during forty years, the guardian angel of the country. He never would compromise the public interest for anybody or for any personal advantage to himself. He was the advocate of liberty throughout the world, and his voice of cheering was raised in behalf of every people who struggled for freedom. Greece, awakened from a long sleep of servitude, heard his voice, and was reminded of her own Demosthenes. South America, too, in her struggle for independence, heard his brave words of encouragement, and her fainting heart was animated and her arm made strong.

Henry Clay is the fair exponent of the age in which he lived, an age which forms the greatest and brightest era in the history of man, and with its chivalrous and benignant spirit he was thoroughly imbued. He was indeed moulded by it, and made in its own image. When the storms of state beat around and threatened to overwhelm him, his exclamation was still heard, "Truth is mighty and public justice certain." His appeal was not in vain. What a magnificent and heroic figure does Henry Clay here present to the world! The passions of party subsided, truth and justice resumed their sway, and his generous countrymen repaid him, for all the wrong they had done him, with gratitude, affection, and admiration, in his life, and tears for his death. He was ambitious, but in him, ambition was virtue. It

sought only the proper, fair objects of honorable ambition, and it sought these by honorable means only, by so serving the country as to deserve its favors. He was in the highest sense a great man; but he has gone to join the mighty dead in another and better world. His fame, the memory of his benefactions, the lessons of his wisdom, all remain with us; over these death has no power.

Glorious as his life was, there was nothing that became him like the leaving it. Conscious of his approaching end, he prepared to meet it with all the resignation of a Christian hero. Patience, meekness, and gentleness shone round him like a mild, celestial light, breaking upon him from another world:

"And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give, he died, fearing God."

JOHN JORDAN CRITTENDEN.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

(From Address at the Webster Centennial, Boston, January 18, 1882.)

IT is but a poor tribute that I can pay, for Massachusetts, to her greatest statesman, her mightiest orator. For years he was her synonyme. With what matchless grandeur he defended her! With what overwhelming power he impressed her convictions upon the national life! It was the resistless logic of his discussion, the household familiarity of his simple but overmastering statement, the eloquence, clear as crystal, precipitated in the school-books and literature of our people, which had trained up the generation of twenty years ago to regard this nation as one, to love the flag with a patriotism which knew no faction or section, to be loyal to the whole country, and to find in its Constitution the power to suppress any hand or combination against it.

A great man touches the heart of a people as well as their intelligence. They not only admire, they love him. It sometimes seems as if they sought in him some weakness of our common nature, that they may chide, forgive, and thus endear him to themselves the more.

Massachusetts had her friction with the younger Adams, only to lay him away with profounder honor, and to remember him, devotedly, as the defender of the right of petition, and "the old man eloquent." She forgave the overweening confidence of Sumner, revoked her unjust censure, and points her youth to him as the unsullied patriot, without fear or reproach, who stood and spoke for equal rights.

Massachusetts smote and broke the heart of her idol, Webster, and then broke her own above his grave, but to-day writes his name highest upon her roll of statesmen.

It seems disjointed to say that with such might as his, the impression that comes from his silhouette upon the background of our history, is that of sadness, the sadness of his great deep eyes, the sadness of the lonely shore he loved, and by which he sleeps.

The story of Webster from the beginning has the very pathos of romance. A minor chord runs through it, like the tenderest note in a song. What eloquence, to tears, is in that narrative which reveals in this giant of intellectual strength the heart, the single loving heart, of a child, as he describes a winter sleigh-ride through the New Hampshire hills, when his father told him that he should have a college education at whatever cost, and he could not speak, but only laid his head upon his father's shoulder and wept!

The greatness of Webster and his title to enduring gratitude have impressive illustration. He taught the people of the United States, in the simplicity of common understanding, the principles of the Constitution and the government of our country, and wrought for them in a style of matchless strength and beauty the literature of statesmanship. From his lips flowed the discussion of constitutional law, of economic philosophy, of finance, of international right, of national grandeur, and of the whole range of high public themes, so clear and so judicial that it was no longer discussion, but judgment. To-day, and so will it be while the republic endures, the student and the legislator will draw from the fountain of his statements the enunciation of those principles. What other authority holds second, or even third place? His words have embedded themselves in our common phraseology, and they come to the tongue like passages from the Psalms or the poets. Thus Webster made his

words the household words of a nation. They are the library of a people. They inspired and still inspire patriotism. They taught and still teach loyalty. They are the inwrought and accepted fibre of American politics. If the temple of our republic shall ever fall, they will "still live," like those foundation-stones of ancient ruins, which stand in lonely grandeur, unburied in the dust, making man to wonder from what rare quarry and by what mighty force they came.

To Webster, almost more than to any other man, it is due to say, in the generous spirit of this occasion, that wherever a son of America, at home or abroad, "beholds the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured," he can utter a prouder boast than "*Civis Romanus sum*" when he says, "I am an American citizen."

JOHN DAVIS LONG.

CHARLES SUMNER.

(From Address in Faneuil Hall at the Sumner Memorial, March 12, 1874.)

CHARLES SUMNER has departed. It is too soon for his eulogy; too soon for his history. Our minds are full of his living image. In character he was a moral hero. In learning and experience he was a model statesman, the great senator, always the friend of the oppressed and defenceless, the advocate of liberty for its own sake, and the tireless champion of human rights for all men. His forensic efforts had all the boldness and fervency of Chatham combined with the classic purity and elegance of Burke, whom in countenance he so strongly resembled. Through a long career the advocate of an unpopular cause, no man ever assailed the sincerity of his motives, the blamelessness of his life, or his stainless fidelity. Suspicion found no lodgement upon the guileless simplicity of his deeds. He despised duplicity, and revolted at everything that was dishonest. The good name of his native State was as dear to him as his own reputation, and in the discharge of his public trusts, his patriotism was the sure guardian of the national renown.

In the contemplation of such a character, how grand is justice, how radiant is truth, how lovable is fidelity, how inestimable is personal honor!

To a remarkable degree Mr. Sumner exhibited his life, as it were, in duplicate, for while engaged in the activities of his career, he seemed a historic personage. There was a breadth to his statesmanship which transcended the measure of his generation, while the affluence of his learning supported it with examples from the past, and pointed out the way of safety in the future. With comprehensive sagacity he discussed the philosophy of government in passing events, seized and acted upon results he believed would be ultimately certain, long before they transpired, outran his time, and, when the world overtook him, he appeared to be living only what had been already recorded.

He passed out of the world in the maturity of his manhood, and his deeds and example will live forever, as potential forces, in the veneration and gratitude of posterity. Thus, in this world, is his mortality swallowed up in life.

His spirit has gone to that higher Congress above, where the noblest and purest of earth sit together, evermore, in the presence and love of that Divine Father and Guide who is none other than the King of kings and the Lord of lords. O Grave, thou canst receive of the departed statesman only another clod of thy kindred dust! O Death, thou art robbed of thy shining victory; for again the holy declaration is fulfilled, and this mortal hath put on immortality!

ALEXANDER HAMILTON RICE.

CHARLES SUMNER.

(From Memorial Address delivered in the U. S. Senate, March 12, 1874.)

MISSISSIPPI regrets the death of Charles Sumner and sincerely unites in paying honors to his memory; not because of the splendor of his intellect, though in him was extinguished one of the brightest lights which have illustrated the councils of the government for nearly a quarter of a century; not because of the high culture, the elegant scholarship, and the varied learning, which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public

efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnson's felicitous expression, "He touched nothing which he did not adorn,"—not this, but because of those peculiar and strongly-marked moral traits of his character, which gave the coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career, making himself, to a part of his countrymen, the object of as deep and passionate hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration; and which are not less the cause that unites all these parties, so widely different, in a common sorrow, to-day, over his lifeless remains.

Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom; and was educated, from his earliest infancy, to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him, in fact, the creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers, or a result of education. It was a grand intuitive truth, inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been to deny that he himself existed; and, along with this all-controlling love of freedom, he possessed a moral sensibility, keenly intense and vivid,—a conscientiousness which would never permit him to swerve, by the breadth of a hair, from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have, in all ages, given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

Let me do this great man the justice which, amid the excitements of the struggle between the sections, now past, many have been disposed to deny him. In his fiery zeal, and his earnest warfare against the wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity towards the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced. It has been the kindness of his sympathy, which, in these later years, he has displayed to the impoverished and suffering people of the Southern States, that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect, I might say, even of my admiration. Nor, in the manifestation of this, has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and

present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to doubt his sincerity. The spirit of magnanimity, therefore, which breathes in his utterances and manifests itself in all his acts affecting the South, was as evidently honest as it was grateful to the feelings of those to whom it was displayed.

It was certainly a gracious act towards the South, though it jarred upon the sensibility of the people at the other extreme of the Union, to propose to erase from the banners of the National Army the mementos of the bloody internal struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride, or wounding the sensibilities, of the Southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people, so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But, while it touched her heart and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation. Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidence of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they can but cherish the recollections of the battles fought, and the victories won, in defence of a hopeless cause; and, respecting, as all true and brave men must, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementos of heroism and victory from either records, monuments, or battle-flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section, not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them as a common heritage of American valor.

LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

DEATH sitteth in the Capitol! His sable wing
Hung its black shadow o'er a country's hope,
And, lo! a nation bendeth down in tears!
A few short weeks, and all was jubilee,—

The air was musical with happy sounds,—
The future full of promise; joyous smiles
Beamed on each freeman's face, and lighted up
The gentle eye of beauty.

The Hero came,—a noble, good old man,—
Strong in the wealth of his high purposes.
Age sat upon him with a gentle grace,
Giving unto his manhood dignity,
Imbuing it with pure and lofty thoughts,
As pictures owe their mellow hues to time.
He stood before the people. Theirs had been
The vigor of his youth, his manhood's strength;
And now his green old age was yielded up
To answer their behest.

Thousands had gathered round that marble dome,
Silent and motionless in their deep reverence,
Save when there gushed the heaving throb
And low tumultuous breath of patriot hearts,
Surcharged with grateful joy. The mighty dead
Bent gently o'er him with their spirit wings,
As solemnly he took the earthly state,
Which flung its purple o'er his path to Heaven.

The oath was said, and then one mighty pulse
Seemed throbbing through the multitude,—
Faces were lifted upward, and a prayer
Of deep thanksgiving winged that vow to Heaven.
In Heaven, the Hero answered it.

Time slept on flowers, and lent his glass to Hope,—
One little month his golden sands had sped,
When, mingling with the music of our joy,
Arose and swelled a low funereal strain,
So sad and mournful that a nation heard,
And trembled as she wept!

Darkness is o'er the land,
For, lo! a death-flag streams upon the breeze.
The Hero hath departed!

Nay, let us weep. Our grief hath need of tears,—
Tears should embalm the dead; and there is one,
A gentle woman, with her clinging love,
Who wrung her heart that she might give him up
To his high destiny. Tears are for her,—
She knoweth not how low her heart is laid.*
From battle-fields, where strife was fiercely waged,
And human blood-drops fell a crimson rain,
He had returned to her. God help thee, lady,
Look not for him now!
Throned in a nation's love, he sunk to sleep,
And so awoke in Heaven!

ANN SOPHIA W. STEPHENS.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

(Extracts from Memorial Sermon.)

A MAN has fallen. I do not mean a mere male, human animal. I speak of that which God meant, when He said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." A man, that has a mind and uses it. A man, that has a heart and yields to it. A man, that shapes his circumstances. A man, that cares not for himself. A man, with the simplicity of a child. A man, with the directness of a child. A man, with the freshness and earnestness of a child. A man, in justice. A man, in generosity. A man, in magnanimity. A man, to meet emergencies. A man, to dare not only, but to bear. A man, of love. A man, without a fear. A thunder-bolt in war, a dew-drop in the day of peace. One that, against the fearful odds of five to one, could sway the battle-storm at Buena Vista, and then, from the very arms and lap of victory, write to one whose gallant son had died to make its crown, "When I miss his familiar face, I can say with truth that I feel no exultation in our success." Truly, a man "has fallen in Israel." And a great man has fallen,—great, in act. His masterly defence of Fort Harrison, when but a captain in the service, where the terrors of impending conflagration were added to the midnight onslaught of Indians; his conduct of

* Mrs. Harrison, then absent.

the war in Florida, against the same foe; the gallant movement to Point Isabel, achieving Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma; the storming of Monterey; the crowning victory at Buena Vista, are glorious, but now painful reminiscences of the military career of him beside whose grave a nation weeps, to assure us that a great man has been taken from our Israel.

And more illustrious even than in these, the greatness that knew how to bear such victories; the greatness of moderation; the greatness of modesty; the greatness of self-conquest and control; these do but wound our bleeding hearts more deeply, while they swell them with a fuller, higher admiration of the real greatness of the great man who has gone from us to-day.

"General Taylor rises before us in all the glory of the hero, in all the majesty of the patriot, whose name and deeds are indelibly written on the tablet of the nation's gratitude." This is the true out-speaking of the heart when its deep pulses have been deeply touched. Such is the moral conquest of a man, wide as humanity in its extent. Such is the triumph which a great man, great in doing, or great in suffering, can achieve, beyond the lustre of all arms, beyond the splendor of all arts. Such is the true and real glory of the princes among men,—not of ancestral line, but that they rule in hearts; that they are felt, as princes, among freemen; and that, when they have passed from power and from life, men will stand up, and mourn as David mourned for Abner, and weep as David wept, and say as David said, and challenge all the world for a denial, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Extracts from Funeral Sermon preached April 17, 1865.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is dead. Probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply and firmly enshrined in the very hearts of the American people. Nor was it a mistaken confidence and love. He deserved it well, and deserved it all. He is dead. But the memory of his virtues, of his wise and

patriotic counsels and labors, of his calm and steady faith in God, lives, and will be a power for good in the country quite down to the end of time.

He is dead, but the cause he so ardently loved, so ably and faithfully represented and defended, not for himself only, but for all people in all coming generations,—that cause survives his fall, and will survive it; and the language of God's united providence is telling us, that, though the friends of liberty may die, liberty itself is immortal. There is no assassin strong enough, and no weapon deadly enough, to quench its inextinguishable life, or arrest its onward march to the conquest and empire of the world.

Our beloved President is slain; but our beloved country is saved; and so tears of gratitude mingle with those of sorrow. God be praised that our fallen chief lived long enough to see the day dawn, and the day-star of joy and peace arise upon the nation! He saw it and was glad. Alas! alas! he only saw the dawn. When the sun has arisen full-orbed and glorious, and a happy, reunited people are rejoicing in its light, it will shine upon his grave; but that grave will be a precious and a consecrated spot. The friends of liberty and of the Union will repair to it in years and ages to come, to pronounce the memory of its occupant blessed; and, gathering from his very ashes, and from the rehearsal of his deeds and virtues, fresh incentives to patriotism, they will there renew their vows of fidelity to their country and their God.

P. D. Gurley.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

(A favorite hymn with President Lincoln, and properly associated with his memory.)

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings at rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage; and the heart of the brave,—
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,—
Have faded away, like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away, to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life they are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved; but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned; but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved; but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed; but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died; ay, they died; we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies on their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

(From Memorial Oration before both Houses of Congress, February 27, 1882.)

LINCOLN fell at the close of a mighty struggle, in which the passions of men had been deeply stirred. Garfield was slain in a day of peace, when brother had been reconciled to brother, and when anger and hate had been banished from the land. From two sources, the English Puritan and the French Huguenot, came the late President. It was good stock on both sides. There was in it an inheritance of courage, of manliness, of imperishable love of liberty, of undying adherence to principle. His family, he said, were at Marston Moor, at Naseby, and at Preston; they were at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, and at Monmouth; and in his own person had battled in the same great cause which preserved the Union of the States. General Garfield was a poor boy, in the same sense in which Henry Clay was a poor boy; in which Andrew Jackson was a poor boy; in which Daniel Webster was a poor boy; in the sense in which a large majority of the eminent men of America, of all generations, have been poor boys. The poverty of the frontier, where all are engaged in a common struggle, and where a common sympathy and hearty co-operation lighten the burdens of each, is

indeed no poverty. General Garfield's youth presented no hardships which family love and family energy did not overcome, subjected him to no privations which he did not cheerfully accept, and left no memories save those which were recalled with delight, and transmitted with profit and with pride.

At eighteen years of age he was able to teach school, and at the age of twenty-two to enter the Junior class of Williams College, and, receiving his diploma when twenty-four years of age, he seemed at one bound to spring into conspicuous success. Within six years he was president of a college, State senator of Ohio, major-general of the army, and representative-elect to the National Congress. A combination of honors so varied, within a period so brief and to a man so young, is without precedent or parallel in the history of the country.

The great measure of Garfield's fame was filled by his service in the House of Representatives, which he entered but seven years from his college graduation. His military life, illustrated by honorable performance and rich in promise, was, as he felt himself, prematurely terminated, and necessarily incomplete. As a lawyer, though admirably equipped for the profession, he can scarcely be said to have entered on its practice. As a parliamentary orator, as a debater on an issue squarely joined, where the position had been chosen and the ground laid out, Garfield must be assigned a very high rank.

In the beginning of his Presidential life, Garfield's experience did not yield him pleasure or satisfaction. But while many of the executive duties were not grateful to him, he was assiduous and conscientious in their discharge. From the very outset he exhibited administrative talent of a high order. With perfect comprehension of all the inheritances of the war, with a cool calculation of the obstacles in his way, impelled always by a generous enthusiasm, Garfield conceived that much might be done towards restoring harmony between the different sections of the Union. He was an American in all his aspirations, and he looked to the destiny of the United States with the philosophic composure of Jefferson and the demonstrative confidence of John Adams. The religious element in Garfield's character was deep and earnest. Its crowning characteristic element was charity, liberality. In all things, he had charity.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, the President was a contented and happy man,—not in any ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly, happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man.

His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave. Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for hearing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

(From Address in Tremont Temple, Boston, October 22, 1885.)

ANOTHER name is added to the roll of those whom the world will not willingly let die. Under a serene sky he laid down his life, and the nation wept. The path to his tomb is worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims. The lips of slander are silent, and even criticism hesitates, lest some incautious word should mar the history of the modest, gentle, magnanimous warrior. The whole nation watched his passage through humiliating misfortunes with unfeigned sympathy; the whole world sighed when his life ended.

Grant entered into the sulphurous flames of war almost unknown. It was with difficulty that he could obtain a command.

Once set forward, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, and Appomattox were his footsteps. In four years he had risen, without political favor, from the bottom, to the very highest command, not second to any living commander in any part of the world.

For more than four years there were more than a million of men on each side, stretched out on a line of between one and two thousand miles, and a blockade rigorously enforced along a coast of an equal extent. During that time there were fought more than two thousand engagements,—two thousand two hundred and sixty-one, of record. Amid this sea of blood, there shot up great battles, that for numbers, fighting, and losses, will rank with the great battles of the world.

When his work was done, this man of blood was as tender towards his late adversaries as a woman towards a son! He imposed no humiliating conditions, spared the feelings of his antagonists, sent home the disbanded Southern men with food, and horses for working their crops, and when a revengeful spirit in the executive chair showed itself, and threatened the chief Southern generals, Grant, with a holy indignation, interposed himself, and compelled his superior to relinquish his rash purpose.

A man he was, without vices, with an absolute hatred of lies, and an ineradicable love of truth, of a perfect loyalty to friendship, neither envious of others nor selfish of himself. With a zeal for the public good unfeigned he has left to memory only such weaknesses as connect him with humanity, and such virtues as will rank him among heroes.

The tidings of his death, long expected, gave a shock to the whole world. Governments, rulers, eminent statesmen, and scholars from all civilized nations, gave sincere tokens of sympathy. For the hour, sympathy rolled as a wave over the whole land. It closed the last furrow of war; it extinguished the last prejudice; it effaced the last vestige of hatred; and cursed be the hand that shall bring them back!

Johnston and Buckner (of the Confederates) on one side of his bier, and Sherman and Sheridan (of the Federals) upon the other, he has come to his tomb, a silent symbol that liberty had conquered slavery, and peace war.

He rests in peace! No drum or cannon shall disturb his slumber!

Sleep, hero, sleep, until another trumpet shall shake the heavens and the earth! Then come forth to glory and immortality!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

VICTORIA OF ENGLAND.

JUBILEE ODE. (1887.)

NOT as our empress do we come to greet thee,
August Victoria,
On this auspicious Jubilee:
Wide as Old England's realms extend,
O'er earth and sea,—
Her flag in every clime unfurled,
Her morning drum-beat compassing the world,—
Yet here her sway imperial finds an end,
In our loved land of liberty!

Nor is it as our queen for us to hail thee,
Excellent majesty,
On this auspicious Jubilee:
Long, long ago our patriot fathers broke
The tie which bound us to a foreign yoke,
And made us free;
Subjects thenceforward of ourselves alone,
We pay no homage to an earthly throne,—
Only to God we bend the knee!

Still, still, to-day and here, thou hast a part,
Illustrious lady,
In every honest Anglo-Saxon heart,
Albeit untrained to notes of loyalty:
As lovers of our old ancestral race,—
In reverence for the goodness and the grace
Which lend thy fifty years of royalty
A monumental glory on the historic page,
Emblazoning them forever, as the Victorian Age,—

For all the virtue, faith, and fortitude,
  The piety and truth,
Which mark thy noble womanhood,
  As erst thy golden youth,—
We also would do honor to thy name,
Joining our distant voices to the loud acclaim
  Which rings o'er earth and sea,
In attestation of the just renown
Thy reign has added to the British Crown!

Meanwhile, no swelling sounds of exultation
  Can banish from our memory,
  On this auspicious Jubilee,
A saintly figure, standing at thy side,
The cherished consort of thy power and pride,
Through weary years the subject of thy tears,
  And mourned in every nation,—
Whose latest words a wrong to us withstood,
The friend of peace,—Albert, the wise and good.

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

PART X.

PATRIOTIC SYMPATHY WITH STRUGGLING PEOPLES.

INTRODUCTION.

It has become the high privilege of the American people, since the achievement of national independence, so to exemplify their capacity for self-government and a substantial civil and religious liberty, that the world has begun to recognize the rightful claim of all men to possess and enjoy similar liberty. Reverdy Johnson, in his outlook over continental countries, where the fires kindled but were quickly smothered by the foul atmosphere of deadly license, said,—

"To be free, man needs to know the value of freedom. The liberty suited to man's nature is liberty restrained by law; and liberty, unrestrained, is dangerous licentiousness; but a constitutional freedom, learned from our example, will secure all the blessings of human life, and give everything of power and true glory which belong to a civilized and Christian state."

Henry Clay, in his memorable speech for suffering Erin in her hour of famine, tenderly spoke of

"that Ireland, which has been, and, in all the vicissitudes of our national existence, our friend, and has ever extended to us her warmest sympathy,"

and of

"those Irishmen who, on every battle-field, from Quebec to Monterey, have stood by us, shoulder to shoulder, and shared in all the perils and fortunes of the conflict."

Daniel Webster, in a senatorial assertion of national sympathy for Greece, while distinctly disavowing an armed intervention, expressed the true value of the American example. His words are "like apples of gold in baskets of silver:"

OUR OBLIGATIONS TO GREECE.

"Are we to go to war? Certainly not. Then what is there within our power? Such reasoning mistakes the spirit of the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets and armies and subsidies were the principal reliances even in the best cause. Happily for mankind, moral causes come into consideration. The public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendency over mere brute force. As it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more formidable. It may be silenced, but cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassible, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

> 'Vital in every part,
> Cannot, but by annihilating, die.'

"Even in the midst of a conqueror's exultations, this enemy pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind."

Louis Kossuth invoked American sympathy, on the basis of his assertion, that there could be "no permanent peace without liberty." Still, peoples struggle! Poland and Hungary, Switzerland and Italy, France and Ireland, as well as the African and the Indian, have been the theme of oratory and poetry in their behalf; until America, herself, rescued from an inherited, involuntary attitude of disloyalty to the principles of her emigrant founders, is before the foot-lights, on the world's vast stage of human action, to vindicate her asserted freedom, and her right to stand as the adequate "torch, to enlighten the world."

The grandest experiment, in behalf of enfranchised man, is intrusted to America. A race, "to the manor born," with no other native land, no other language,—instinctively religious, home-loving, and essentially patriotic,—is now to act its part as citizens. Severed manacles do not restore strength to the benumbed freedman. The suddenly acquired wealth of liberty does not impart an intelligent sense of its value and its most beneficent uses. The struggle goes on, but still, a struggle, to attain, as best it can, a well-adjusted and rightly-tempered fruition.

To the Southern States the difficulties are greater than the outside world can readily measure. Changes of property and relation, so radical, and all within a passing generation, affect society—especially the very old, and those who are just reaching maturity—in unnumbered ways, entirely beyond the comprehension of those who do not personally experience the local force of such a change as only time can reconcile, or compensate.

It is at such a crisis, of uncertain continuance, that all emotional sympathy for a freshly emancipated race will find its best deliverance through that patient fraternity of conference and action which will adjust entangled interests and secure genuine peace and kindly intercourse, without prejudice to any rights of the emancipated, or the impairment of the social and political integrity of a single Commonwealth of this great aggregate of States.

Already many branches of the Christian Church realize this dawning issue, and make overtures for harmonious and fruitful action. Already the National Congress weighs its responsibility for that illiteracy which is the most prolific parent of vice and the deadliest foe of human liberty. Already it is felt, beyond the reach of partisan political action, that the moral constraint of a profound and discriminating charity is the true force that must wisely weld all sections and parties, in one supreme effort, to "see that the republic suffer no harm" while perfecting this great and costly enfranchisement.

THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

(1794.)

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid:
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live, with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
"Revenge, or death,"—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell.

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air.
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the mouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!

Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Sion and of God;
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell,—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven!
Prone to the dust, Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HEROISM OF THE HUNGARIAN PEOPLE.

(November 12, 1851.)

GENTLEMEN have said that it was I who inspired the Hungarian people. I cannot accept the praise. No, it was not I who inspired the Hungarian people. It was the Hungarian people

who inspired me. Whatever I thought, and still think,—whatever I felt, and still feel,—is but the pulsation of that heart which in the breast of my people beats! The glory of battle is for the historic leaders. Theirs, are the laurels of immortality. And yet, in encountering the danger, they knew that, alive or dead, their names would, on the lips of the people, forever live. How different the fortune—how nobler, how purer the heroism—of those children of the people, who went forth freely to meet death in their country's cause, knowing that where they fell they would lie, undistinguished and unknown,—their names unhonored and unsung! Animated, nevertheless, by the love of freedom and fatherland, they went forth calmly, singing their national anthems, till, rushing upon the batteries, whose cross-fire vomited upon them death and destruction, they took them, without firing a shot,—those who fell, falling with the shout, "Hurrah for Hungary!" And so they died by thousands—the unnamed demi-gods! Such is the people of Hungary. Still it is said, it is I who have inspired them. No!—a thousand times, no! It is they who have inspired me.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

LIBERTY TO ATHENS.

THE flag of freedom floats once more
  Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves, as waved the palm of yore,
  In days departed long and gone;
As bright a glory from the skies
  Pours down its light around those towers,
And once again the Greeks arise,
  As in their country's noblest hours;
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
  Minerva's sacred hill is free,—
Oh! may she keep her equal laws,
  While man shall live and time shall be!

The pride of all her shrines went down;
  The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft

The laurel from her civic crown;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft:
She lay among her ruins low,—
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,
And, crushed and bruised by many a blow,
She cowered beneath her savage foes;
But now, again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee,—
Their servile years have rolled away;
The clouds that hovered o'er them flee,
They hail the dawn of freedom's day;
From heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And Glory, there, her pinion bends,
And Beauty wakes a fairer spring;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed;
A light that points their tyrants' graves
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

THE IRISH INSURRECTION.

(1844.)

SIR, these topics are perilous; but I do not fear to touch them. It is my thorough conviction that England would be able to put down any insurrectionary movement, with her gigantic force, even although maddened and frantic Ireland might be aided by calculating France. But at what a terrible cost of treasure and of life would treason be subdued! Well might the Duke of Wellington, although familiar with fields of death, express his horror at the contemplation of civil war. War in Ireland would

be worse than civil. A demon would take possession of the nation's heart,—every feeling of humanity would be extinguished,—neither to sex nor to age would mercy be given. The country would be deluged with blood; and when that deluge had subsided, it would be a sorry consolation to a British statesman, when he gazed upon the spectacle of desolation which Ireland would then present to him, that he beheld the spires of your Established Church still standing secure amidst the desert with which they would be encompassed. You have adjured us, in the name of the oath which we have sworn on the gospel of God,—I adjure you, in the name of every precept contained in that holy book,—in the name of that religion which is the perfection of humanity,—in the name of every obligation, divine and human, as you are men and Christians, to save my country from those evils to which I point, and to remember, that if you shall be the means of precipitating that country into perdition, posterity will deliver its great finding against you, and that you will not only be answerable to posterity, but responsible to that Judge, in whose presence, clothed with the blood of civil warfare, it will be more than dreadful to appear. But God forbid that these evils should ever have any other existence except in my own affrighted imaginings, and that those visions of disaster should be embodied in reality! God grant that the men to whom the destinies of England are confided by their sovereign may have the virtue and the wisdom to save her from those fearful ills that so darkly and so densely lower upon her! For my own part, I do not despair of witnessing the time when Ireland will cease to be the battle-field of faction; when our mutual acrimonies will be laid aside; when our fatal antipathies will be sacrificed to the good genius of our country; and, so far from wishing for a dismemberment of this majestic empire, I would offer up a prayer, as fervent as ever passed from the heart to the lips of any one of you, that the greatness of that empire may be imperishable, and that the power, and the affluence, and the glory, and, above all, the liberties of England may endure forever.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

(From Speech in Parliament, February 16, 1888.)

We have evidence before us to show that as regards the great objects which the government have had in view, of putting down the National League and the Plan of Campaign, their efforts have resulted in total failure. Such is the retrospect. What is the prospect? There are many things said by the government in debate; but I never heard them express a confidence that they will be able to establish a permanent resistance to the policy of Home Rule. You are happily free, at this moment, from the slightest shade of foreign complications. You have, at this moment, the constitutional assent of Ireland, pledged in the most solemn form, for the efficacy of the policy which I am considering. But the day may come when your condition may not be so happy. I do not expect, any more than I desire, these foreign complications, but still it is not wise to shut them wholly out.

What I fear is rather this, that if resistance to the national voice of Ireland be pushed too far, those who now guide the mind of that nation may gradually lose their power, and may be supplanted and displaced by ruder and more dangerous spirits. For seven hundred years, with Ireland practically unrepresented, with Ireland prostrate, with the forces of this great and powerful island absolutely united, you tried and failed to do that which you are now trying to do, with Ireland fully represented in your Parliament, with Ireland herself raised to a position which is erect and strong, and with the mind of the people so devoted, that, if you look to the elections of the last twelve months, you find that the majority of the people have voted in favor of the concession of Home Rule.

If this is to continue, I would venture to ask gentlemen, opposite, under such circumstances as these, and with the experience you have, is your persistence in this system of administration, I will not say just, but is it wise, is it politic, is it hopeful, is it conservative? Now, at length, bethink yourselves of a change, and consent to administer, and consent finally to legislate for Ireland and for Scotland in conformity with the constitutionally

expressed wishes and the profound and permanent convictions of the people; and ask yourselves whether you will at last consent to present to the world the spectacle of a truly and not a nominally United Empire.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

IRELAND NEAR THE GOAL.

(From Address in Parliament, February 17, 1888.)

ALL the speeches in support of the government have appeared to be more or less artfully designed to draw angry retorts from these benches. It is one of our national faults to be very ready to resent injustice, and a most generous use our opponents have made of that characteristic. The whole policy of our opponents towards Ireland, and the whole object of the powerful London newspapers, seems to be to get at the worst side of Irish and of English character, and to sting and goad us into doing things which will put new life into national prejudices, that are expiring, in spite of you.

Irishmen and Englishmen are becoming only too united for your purpose. Yours is a noble purpose! Yours is a noble ambition! But you have failed in Ireland, and you will fail, I promise you, in this House, also. There was a time when we came here with our hand against every man's, and every man's against us. We expected no quarter, and, to the best of our ability, we gave none. It seemed to no purpose to struggle against the tremendous and cruel forces arrayed against us; but that is all at an end, forever,—thanks to the right honorable member for Mid-Lothian [Mr. Gladstone].

We have come to this House no longer as enemies, among enemies. We count ourselves Ishmaelites no longer in this House, nor in this land of England. We are now among allies and friends who were not ashamed, nor afraid, to stand by our side, and by the side of our people, in many a bitter hour of trial and calumny, last year. We come here, now, among a people whose consciences, I believe, have been deeply stirred by the sufferings of our unfortunate people; and though we are confronted by a hostile majority, callous to those sufferings, we

know that that majority does not represent Scotland and Wales. We believe that it does not even represent England. It is a majority of men who, two years ago, were not ashamed to receive their offices at the hands of the men whom they are now libelling in England and torturing in Ireland. We have no respect for that majority. I doubt whether, in their secret hearts, many of them have much respect for themselves. I know very well that they are extremely ill at ease. We believe that we are winning. The right honorable gentleman opposite (the Chief Secretary) has failed in Ireland. He has failed to smash our organization. He has failed to break the spirit of our people. He has failed to degrade us, I won't say in the eyes of our countrymen, for that would be absurd, but in the eyes of every honest man within these three realms.

The right honorable member for Mid-Lothian has accomplished, in two years, what seven hundred years of coercion had not accomplished previously, and what seven hundred more would leave unaccomplished still. He has united the hearts of the two peoples by a more sacred and enduring bond than that of terror and brute force; and our quarrel with England, and our bitterness towards England, is gone. It will be your fault and your crime if it ever return,—a crime for which posterity will stigmatize you forever. We, at all events, are not disruptionists. It is you who are the disruptionists and the separatists. We have never made a disguise of our feelings. We say what we mean. You are the separatists. We, are for peace and for happiness, and for the brotherhood of the two nations. You, are for eternal repression and eternal discord and eternal misery, for yourselves as well as for us. We, are for appeasing the dark passions of the past. You, are for inflaming them, whether for purposes of a political character I do not know, but for purposes in the interest of that wretched class of Mamelukes whom you support in Ireland, who are neither good Englishmen nor good Irishmen, and who are being your evil genius in Ireland, just as they have been the scourge of our unhappy people.

That is the state of things; and in such a case, and between such forces, I believe the end is not far off, and to the God of justice, and of liberty, and of mercy, we leave the issue.

William O'Brien.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

Chained in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name,—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground;
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,—
He was a captive now;
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow:
The scars his dark broad bosom wore
Showed warrior true and brave:
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake:
"My brother is a king:
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold-dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In land beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the plaited locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crispéd hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold,
Long kept for sorest need:
Take it,—thou askest sums untold,—
And say that I am freed.
Take it,—my wife, the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold,—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife shall wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken,—crazed his brain,—
At once his eye grew wild:
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MELANCHOLY FATE OF THE INDIANS.

There is, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history?

Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rung through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace, and the dark encampment, startled the wild beasts in their lairs.

The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships.

If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youths? The sachems and the tribes? The hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done this mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores,—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated,—a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin.

The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own.

Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans.

There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know, and feel, that there is, for them, still one remove farther, not distant nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

JOSEPH STORY.

THE RED MEN OF ALABAMA.

(From "Romantic Passages in Southwestern History," by the late Judge Meek, contributed, for the "Patriotic Reader," by Professor Benjamin F. Meek, of Alabama University.)

THE Red Men of Alabama, if properly reviewed, would be found to present more interesting facts and features, upon a more extended scale, than any other American tribes. The peculiarities which had ever invested the character of the Indian with so much romantic interest, making him the chosen child of fable and of song, were here exhibited in bolder relief than elsewhere. In numbers; in the extent of their territories, all converging to the heart of our State; in their wide and terrific wars; in intercourse and traffic with the whites; in the mystery of their origin and migration; in the arts, rude though they were, which gradually refine and socialize man; in their political and religious forms, arrangements, and ceremonies; in manifestations of intellectual power, sagacity, and eloquence; and in all those strange moral phenomena, which marked "the stoic of the woods, the man

without a tear,"—the native inhabitants of our soil surpassed all the other primitive nations north of Mexico. The study of their history is peculiarly our province, for they are indissolubly connected not only with the past, but the present and future, of the State.

Yes, though they all have passed away,—
That noble race, and brave,—
Though their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave,
Though 'mid the forests where they roved
There rings no hunter's shout,
Yet their names are on our waters,
And we may not wash them out.

Their memory liveth on our hills,
Their baptism on our shore,
Our everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.
'Tis heard where Chattahoochee pours
His yellow tide along;
It sounds on Tallapoosa's shores,
And Coosa swells the song.

Where lordly Alabama sweeps,
The symphony remains,
And young Catawba proudly keeps
The echo of its strains;
Where Tuscaloosa's waters glide,
From stream and town 'tis heard,
And dark Tombigbee's winding tide
Repeats the olden word.

Afar, where nature brightly wreathed
Fit Edens for the free,
Along Tuscumbia's bank 'tis breathed,
By stately Tennessee;
And, south, where from Conecuh's Springs
Escambia's waters steal,
The ancient melody still rings,
From Tensaw and Mobile.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

THE RED MEN PASSING AWAY.

(Close of Address before the British Association of Science, at Bristol, England, 1876.)

In 1866, soon after occupying the Powder River country, and before the completion of any defences, I made peace with a band of Cheyennes, who were small in numbers, were hated by the Sioux, and thus were compelled to leave that region, or join the Sioux to resist the establishment of posts on the Big Horn and Yellowstone Rivers.* I watched the departing Cheyennes, led by old White Horse, with hair white as snow, Black Bear, Dull Knife, Big Wolf, and The Man That Strikes Hard. They started for the Wind River Mountains. Their lodge-poles, laden with all their effects, dragged behind the ponies in slow procession. The squaws bent under the weight of dried game, skins, arrow-wood, and the supplies furnished from the post. Children were packed with all they could carry. The old men rode, or slowly trudged along in the middle of the train, compelled to keep up or be abandoned. They were going to seek new hunting-grounds; leaving an Indian paradise, because the shadow of the advancing white man had fallen upon their trail. They were *passing away*.

I have freely talked with Spotted Tail, Standing Elk, and a score and more of chiefs, who came to be fed and cared for, who sought peace, and sought it honestly; and with all the flashes of pride and dignity which now and then brightened their actions, there was ever present that painful consciousness of their impending doom, which, as when the autumnal frosts strike their first blow at the vast wealth of a summer's creation, compel the soul to breathe, half audibly, in its deep emotion,—*Passing away*. I have seen all ages, and both sexes, half naked, and yet reckless of exposure, fording the Platte, while ice ran fast, and mercury was below the zero-mark, for the single

* This military movement was in violation of solemn treaties made in 1865, and the costly war succeeding was caused by the broken pledges of the United States. See Senate Ex. Doc. 33, Fiftieth Congress, First Session. Also, "Absaraka; or, Indian Operations on the Plains," fifth edition, published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

purpose of gathering from a post slaughter-house, to the last scrap, all offal, however nauseous, that they might use it in lieu of that precious game which our occupation was driving from its haunts. They, too, were PASSING AWAY! In the wild rage of battle, in the torturing test of the sun-dance, in the hour of defeat and the howl of victory, in the spirited hunt, and in the solemn council,—awake, asleep, in tepah, or on the prairie,—I have found them the same fate-defying, strong-willed, and peculiar race,—obdurate, steady, and self-possessed in all their moods, yet *passing away*. On a generous gift of food, I have been startled by being the centre of a circle of old women, whose song of thanksgiving, as with shrill screams and distorted faces they whirled and leaped, and swung their bodies, was more, as you might imagine, the rejoicing of fiends over some fresh soul lost, than as the expression of grateful hearts; and I have seen the same wrinkled hags grinding the knife, the hatchet, and the arrow-head, with as apparent a relish as if already they were drinking the life-blood of the white man. Here, too, in the absence of all that should give glory to woman, I read the ever-present premonition,—*Passing away*. We turn up the American mounds, and in vain seek for some conclusive record as to the antecedents of the red men. We are upon the verge of the disappearance of the red man himself!

Be it our part to strengthen the hands of those who would save the red man, so that the eternal disgrace of his extinction shall not attach to America, while Christianity is its strength and its glory.

THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S LAST SONG.

THE wood is dyed with varied hue
Of olive, blent with azure blue
Of crescent sky, that, bending low,
Has kissed the burnished autumn's glow;
And far beyond, the dark blue top
Of Tuscarora's mountains prop
The wide-extended sheet of sky,
Where snow-winged cloudlets swiftly fly.

The falling leaf has spread adown
Upon the earth, in red and brown,
A carpet of its own wild wealth;
Thereon, with steps of springing stealth,
An Indian hunter bounds along,
Unconscious of the blackbird's song;
Its melody falls cold and drear
Upon his once retentive ear.
His memory is with the past,
Before the pale-faced warrior cast
A cloud of gloom upon his race,—
Had seized the red man's hunting-place,
And cried, "These acres are my own,
These woods belong to me, alone;
Towards the west now turn thy face,
Where dwell a fierce and hostile race."

A nameless horror racked his brain,
A struggle with heart-gnawing pain:
"Oh for the battle-cry again
To ring throughout this fertile plain!—
To see the white man's wigwam burn,—
To see his face still whiter turn
As rings the dreadful shout for blood,
From mount to mount, and wood to wood!
As shrieks his scalped and bleeding squaw,
And turns his proud and fierce huzza
To plaintive cries of frenzied woe,—
To see, beneath the red man's blow,
His children's life-blood freely flow!
Ah, that would pay for years of shame,
Without a tribe, without a name,
Could I again behold him die,
Beneath our nation's arching sky!

"But ah, my warriors, where are ye?
Ye sleep beneath the greenwood tree!
The grass o'ergrows each silent grave!
Launched on the rapid, tideless wave,

You've reached the happy hunting-land,
Where we, the Spirit's favored band,
Shall bend for evermore the bow
And safely conquer every foe!

"Too long I linger here below;
I come, I come, ye warrior braves;
I die upon your grass-grown graves!"

J. Howard Wert.

PART XI.

PATRIOTIC APPEALS IN EMERGENCIES.

INTRODUCTION.

A FEW illustrative selections of popular appeal, during the struggle for liberty and country, mark the progressive patriotic sentiment, as the mere pride of country advanced towards its higher expression, in the gradual development of the law of peace as the true condition of a happy State and People.

"ON, ON TO THE JUST AND GLORIOUS STRIFE."

The following lines, by an unknown author, written at the time of the struggle of modern Greece for independence, in 1822, are in the spirit of patriotic aspiration:

ON, on to the just and glorious strife!
With your swords your freedom shielding:
Nay, resign, if it must be so, even life,
But die, at least, unyielding.

On to the strife! for 'twere far more meet
To sink with the foes who bay you,
Than crouch like dogs at your tyrants' feet,
And smile on the swords that slay you.

Shall the Pagan slaves be masters, then,
Of the land which your fathers gave you?
Shall the infidel lord it o'er Christian men,
When your own good swords may save you?

No! let him feel that their arms are strong,
That their courage will fail them never,
Who strike to repay long years of wrong,
And bury past shame forever.

Let him know there are hearts, however bowed
By the chains which he threw around them,
That will rise, like a spirit, from pall and shroud,
And cry "woe!" to the slaves who bound them.

Let him learn how weak is a tyrant's might
Against Liberty's sword contending;
And find how the sons of Greece can fight,
Their freedom and land defending.

Then on, then on to the glorious strife!
With your swords your country shielding;
And resign, if it must be so, even life,
But die, at least, unyielding.

ANONYMOUS.

REGULUS BEFORE THE SENATE OF CARTHAGE.

(255 B.C.)

MARCUS ATTILIUS REGULUS, an eminent Roman general, was taken prisoner near Carthage, 255 B.C., but sent to Rome to negotiate terms of peace and the interchange of prisoners of war on condition that in case of failure he would return to Carthage. In spite of the entreaties of the Roman Senate and his family, he protested against any terms of arrangement either degrading to Rome or holding life as an element in the settlement, and surrendered himself to the Senate of Carthage. Epes Sargent has given his supposed address before the Roman Senate. That before the Carthaginian Senate, by Kellogg, well describes the times and the character of the hero as preserved through tradition.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF REGULUS.

The palaces and domes of Carthage were burning with the splendor of noon, and the blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An attentive ear could catch a low murmur sounding from the centre of the city, which seemed like the moaning of the wind before a tempest. And well it might. The whole people of Carthage, startled, astounded by the report that Regulus had returned, were pouring, a mighty tide, into the great square before the Senate-House. There were mothers in that throng whose captive sons were groaning in Roman fetters; maidens, whose lovers were dying in the distant dungeons of Rome; gray-haired men and matrons, whom Roman steel had made childless; men who were seeing their country's life crushed out by Roman power; and with wild voices, cursing and groaning, the vast throng gave vent to the rage, the hate, the anguish, of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him, stood Regulus, the Roman. He stretched his arm over the surging crowd with a gesture as proudly imperious as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts. Before that silent command the tumult ceased,—the half-uttered execration died upon the lip: so intense was the silence that the clank of the captive's brazen manacles smote sharp on every ear as he thus addressed them:

"Ye doubtless thought, judging Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted faith rather than by returning, and leaving your sons and brothers to rot in Roman dungeons, to meet your vengeance. Well, I could give reasons for this return, foolish and inexplicable as it seems to you;—I could speak of yearnings after immortality,—of those eternal principles in whose pure light a patriot's death is glorious, a thing to be desired; but, by great Jove, I should debase myself to dwell on such high themes to you. If the bright blood which feeds my heart were like the slimy ooze that stagnates in your veins, I should have remained at Rome, saved my life, and broken my oath. If, then, you ask why I have come back to let you work your will on this poor body, which I esteem but as the rags that cover it, enough reply for you, it is because I am a Roman. As such,

here in your very capital, I defy you. What I have done ye can never undo; what ye may do I care not. Since first my young arm knew how to wield a Roman sword, have I not routed your armies, burned your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot-wheels? And do you now expect to see me cower and whine with dread of Carthaginian vengeance? Compared to that fierce mental strife which my heart has just passed through at Rome, the piercing of this flesh, the rending of these sinews, would be but sport to me.

"Venerable senators, with trembling voices and outstretched hands, besought me to return no more to Carthage. The generous people, with loud wailing and wildly-tossing gesture, bade me stay. The voice of a beloved mother, her hands beating her breast, her gray hair streaming in the wind, tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks, praying me not to leave her in her lonely and helpless old age, is still sounding in my ears. Compared to anguish like this, the paltry torment you have in store is as the murmur of the meadow brook to the wild tumult of the mountain storm. Go! Bring your threatened tortures! The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony. I die, but mine shall be the triumph; yours, the untold desolation. For every drop of blood that falls from my veins your own shall flow in torrents. Woe unto thee, O Carthage! I see thy homes and temples all in flames, thy citizens in terror, thy women wailing for the dead. Proud city, thou art doomed. The curse of Jove, a living, lasting curse, is on thee. The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea. Rome, with bloody hand, shall sweep thy heart-strings, and all thy homes shall howl in wild response of anguish to her touch. Proud mistress of the sea, disrobed, uncrowned, and scourged, thus again do I devote thee to the infernal gods.

"Now bring forth your tortures! slaves! While ye tear this quivering flesh, remember how often Regulus has beaten your armies in the field and humbled your pride. Cut, as he would have carved you! Burn, deep as his curse!"

ELIJAH KELLOGG.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

(71 B.C.)

SPARTACUS, a Thracian soldier, taken prisoner by the Romans and trained as a gladiator, escaped, and with his comrades waged war for the freedom of all slaves. He was killed in battle, in the year 71 B.C.

THE APPEAL OF SPARTACUS.

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus, a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his

helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died; the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!" And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs. O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive a sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass and warm it in the marrow of his foe; to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! the strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours, and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are beasts, then stand here, like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me! Strike down your guard, gain the mountain-passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves!

If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

ELIJAH KELLOGG.

GALGACUS TO THE CALEDONIANS.

(A.D. 84.)

THE following is the rendering, by the late Epes Sargent, of the address delivered by the British general to his army, on the Grampian Hills, just before his total overthrow by Agricola. Tacitus gives the address of Agricola, up to the time when he was interrupted by the fierce onset of the British.

APPEAL FOR FATHER-LAND.

Reflecting on the origin of this war, and on the straits to which we are reduced, I am persuaded, O Caledonians, that to your strong hands and indomitable will is British liberty this day confided. There is no retreat for us if vanquished. Not even the sea, covered as it is by the Roman fleet, offers a path for escape. And thus war and arms, ever welcomed by the brave, are now the only safety of the cowardly, if any such there be. No refuge is behind us; naught but rocks, and the waves, and the deadlier Romans: men whose pride you have vainly tried to conciliate by forbearance, whose cruelty you have vainly sought to deprecate by moderation. The robbers of the globe; when the land fails, they scour the sea. Is the enemy rich, they are avaricious; is he poor, they are ambitious. The East and the West are unable to satiate their desires. Wealth and poverty are alike coveted by their rapacity. To carry off, to massacre, to make seizures under false pretences, this they call empire; and when they make a desert, they call it peace!

Do not suppose that the prowess of these Romans is equal to their lust. They have thrived on our divisions. They know how to turn the vices of others to their own profit. Casting off all hope of pardon, let us exhibit the courage of men to whom salvation and glory are equally dear. Nursed in freedom as we

have been, unconquered and unconquerable, let us, in the first onset, show the usurpers what manner of men they are that Old Caledonia shelters in her bosom! All the incitements to victory are on our side. Wives, parents, children,—these we have to protect; and these the Romans have not. They have none to cry shame upon their flight; none to shed tears of exultation at their success. Few in numbers, fearful from ignorance, gazing on unknown forests and untried seas, the gods have delivered them, hemmed in, bound and helpless, into our hands. Let not their showy aspect, their glitter of silver and gold, dismay you. Such adornments can neither harm nor protect from harm. In the very line of the enemy we shall find friends. The Britons, the Gauls, the Germans, will recognize their own cause in ours. Here is a leader; here an army! There are tributes, and levies, and badges of servitude,—impositions, which to assume, or to trample underfoot forever, lies now in the power of your arms. Forth, then, Caledonians, to the field! Think of your ancestors! Think of your descendants!

TACITUS: *Life of Agricola*, chap. xxx.–xxxii.

ALFRED THE GREAT TO HIS MEN.

(A.D. 894.)

MY friends, our country must be free! The land
Is never lost that has a son to right her,—
And here are troops of sons, and loyal ones!
Strong in her children should a mother be:
Shall ours be helpless, that has sons like us?
God save our native land, whoever pays
The ransom that redeems her! Now, what wait we?
For Alfred's word to move upon the foe?
Upon him, then! Now think ye on the things
You most do love!—husbands and fathers, on
Their wives and children; lovers, on their beloved;
And all, upon their country! When you use
Your weapons, think on the beseeching eyes,
To whet them could have lent you tears for water!

Oh, now be men, or never! From your hearths
Thrust the unbidden feet, that from their nooks
Drove forth your aged sires, your wives and babes!
The couches, your fair-handed daughters used
To spread, let not the vaunting stranger press,
Weary from spoiling you! Your roofs, that hear
The wanton riot of the intruding guest,
That mocks their masters,—clear them for the sake
Of the manhood to which all that's precious clings,
Else perishes. The land that bore you—oh,
Do honor to her! Let her glory in
Your breeding! Rescue her! Revenge her,—or
Ne'er call her mother more! Come on, my friends,
And where you take your stand upon the field,
However you advance, resolve on this,
That you will ne'er recede, while from the tongues
Of age, and womanhood, and infancy,
The helplessness, whose safety in you lies,
Invokes you to be strong! Come on! Come on!
I'll bring you to the foe! And when you meet him,
Strike hard! Strike home! Strike, while a dying blow
Is in an arm! Strike, till you're free, or fall!

Arranged from J. S. KNOWLES *by* EPES SARGENT.

WILLIAM TELL'S ADDRESS TO THE SWISS.

(A.D. 1307.)

(Adapted by Epes Sargent from Schiller's "William Tell.")

CONFEDERATES, listen to the words which God
Inspires my heart withal. Here we are met
To represent the general weal. In us
Are all the people of the land convened.
Then let us hold the Diet, as of old,
And as we're wont in peaceful times to do.
The time's necessity be our excuse,
If there be aught informal in this meeting.

Still, wheresoe'er men strike for justice, there
Is God; and now beneath His heaven we stand.
The nations round us bear a foreign yoke,
For they have yielded to the conqueror.
Nay, e'en within our frontiers may be found
Some that owe villein service to a lord,—
A race of bonded serfs, from sire to son.
But we, the genuine race of ancient Swiss,
Have kept our freedom, from the first, till now.
Never to princes have we bowed the knee.
What said our fathers when the Emperor
Pronounced a judgment in the Abbey's favor
Awarding lands beyond his jurisdiction?
What was their answer? This: "The grant is void.
No Emperor can bestow what is our own;
And if the Empire shall deny us justice,
We can, within our mountains, right ourselves."
Thus spake our fathers; and shall we endure
The shame and infamy of this new yoke,
And from the vassal brook what never king
Dared, in the fulness of his power, attempt?
This soil we have created for ourselves,
By the hard labor of our hands; we've changed
The giant forest, that was erst the haunt
Of savage bears, into a home for man;
Blasted the solid rock; o'er the abyss
Thrown the firm bridge for the wayfaring man.
By the possession of a thousand years,
The soil is ours. And shall an alien lord,
Himself a vassal, dare to venture here,
On our own hearths insult us, and attempt
To forge the chains of bondage for our hands,
And do us shame on our own proper soil?
Is there no help against such wrong as this?
Yes! there's a limit to the despot's power.
When the oppressed looks round in vain for justice,
When his sore burden may no more be borne,
With fearless heart he makes appeal to Heaven,
And thence brings down his everlasting rights,

Which there abide, inalienably his,
And indestructible as are the stars.
Nature's primeval state returns again,
Where man stands hostile to his fellow-man,
And, if all other means shall fail his need,
One last resource remains,—his own good sword.
Our dearest treasures call to us for aid
Against the oppressor's violence; we stand
For country, home, for wives, for children, here!

ADDRESS OF ROBERT BRUCE.

(June 24, A.D. 1314.)

At Bannockburn the English lay,
The Scots they werena far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.

But soon the sun broke through the heath,
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, wi' saul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed:

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

"Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slavery!

"Wha will be a traitor knave,
Wha can fill a coward's grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

"Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

"By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

"Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!"

ROBERT BURNS.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

(A.D. 1347.)

NICOLA GABRINI, known as Colas di Rienzi, a transient reformer, became Tribune of Rome through wonderful energy in behalf of the people, and is thus referred to in Byron's "Childe Harold:"

"Redeemer of dark centuries of shame,—
The friend of Petrarch,—hope of Italy,—
Rienzi! last of Romans!"

ADDRESS.

Friends,
I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave; not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves,—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots! lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,—
Strong in some hundred spearmen,—only great
In that strange spell—a name.

Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck, struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor,—men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common:
I have known deeper wrongs.
I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy,—there was the look
Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give
To "the beloved disciple." How I loved
That gracious boy!—younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side;
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks,—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance!
Rouse ye, Romans!—Rouse ye, slaves!
Have ye brave sons?—Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters?—Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free; her sons
Shall walk with princes!

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED AT THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

(A.D. 1386.)

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried,—
Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land,
Peasants whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
Marshalled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power!
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly; she cannot yield.

She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung Victory.

It did depend on *one*, indeed;
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,
And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done,—
The field was in a moment won!

"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,—
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart,

While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all.
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS.

(A.D. 1422.)

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galléd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noble English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof:
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!

And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

GUSTAVUS VASA TO THE SWEDES.

(A.D. 1521.)

UPON the usurpation of the Swedish throne by Christiern II. of Denmark, A.D. 1519, Gustavus fled to the mountains of Dalecarlia. He redeemed his country by great valor, was crowned in 1527, and died in 1559, greatly beloved by his people.

Are ye not marked, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not marked by all the circling world,
As the last stake? What but liberty,
Through the famed course of thirteen hundred years,
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,
And sanctified their name? And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world,
Bid your high honors stoop to foreign insult,
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?
Die all first! Yes, die by piecemeal!
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane can triumph!
Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To see ye feared; to see that even your foes
Do justice to your valor! There they are,
The powers of kingdoms, summed in yonder host,
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye,

And oh! when I look round and see you here,
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter,
True courage but from opposition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Matched to the virtue of a single arm
That strikes for liberty? that strikes to save
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
And his large honors from eternal infamy?
What doubt we, then? Shall we, shall we stand here?
Let us on!
Firm are our hearts, and nervous are our arms;
With us truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
Each, singly, equal to a host of foes.

HENRY BROOKE.

STORY OF LOGAN, A MINGO CHIEF.

(A.D. 1774.)

IN the spring of the year 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia by two Indians, of the Shawanese tribe. The neighboring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanhaway in quest of vengeance.

Unfortunately, a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and unsuspecting any hostile attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river; and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and, at one fire, killed every person in it.

This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as the friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued.

In the autumn of the same year, a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanhaway, between the collected forces of the Shawanese, Mingoes, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace.

Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but, lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, he sent by a messenger the following speech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace.

"Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed by, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had even thought to have lived with you, had it not been for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear.

"He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN'S ADDRESS.

(June 17, 1775.)

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

JOHN PIERPONT.

GENERAL FRANCIS MARION'S ADDRESS AFTER SUPPRESSING MUTINY.

(A.D. 1780.)

WHEN, gentlemen, shall we catch the spirit of our profession?—the spirit of men fighting for a Republic, a Commonwealth of brothers,—that government most glorious, where God alone is king, that government most pleasant, where men make and obey their own laws, and that government most prosperous, where men, reaping as they sow, feel the utmost stimulus to every virtue that can exalt the human character and condition.

This government, the glory of the earth, has ever been the

desire of the wise and good of all nations. For this the Platos of Greece, the Catos of Rome, the Tells of Switzerland, the Sidneys of England, and the Washingtons of America, have sighed and reasoned, have fought and died. In this grand army, gentlemen, we are now enlisted; and are combating under the same banners with those most excellent men of the earth. Then let self-gratulation gladden our every heart, and swell each high-toned nerve. With such worthies by our side, with such a cause before our eyes, let us move on with joy to the battle, and charge like the honored champions of God and human rights.

But in the moment of victory, let the supplicating enemy find us as lovely in mercy as we are terrible in valor. Our enemies are blind. They neither understand nor desire the happiness of mankind. Ignorant, themselves, as children, they claim our pity for themselves. And as to their widows and little ones, the very thought of them should fill our souls with tenderness. The crib that contains their corn, the cow that gives them milk, the cabin that shelters their feeble heads from the storm, should be sacred in our eyes. Weak and helpless as they are, still they are the nurslings of Heaven,—our best intercessors with the Almighty. Let their prayers ascend up before God in our behalf, and Cornwallis and Tarleton shall yet flee before us like frightened wolves before the well-armed shepherds.

FRANCIS MARION.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

(A.D. 1793.)

MARIE ANNE CHARLOTTE D'ARMANS, known to history as Charlotte Corday, in deliberate imitation of Judith, who is described in the Apocryphal Books of the Bible to have slain the Assyrian king Holofernes, killed Jean Paul Marat, in his own house in Paris, July, 1793. She left a farewell appeal to the people of France, which is endorsed as genuine by Alphonse Lamartine, the eminent French historian, poet, patriot, and scholar. It deserves a place with the last words of Robespierre, who, in spite

of his association with Danton and Marat, had real sympathy with liberty, as the innate right of man. Marat has no friends. Charlotte Corday sacrificed herself to rid her country of a monster. History will honor her patriotism, and rather wonder at its intensity than too sharply judge its expression.

ADDRESS TO FRENCHMEN FRIENDLY TO THE LAWS AND PEACE.

How long, O unhappy Frenchmen! will you delight in trouble and division? Too long have the factions and villains substituted the interest of their ambition in the place of the general interest. Why, victims of their fury, should you destroy yourselves to establish the tyranny they desire on the ruins of France? Factions break out on every side; a few monsters, bathed in our blood, lead these detestable plots. We are laboring at our own destruction with more zeal and energy than we ever employed in the conquest of liberty. O Frenchmen! but a brief space, and nothing will remain but the recollection of your existence.

Frenchmen, you know your enemies. Rise! march! O France! thy repose depends upon the execution of the laws. I do not infringe them by killing Marat. Condemned by the universe, he is beyond the pale of the law. What tribunal will condemn me? If I am guilty, so was Alcides when he destroyed the monsters.

O my country! thy misfortunes rend my heart. I can only offer thee my life; and I thank Heaven that I am at liberty to dispose of it. No one will be a loser by my death. I desire that my last sigh may be useful to my fellow-citizens,—that I may be the last victim, and that the universe may declare that I have merited well at the hands of humanity. And I declare that if my conduct were viewed in another light, I should care but little.

"Qu'à l'univers surpris cette grande action
Soit un objet d'horreur, ou d'admiration,
Mon esprit, peu jaloux de vivre en la mémoire,
Ne considère point le reproche ou la gloire;
Toujours indépendant et toujours citoyen,
Mon devoir me suffit, tout le reste n'est rien.
Allez, ne songez plus, qu'à sortir de l'esclavage!"

My parents and friends should not be molested. No one was acquainted with my plans. I join my baptismal register to this address, to show of what the weakest hand is capable when aided by the most entire devotion. If I do not succeed in my enterprise, Frenchmen, I have shown you the way. You know your enemies. Arise,—march! Strike them!

From LAMARTINE'S *Girondists*, vol. iii.

THE LAST SPEECH OF ROBESPIERRE.

(A.D. 1794.)

THE enemies of the Republic call me tyrant! Were I such, they would grovel at my feet. I should gorge them with gold,—I should grant them impunity for their crimes,—and they would be grateful. Were I such, the kings we have vanquished, far from denouncing Robespierre, would lend me their guilty support. There would be a covenant between them and me. Tyranny must have tools. But the enemies of tyranny,—whither does their path tend? To the tomb, and to immortality! What tyrant is my protector? To what faction do I belong? Yourselves! What faction, since the beginning of the Revolution, has crushed and annihilated so many detected traitors? You—the people,—our principles—are that faction!—a faction to which I am devoted, and against which all the scoundrelism of the day is banded!

The confirmation of the Republic has been my object; and I know that the Republic can be established only on the eternal basis of morality. Against me, and against those who hold kindred principles, the league is formed. My life? Oh! my life I abandon without a regret! I have seen the Past; and I foresee the Future.

What friend of his country would wish to survive the moment when he could no longer serve it,—when he could no longer defend innocence against oppression? Wherefore should I continue in an order of things where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth; where justice is mocked; where passions the most

abject, or fears the most absurd, override the sacred interests of humanity? In witnessing the multitude of vices which the torrent of the Revolution has rolled in turbid communion with its civic virtues, I confess that I have sometimes feared that I should be sullied, in the eyes of posterity, by the impure neighborhood of unprincipled men, who had thrust themselves into association with the sincere friends of humanity; and I rejoice that these conspirators against my country have now, by their reckless rage, traced deep the line of demarcation between themselves and all true men.

Question history, and learn how all the defenders of liberty, in all times, have been overwhelmed by calumny. But their traducers died also. The good and bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. O Frenchmen! O my countrymen! let not your enemies, with their desolating doctrines, degrade your souls and enervate your virtues! No, Chaumette, no! Death is not "an eternal sleep!" Citizens! efface from the tomb that motto, graven by sacrilegious hands, which spreads over all nature a funeral crape, takes from oppressed innocence its support, and affronts the beneficent dispensation of death! Inscribe rather thereon these words: "Death is the commencement of immortality!" I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible testament, which I proclaim with the independence befitting one whose career is so nearly ended: it is the awful truth, "Thou shalt die!"

From Translation by EPES SARGENT.

RELIGIOUS DISTINCTIONS BEHIND THE AGE.

(From Address in Parliament, A.D. 1796.)

GENTLEMEN say the Catholics have got everything but seats in Parliament. Are we really afraid of giving them that privilege? Are we seriously afraid that Catholic venality might pollute the immaculate integrity of the House of Commons?—that a Catholic member would be more accessible to a promise, or a pension, or a bribe, than a Protestant? Lay your hands

upon your hearts, look in one another's faces, and say Yes, and I will vote against this amendment. But is it the fact that they have everything? Is it the fact that they have the common benefit of the Constitution, or the common protection of the law?

Another gentleman has said, the Catholics have got much, and ought to be content. Why have they got that much? Is it from the minister? Is it from the Parliament which threw their petition over its bar? No! they got it by the great revolution of human affairs; by the astonishing march of the human mind; a march that has collected too much momentum, in its advance, to be now stopped in its progress. The bark is still afloat; it is freighted with the hopes and liberties of millions of men; she is already under way; the rower may faint, or the wind may sleep, but, rely upon it, she has already acquired an energy of advancement that will support her course and bring her to her destination; rely upon it, whether much or little remains, it is now vain to withhold it; rely upon it, you may as well stamp your foot upon the earth, in order to prevent its revolution. You cannot stop it! You will only remain a silly gnomon upon its surface, to measure the rapidity of rotation, until you are forced round and buried in the shade of that body whose irresistible course you would endeavor to oppose!

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

UNION WITH ENGLAND NOT IRELAND'S CHOICE.

(From Address in Parliament, A.D. 1800.)

THE minister misrepresents the sentiments of the People, as he has before traduced their reputation. He asserts that, after a calm and mature consideration, they have pronounced their judgment in favor of an Union. Of this assertion not one syllable has any existence in fact, or in the appearance of fact. I appeal to the petitions of twenty-one counties in evidence. To affirm that the judgment of a nation *against* is *for;* to assert that she has said *ay* when she has pronounced *no;* to make the falsification of her sentiments the foundation of her ruin and the ground of the Union; to affirm that her Parliament, Con-

stitution, liberty, honor, property, are taken away by her own authority,—there is, in such artifice, an effrontery, a hardihood, an insensibility, that can best be answered by sensations of astonishment and disgust.

The Constitution may be *for a time* so lost. The character of the country cannot be so lost. The ministers of the Crown will, or may, perhaps, at length find that it is not so easy, by abilities however great, and by power and corruption however irresistible, to put down forever an ancient and respectable nation. Liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country. The cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty. Loyalty is a noble, a judicious, and a capacious principle; but in these countries, loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty.

The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principle of liberty. I do not give up the country. I see her in a swoon; but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty:

> "Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
> And Death's pale flag is not advancéd there."

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind; I will remain anchored here, with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall!

HENRY GRATTAN.

EMMET'S VINDICATION.

(A.D. 1803.)

I AM asked if I have anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon me. A man in my situation has not only to combat with the difficulties of fortune, but with the difficulties of prejudice. The sentence consigns his character to

obloquy. That mine may not forfeit all claim to the respect of my countrymen, I vindicate myself from some of the charges advanced against me. I am accused of being an emissary of France. 'Tis false! I do not wish to deliver my country to any foreign power, and least of all to France. I did not create the rebellion for France, but for Liberty. God forbid! Small would be our claim to patriotism and sense, and palpable our affectation of love of liberty, if we were to encourage the profanation of our shores by a people who are slaves themselves and the unprincipled instruments of imposing slavery on others. Let not any man attaint my memory by believing that I could have betrayed the sacred cause of Liberty by committing it to her most determined foe. Had I done so, I had not deserved to live! Am I, who lived but to be of service to my country,—who resigned for that service the worship of another idol I adored, and would subject myself to the bondage of the grave to give her independence,—to be loaded with this foul and grievous calumny?

You, my lord, sit there, as a judge, and I stand here, as a culprit; yet, you are a man, and I am another. I have a right, therefore, to vindicate my character and motives, and as a man, to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life to rescue my name and memory from that imputation. Did I live to see a French army approach this country, I would meet it on the shore, with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other. I would receive them with all the destruction of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their very boats, before our native soil should be polluted by a foreign foe. If they succeeded in landing, I would burn every blade of grass before them, raze every house, contend to the last for every inch of ground, and the last spot in which the hope of freedom should desert me, that spot I would make my grave.

But, my lord, I acted as an Irishman, to deliver my country from the yoke of a foreign tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism, to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth, to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence has fitted her to fill.

ROBERT EMMET.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG MEN OF ITALY.

(A.D. 1848.)

(Extract from translation by Epes Sargent of Mazzini's address at Milan "in memory of the brothers Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs," who were executed, by the Austrian government, in 1844, for revolutionary attempts.)

CLOSE OF ADDRESS.

LOVE! Love is the flight of the soul towards God; towards the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family; the partner of your life; those around you, ready to share your joys and sorrows; the dead, who were dear to you, and to whom you were dear. Love your country. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the peoples. Give to it your thought, your counsel, your blood. You are twenty-four millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; with a tradition of glory, the envy of the nations of Europe; an immense future is before you; your eyes are raised to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land, in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries marked out by the finger of God for a people of giants. And you must be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-four millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond which shall join you together; let not a look be raised to that heaven, which is not that of a free man. Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim placed by God before humanity at large. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other peoples, now fighting, or preparing to fight, the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal. Unîte with them,—they will unite with you.

And love, young men, love and reverence the Ideal; it is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought, and in the dignity of our immortal natures. From that high sphere spring the *principles* which alone can redeem the peoples. Love enthusiasm,—the pure dream of the virgin soul, and the lofty visions of early youth; for they are the perfume of Paradise,

which the soul preserves in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect, above all things, your conscience; have upon your lips the truth that God has placed in your hearts; and, while working together in harmony in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, even with those who differ from you, yet ever bear erect your own banner, and boldly promulgate your faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living among you. And here, where, perhaps, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather them up in your hearts, and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you, but which, with the names of our martyrs on your lips, and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God be with you, and bless Italy!

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

(A.D. 1843.)

HERE I am calling for justice to Ireland. In the pride of your strength here, you may mock the Irish and the desire they cherish to the heart's core for a separate legislature, but in so doing you make little allowance for that nationality, among others, by which you yourselves are so greatly distinguished. You pride yourselves in the name of Englishmen, and so you ought; and if anything happened to tarnish or obscure the glory of that character, you would rather die than let your sons endure it for a single moment.

And nationality with us is equally warm. That alone would make us look for a separate legislature, and indulge in the inspiration of hope for the restoration of the glory which has been lost to us for ages. Yes, this is the feeling which lives and breathes in Ireland; and I have animated that feeling as far as I could,—and why? Because I saw there was no hope of obtaining justice from England; because, twenty-nine years after the Union, Ireland was no longer a province, but a pitiful colony of this country.

You have not done us justice. We look back to the pages of

history, and we find that you never did so. I defy you to put your hand, at any one period, upon any one act of yours which was an act of justice to Ireland. When I speak of you, I speak of the English government in Ireland. You encouraged faction from the beginning, when the differences on account of religion were yet confined to a few Englishmen within the pale, and a few Irishmen out of it.

And when these differences became more formidable, you reared the sacred standard of God; with uplifted eyes, in Scripture phraseology you exclaimed, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." You passed the "Shibboleth;"* you marked a distinction between the two countries; you deluged the land with blood; you devastated the country and made it a waste, a howling wilderness,—no, not a howling wilderness, for you left none in it to howl.

After this, when it became repeopled with Irish, you still continued your persecutions. You entered into a convention,—a more honorable one was never made, nor was one ever more dishonorably violated. We have since then extorted your concessions drop by drop, or, as I have heard it said, hair by hair, until we stood disenthralled by our own exertions.

We, the people of Ireland, stood at length on a footing of equality with yourselves; and what have you done for us since? Your treaties with Ireland have been broken; your faith has not been kept. We have never violated our faith. We want justice, and then we will think of Repeal no more. I come with this announcement to you.

I do not announce it with the affectation of humility, for I am not the representative only of a city or a county; I have the confidence of millions; and in the strength of that confidence I tell you, "Do justice to Ireland, and you have nothing further to apprehend from the agitation of Repeal."

You have nothing to apprehend from Ireland, but everything to hope from her combination and connection with you; the separation is then at an end. Here we are, ready to make an alliance with you if you please. Refuse at your peril, and we become repealers.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

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* Mispronunciation detected the nationality. See Judges xii. 6.

TREASON DISAVOWED.

(A.D. 1848.)

(Thomas Francis Meagher, of Waterford, Ireland, was condemned in 1848 for treason, on account of alleged revolutionary action, and sentenced to banishment or penal servitude for life. He escaped from Tasmania in 1852, reached America, commanded an Irish brigade in the war of 1861–65, and died in 1867. His vindication to the court, upon his sentence, illustrates the spirit of the enterprise for which he was punished.)

VINDICATION FROM TREASON.

My Lords,—It is my intention to say a few words only. To the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause I ascribe no vain importance; nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak the effort may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. With my country, then, I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts,—proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. I am here to regret nothing I have ever done,—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave with no lying lip the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it. Even here; here where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust; here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave, in an unanointed soil, opened to receive me; even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

No; I do not despair of my poor old country, her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up; to make her a benefactor, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world; to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution; this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death, but the history of Ireland explains this crime and justifies it. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand

convicted loses all its guilt; is sanctified as a duty; will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my lords, I await the sentence of the court, having done what I felt to be my duty; having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career. I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and death; the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies; whose factions I have sought to still; whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim; whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of an honorable home. Pronounce then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and a perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal,—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

RESURGITE.

(A.D. 1877.)

Now, for the faith that is in ye,
  Polander, Sclav, and Kelt!
Prove to the world what the lips have hurled
  The hearts have grandly felt.

Rouse, ye races in shackles!
  See in the East, the glare
Is red in the sky, and the warning cry
  Is sounding—"Awake! Prepare!"

A voice from the spheres—a Hand, down-reached
  To hands that would be free,
To rend the gyves from the fettered lives,
  That strain toward Liberty!

Circassia! the cup is flowing
That holdeth perennial youth;
Who strikes succeeds, for when Manhood bleeds
Each drop is a Cadmus' tooth.

Sclavonia! first from the sheathing
Thy knife to the cord that binds;
Thy one-tongued host shall renew the boast,
"The Scythians are the Winds!"

Greece! to the grasp of heroes,
Flashed with thine ancient pride,
Thy swords advance; in the passing chance
The great of heart are tried.

Poland! thy lance-heads brighten;
The Tartar has swept thy name
From the schoolman's chart, but the patriot's heart
Preserves its lines in flame.

Ireland! mother of dolors,
The trial on thee descends;
Who quaileth in fear when the test is near,
His bondage never ends.

Oppression, that kills the craven,
Defied, is the freeman's good;
No cause can be lost forever whose cost
Is coined from Freedom's blood!

Liberty's wine and altar
Are Blood and Human Right;
Her weak shall be strong while the struggle with Wrong
Is a sacrificial fight.

Earth for the people,—their laws their own,—
An equal race for all;
Though shattered and few, who to this are true
Shall flourish the more they fall.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

PART XII.

PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL HYMNS, SONGS, AND ODES.

MY COUNTRY.

I LOVE my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
  Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
  In wild fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
  To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flowery dales,
  The haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone
  Is heard from morn till night,
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,
Than e'er in Eastern lands were seen,
  In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
  Have all their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame,—
  "The land of liberty."

Oh, give me back my native hills,
My daisied meads, and trouted rills,
And groves of pine!
Oh, give me, too, the mountain air,—
My youthful days without a care,
When rose for me a mother's prayer,
In tones divine!

Long years have passed,—and I behold
My father's elms and mansion old,—
The brook's bright wave;
But, ah! the scenes which fancy drew
Deceived my heart,—the friends I knew,
Are sleeping now, beneath the yew,—
Low in the grave!

The sunny sports I loved so well,
When but a child, seem like a spell
Flung round the bier!
The ancient wood, the cliff, the glade,
Whose charms, methought, could never fade,
Again I view,—yet shed, unstayed,
The silent tear!

Here let me kneel, and linger long.
And pour, unheard, my native song,
And seek relief!
Like Ocean's wave that restless heaves,
My days roll on, yet memory weaves
Her twilight o'er the past, and leaves
A balm for grief!

Oh that I could again recall
My early joys, companions, all,
That cheered my youth!
But, ah! 'tis vain,—how changed am I!
My heart hath learned the bitter sigh!
The pure shall meet beyond the sky,—
How sweet the truth!

Hesperian.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land"?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well.
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down,
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

There lies a village in a peaceful vale,
With sloping hills and waving woods around,
Fenced from the blasts. There, never ruder gale
Bows the tall grass that covers all the ground;
And planted shrubs are there, and cherished flowers,
And a bright verdure born of gentle showers.

'Twas there my young existence was begun,
My earliest sports were on its flowery green,
And often when my school-boy task was done,
I climbed its hills to view the pleasant scene,
And stood and gazed till the sun's setting ray
Shone on the height,—the sweetest of the day.

There, when that hour of mellow light was come,
And mountain shadows cooled the ripened grain,
I watched the weary yeoman plodding home,
In the lone path that winds across the plain,
To rest his limbs, and watch his child at play,
And tell him o'er the labors of the day.

And when the woods put on their autumn glow,
And the bright sun came in among the trees,
And leaves were gathering in the glen below,
Swept softly from the mountains by the breeze,
I wandered till the starlight on the stream
At length awoke me from my fairy dream.

Ah! happy days, too happy to return,
Fled on the wings of youth's departed years,
A bitter lesson has been mine to learn,
The truth of life, its labors, pains, and fears;
Yet does the memory of my boyhood stay,
A twilight of the brightness passed away.

My thoughts steal back to that sweet village still;
Its flowers and peaceful shades before me rise;
The play-place and the prospect from the hill,
Its summer verdure, and autumnal dyes;
The present brings its storms; but, while they last,
I shelter me in the delightful past.

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT.

THE PATRIOT'S ELYSIUM.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
While, in his softened looks, benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around!
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy *country*, and that spot thy *home*.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

SING them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to thy sight;
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar,—
The songs our fathers loved.

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the bannered wall;
The songs that through our valley green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is filled with plumy sheaves;
The woodman, by the starlight pale
Cheered homeward through the leaves;
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be,—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A spell of lingering love;
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer.
So shall each long-forgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts that once it stirred,
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall sweetly speak again;

The heathery heights in vision rise
Where like the stag they roved,—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

OUR NATIVE SONG.

OUR native song,—our native song,
Oh, where is he who loves it not?
The spell it holds is deep and strong,
Where'er we go, whate'er our lot.
Let other music greet our ear
With thrilling fire or dulcet tone,
We speak to praise, we pause to hear,
But yet—oh, yet—'tis not our own.
The anthem chant, the ballad wild,
The notes that we remember long,—
The theme we sing with lisping tongue,—
'Tis this we love,—our native song.

The one who bears the felon's brand,
With moody brow and darkened name;
Thrust meanly from his father-land
To languish out a life of shame;
Oh, let him hear some simple strain,—
Some lay his mother taught her boy,—
He'll feel the charm, and dream again
Of home, of innocence, and joy.
The sigh will burst, the drops will start,
And all of virtue, buried long,—
The best, the purest in his heart,—
Is wakened by his native song.

Self-exiled from our place of birth
To climes more fragrant, bright, and gay,
The memory of our own fair earth
May chance awhile to fade away;

But should some minstrel echo fall,
Of chords that breathe Old England's fame,
Our souls will burn, our spirits yearn,
True to the land we love and claim.
The high,—the low,—in weal or woe,
Be sure there's something coldly wrong
About the heart that does not glow
To hear its own, its native song.

ELIZA COOK.

ADDRESS TO LIBERTY.

OH, could I worship aught beneath the skies
That earth hath seen, or fancy could devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer air.

Duly, as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when evening in her sober vest
Drew the gray curtain of the fading west;
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege: praise is not thine,
But His, who gave thee, and preserves thee mine;
Else I would say,—and, as I spake, bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,—
This rising realm adores thee: thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home;
We feel thy force still active; at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly power;
While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.

Propitious Spirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rights have suffered, and our land, too long;

Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts, that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care:
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood:
And honest merit stands on slippery ground
Where covert guile and artifice abound.
Let just restraint, for public peace designed,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind,—
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,—
But let insolvent innocence go free.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE VISION OF LIBERTY.

THE evening heavens were calm and bright;
No dimness rested on the glittering light,
That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on high;
Those distant suns burned on with quiet ray;
The placid planets held their modest way;
And silence reigned profound o'er earth, and sea, and sky.

Oh! what an hour for lofty thought!
My spirit burned within; I caught
A holy inspiration from the hour.
Around me, man and nature slept;
Alone my solemn watch I kept,
Till morning dawned, and sleep resumed her power.

A vision passed upon my soul.
I still was gazing up to heaven,
As in the early hours of even;
I still beheld the planets roll,
And all those countless sons of light
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless night.

When, lo! upon the plain,
Just where it skirts the swelling main,

A massive castle, far and high,
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.
Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile
Flung up its time-defying towers;
Its lofty gates seemed scornfully to smile
At vain assaults of human powers,
And threats and arms deride.
Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride,
In giant masses, graced the walls above;
And dungeons yawned below.
Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove,
Grave, silent chroniclers of time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,
See, within, a sudden blaze!
So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell,
That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top,
Nor makes the withered leaf to drop,
The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.
But soon it spread,
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red,
From wall to wall, from tower to tower,
Raging with resistless power;
Till every fervent pillar glowed,
And every stone seemed burning coal,
Instinct with living heat that flowed
Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,
Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.
At length a crackling sound began;
From side to side, throughout the pile it ran;
And louder yet and louder grew,
Till now in rattling thunder-peals it grew;
Huge shivered fragments from the pillars broke,
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.
The shattered walls were rent and riven,
And piecemeal driven,

Like blazing comets, through the troubled sky.
'Tis done; what centuries have reared,
In quick explosion disappeared,
Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place,
Bright with more than human grace,
Robed in more than mortal seeming,
Radiant glory in her face,
And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming,
Rose a fair majestic form,
As the mild rainbow from the storm.
I marked her smile, I knew her eye;
And when, with gesture of command,
She waved aloft a cap-crowned wand,
My slumbers fled 'mid shouts of "Liberty!"

Read ye the dream? and know ye not
How truly it unlocked the world of fate?
Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,
And spread it not, and burns in every state?
And when their old and cumbrous walls,
Filled with this spirit, glow intense,
Vainly they rear their impotent defence:
The fabric falls!
That fervent energy must spread,
Till despotism's towers be overthrown,
And in their stead
Liberty stands alone!

Hasten the day, just Heaven!
Accomplish thy design,
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,
Freely on all men shine,
Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,
And human power for human good employed;
Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

HENRY WARE, JR.

"DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI."

Oh! it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending;
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for aye,—
Glory that never is dim, shining on with light never ending,—
Glory that never shall fade, never, oh, never, away!

Oh! it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend who for country hath perished;
Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;
Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue-rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted forever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.

Oh! then, how great for our country to die,—in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout in our ear!
Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

WHAT'S HALLOWED GROUND?

What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground, where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed:—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon church-yard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

* * * * * * *

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!—
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine, beneath the deep,
Their coral tomb.

But, strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that, and welcome War to brace
Her drums, and rend heaven's reeking space!—

The colors, planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,—
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not.
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

* * * * * * *

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.

HERE rest the great and good,—here they repose
After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
And gathers them again, as winter frowns.
Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre,—green sods
Are all their monument; and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillared piles,

Or the eternal pyramids. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued,—these, though mute,
As feeling ever is when deepest,—these
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
Reared to the kings and demi-gods of old.
Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over the lowly graves; beneath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious liberty. No factious voice
Called them unto the field of generous fame,
But the pure consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
Where first our patriots sent the invader back,
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.
Their feelings were all nature; and they need
No art to make them known. They live in us,
While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
Worshipping nothing but our own pure hearts
And the one universal Lord. They need
No column pointing to the heaven they sought,
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
Left to its own free purposes, hastens there,
And there alone reposes. Let these elms
Bend their protecting shadow o'er their graves,
And build with their green roof the only fane,
Where we may gather on the hallowed day,
That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.
Here let us meet; and while our motionless lips
Give not a sound, and all around is mute

In the deep sabbath of a heart too full
For words or tears,—here let us strew the sod
With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
An offering of the plenty, Nature gives,
And they have rendered ours,—perpetually.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

COLUMBIA, THE LAND OF THE BRAVE.

O COLUMBIA, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.
Chorus.—When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm,
With the garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.
Chorus.

The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim.
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the stars of their glory grow dim.

May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true!
The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!
Chorus. DAVID T. SHAW.

HAIL, COLUMBIA, HAPPY LAND!

HAIL, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And, when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won:
Let Independence be your boast;
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altars reach the skies.
Chorus.—Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hands,
Let no rude foe, with impious hands,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Chorus.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name

Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.
Chorus.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat.
But, armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or LIBERTY.
Chorus.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

THE EAGLE.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banner fling,
And the tempest-clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain-top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest, like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze:
The mid-day sun, though clear and bright,
Can never dim thy gaze.

When the night storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
"O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages I watched alone,
And the world in its darkness asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

"But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

"And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory."

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BIRD of Columbia, well art thou
An emblem of our native land;
With unblanched front and noble brow,
Among the nations doomed to stand;
Proud like her mighty mountain woods;
Like her own rivers wandering free;

And sending forth from hills and floods
  The joyous shout of liberty.
Like thee, majestic bird, like thee,
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wing, untired and strong,
That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,
And will not quail though tempests blow.

The admiration of the earth,
  In grand simplicity she stands;
Like thee, the storms beheld her birth,
  And she was nursed by rugged hands;
But, past the fierce and furious war,
  Her rising fame new glory brings,
For kings and nobles come from far
  To seek the shelter of her wings.
And like thee, rider of the cloud,
She mounts the heavens, serene and proud,
Great in a pure and noble fame,
Great in her spotless champion's name,
And destined in her day to be
Mighty as Rome,—more nobly free.

My native land, my native land,
  To her my thoughts will fondly turn;
For her the warmest hopes expand,
  For her the heart with fears will yearn.
Oh, may she keep her eye, like thee,
  Proud eagle of the rocky wild,
Fixed on the sun of liberty,
  By rank, by faction, unbeguiled;
Remembering still the rugged road
Our venerable fathers trod,
When they through toil and danger pressed
To gain their glorious bequest,
And from each lip the caution fell
To those who followed, "Guard it well."

CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free;
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke;
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the clouds of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack:
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendor fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

OUR flag is there, our flag is there,
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas.
Our flag is there, our flag is there.
Behold the glorious Stripes and Stars.
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,
Strong hands sustained it mast-head high,

And, oh, to see how proud it waves,
Brings tears of joy in every eye.

That flag has stood the battle's roar,
With foemen stout, with foemen brave;
Strong hands have sought that flag to lower,
And found a speedy watery grave.
That flag is known on every shore,
The standard of a gallant band:
Alike unstained in peace or war,
It floats o'er Freedom's happy land.

AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER, 1812.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

OH, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution:

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

STARS IN MY COUNTRY'S SKY—ARE YE ALL THERE?

ARE ye all there? Are ye all there,
Stars in my country's sky?
Are ye *all* there? *Are ye all there,*
In your shining homes on high?
"Count us! Count us," was their answer,
As they dazzled on my view,
In glorious perihelion,
Amid their field of blue.

I cannot count ye rightly;
There's a cloud with sable rim;
I cannot make your number out,
For my eyes with tears are dim.
O bright and blessed angel,
On white wing floating by,
Help me to count, and not to miss
One star in my country's sky!

Then the angel touched mine eyelids,
And touched the frowning cloud;
And its sable rim departed,
And it fled with murky shroud.

There was no missing Pleiad
'Mid all that sister race;
The Southern Cross gleamed radiant forth,
And the Pole-Star kept its place.

Then I knew it was the angel
Who woke the hymning strain
That at our Redeemer's birth
Pealed out o'er Bethlehem's plain;
And still its heavenly key-tone
My listening country held,
For all her constellated stars
The diapason swelled.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

OLD IRONSIDES.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high;
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck—once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below—
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

THOUGH many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag by our country unfurled,
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world,
Their light is unsullied as those in the sky
By a deed that our fathers have done,
And they're linked in as true and as holy a tie
In their motto of "Many in One."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
That banner of starlight abroad,
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung,
As they clung to the promise of God.
By the bayonet traced at the midnight of war,
On the fields where our glory was won,—
Oh, perish the heart or the hand that would mar
Our motto of "Many in One."

'Mid the smoke of the conflict, the cannon's deep roar,
How oft it has gathered renown!
While those stars were reflected in rivers of gore,
Where the cross and the lion went down;
And though few were their lights in the gloom of that hour,
Yet the hearts that were striking below
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for their power,
And they stopped not to number their foe.

From where our green mountain-tops blend with the sky,
And the giant Saint Lawrence is rolled,
To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,
Like the dream of some prophet of old,

They conquered, and, dying, bequeathed to our care
Not this boundless dominion alone,
But that banner whose loveliness hallows the air,
And their motto of "Many in One."

We are many in one while glitters a star
In the blue of the heavens above,
And tyrants shall quail, 'mid their dungeons afar,
When they gaze on that motto of love.
It shall gleam o'er the sea, 'mid the bolts of the storm,
Over tempest, and battle, and wreck,
And flame where our guns with their thunder grow warm,
'Neath the blood of the slippery deck.

The oppressed of the earth to that standard shall fly
Wherever its folds shall be spread,
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky,
Where its stars shall wave over his head;
And those stars shall increase till the fulness of time
Its millions of cycles have run,—
Till the world shall have welcomed their mission sublime,
And the nations of earth shall be one.

Though the old Alleghany may tower to heaven,
And the Father of Waters divide,
The links of our destiny cannot be riven
While the truth of those words shall abide.
Oh, then let them glow on each helmet and brand,
Though our blood like our rivers shall run;
Divide as we may in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are ONE.

Then, up with our flag!—let it stream on the air;
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,
They had hands that could strike, they had souls that could dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up, up with that banner! where'er it may call,
Our millions shall rally around,
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CUTTER.

THE BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

KELLER'S AMERICAN HYMN.

Speed our Republic, O Father on high;
Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
Rulers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
Girdle with virtue, the armor of night.
Hail, three times hail, to our country and flag,
Rulers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
Girdle with virtue, the armor of night,
Hail, three times hail, to our country and flag!

Foremost in battle for Freedom to stand,
We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
Still, as of yore, when George Washington led,
Thunders our war-cry, We conquer or fall.
Hail, three times hail, to our country and flag!
(Repeat last two lines as chorus.)

Faithful and honest to friend and to foe,—
Willing to die in humanity's cause,—
Thus we defy all tyrannical power,
While we contend for our Union and laws.
Hail, three times hail, to our country and flag!
(Chorus as before.)

Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds;
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world;
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old,—
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled.
(Chorus as before.)

MATTHIAS KELLER.

THE NEW SONG OF FREEDOM.

(Contributed for the "Patriotic Reader.")

SOUNDS of joy o'er broad savannas,
Waking to a newer life,
Glad recall the old hosannas
Of the early battle-strife,
When, our liberty achieving,
North and South together stood,
To the glorious object cleaving,
And the boon at length receiving,
Purchased with their mingled blood.

O'er our sacred fields of battle,
By New England rock and rill,
The rejoicing pæans rattle,
And revive at Bunker Hill;

And through all the land extending,
As a new day's gladdening light,
All our sundered interests blending,
All our stormy conflicts ending
In the triumph of the right.

Down the border rivers flowing,
Sweetly rolls the tide along,
Through the tropic bowers going,
Till the sea repeats the song.
Burdened hearts, the music feeling,
Catch the glow of Freedom's fire,
And, before her altar kneeling,
For their cause to Heaven appealing,
Grasp the boon their hearts desire.

To the mighty inland oceans,
To the little lakes between,
To the broad, rich prairie-Goshens,
Flocks and harvests o'er them seen;
Over dale and hill-side ringing,
Where the Susquehanna flows;
To the Catskill's summit springing,
To romantic Hudson bringing
Welcome strains, that Freedom knows.

O'er the snow-capt Rocky Mountains,
Onward sweeps the anthem clear;
Mississippi's farthest fountains
Its rejoicing echoes hear,
While they reach far hills surrounding
Where the wild Comanche dwells,
Where Missouri's tide is sounding,
To Nevada's distant bounding,
Waking all her golden dells.

Earnest faith the song's inspiring,
Praise to God, good-will to men;
Purer knowledge, all desiring,
Flows in living streams again;

Schools and churches multiplying,
All the precious arts increase;
Fruits of labor, self-relying,
Wealth, with generous purpose vying,
Marks of freedom, skill, and peace.

Onward, flag of glory, flying,
Grandest earthly banner, thou;
Higher rise, to fame undying,
Borne aloft by Freedom now.
Thine, O Stars and Stripes, the story
Of a nation's wondrous birth,
Symbol of its brightening glory,
Won from field and conflict gory,
Symbol of its power and worth.

SYLVANUS DRYDEN PHELPS.

THE LAND OF THE SOUTH.

LAND of the South! imperial land!
How proud thy mountains rise!
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this,—oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam,—
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,
Thou art my native home!

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth
Unequalled to the sea,
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
But not for thy proud ocean streams,
Not for thine azure dome,
Sweet, sunny South, I cling to thee,—
Thou art my native home!

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
  Beloved of tale and song;
On Heloyn's hills, proud and sublime,
  Where nature's wonders throng;
By Tempe's classic, sunlit streams,
  Where gods of old did roam,—
But ne'er have found so fair a land
  As thou, my native home!

And thou hast prouder glories, too,
  Than nature ever gave:
Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,
  And Freedom's pinions wave,
Fair Science flings her pearls around,
  Religion lifts her dome,—
These, these endear thee to my heart,
  My own loved native home!

And "Heaven's best gift to man" is thine,—
  God bless thy rosy girls!
Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine,
  Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them
  Where'er their footsteps roam.
How can I, then, whilst loving them,
  Not love my native home!

Land of the South, imperial land!
  Then here's a health to thee:
Long as thy mountain barriers stand
  Mayst thou be blest and free!
May dark dissension's banner ne'er
  Wave o'er thy fertile loam!
But should it come, there's one will die
  To save his native home.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

THE BATTLE OF EUTAW.

Hark! 'tis the voice of the mountain,
And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
As it tells of the bearing of heroes
Who compassed its summits and died!
How they gathered to strife as the eagles,
When the foeman had clambered the height!
How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,
They hunted him down for the fight.

Hark! through the gorge of the valley,
'Tis the bugle that tells of the foe;
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
And we snatch down the rifle and go.
As the hunter who hears of the panther,
Each arms him and leaps to his steed,
Rides forth through the desolate antre,
With his knife and his rifle at need.

From a thousand deep gorges they gather,
From the cot lowly perched by the rill,
The cabin half hid in the heather,
'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still;
Each lonely at first in his roaming,
Till the vale to the sight opens fair,
And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,
When his bugle gives tongue to the air.

Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
For the hunt of the insolent foe,
And soon shall his myrmidons tremble
'Neath the shock of the thunder-bolt's blow.
Down the lone heights now wind they together,
As the mountain-brooks flow to the vale,
And now, as they group on the heather,
The keen scout delivers his tale:

"The British—the Tories are on us,
And now is the moment to prove
To the women whose virtues have won us,
That our virtues are worthy their love!
They have swept the vast valleys below us,
With fire, to the hills from the sea;
And here would they seek to o'erthrow us
In a realm which our eagle makes free!"

No war-council suffered to trifle
With the hours devote to the deed;
Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,
Swift followed the bound to the steed;
And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen,
All panting with rage at the sight,
Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foeman,
As he lay in his camp on the height.

Grim dashed they away as they bounded,
The hunters to hem in the prey,
And, with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,
Then the British rose fast to the fray;
And never with arms of more vigor
Did their bayonets press through the strife,
Where with every swift pull of the trigger
The sharp-shooters dashed out a life!

'Twas the meeting of eagles and lions;
'Twas the rushing of tempests and waves;
Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,
Born freemen 'gainst sycophant slaves;
Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
As from danger to danger he flies,
Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
With its "touch me who dare!" and he dies!

An hour, and the battle is over;
The eagles are rending the prey;
The serpents seek flight into cover,
But the terror still stands in the way:

More dreadful the doom that on treason
Avenges the wrongs of the state;
And the oak-tree for many a season
Bears fruit for the vultures of fate!

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

PULASKI'S BANNER.

(Count Casimir Pulaski, the Polish patriot, killed at the siege of Savannah in 1779, had a crimson standard which had been worked for him by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.)

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowléd head,
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there,
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free!
Guard it! God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him,—he our love hath shared;
Spare him,—as thou wouldst be spared.

"Take thy banner! and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

NATHAN HALE.

To drum-beat and heart-beat a soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek, there is courage in his eye,—
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat, in a moment, he must die.

By starlight and moonlight he seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag, and the armèd sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight his silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread, he scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery guns by the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave, it meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars like the glimmer of a lance,
A dark wave, a plumed wave, on an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang, and terror in the sound,
For the sentry, falcon-eyed, in the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang, the patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow, he listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear, nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow he robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night, he kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold e'en the solemn Word of God.
In the long night, the still night, he walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn, he dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that "he can lose but one life for Liberty;"
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn, his spirit-wings are free.

From the Fame-leaf and the Angel-leaf, from monument to urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven, his tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and on Angel-leaf the name of Hale shall burn.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

CALDWELL OF SPRINGFIELD.

HERE's the spot. Look around you. Above, on the height,
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall,—
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.

Nothing more, did I say? Stay, one moment; you've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the Word
Down at Springfield? What! no? Come, that's bad! Why, he had
All the Jerseys aflame! and they gave him the name
Of "the rebel high-priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God, and he hated King George!

He had cause, you might say! When the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on their way
At the "farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened, none knew
But God, and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot. Enough! there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband, away!

Did he preach,—did he pray? Think of him, as you stand
By the old church, to-day; think of him, and that band
Of militant ploughboys! See the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance,—of that straggling retreat!
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view,—
And what could you, what should you, what would *you* do?

Why, just what *he* did! They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn-books, and threw down his load
At their feet! Then above all the shouting and shots
Rang his voice,—"Put Watts into 'em!—Boys, give 'em Watts!"

And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball,
But not always a hero like this,—and that's all.

BRET HARTE.

THE LAY OF GROTON HEIGHT.

(Read at Centennial Celebration, 1881. Extract furnished at request for the "Patriotic Reader.")

THE word went forth from the throne:
"*Desolate! desolate!*
Smite, burn, destroy, till their woes shall atone
For the woe and shame of the State!
They have shamed the arms of their king;
They have flouted the terms we bring:

High time that vengeance should have full swing
Over small and great!

"*Reap down their crops with your swords!*
Harry! ravage!
Hound on the rage of your hireling hordes,—
Hessian and savage!"

So the blaze of Fairfield flushed the sky;
New Haven's smoke went rolling high;
Far Norwalk cried with a bitter cry;
And the sons of the Puritan pioneers
Saw the toil and thrift of a hundred years
Spoiled in an hour. . . .

* * * * * *

Well, at last drew on the day,
Dark with ill omen.
Off the mouth of the bay,
Flapping their wings in the gray
Like carrion birds, they lay,—
The ships of the foeman.
"To talk of defence were wild;
We are beaten, plundered, defiled;
They spare not the old, nor the sick, nor the child,
Nor the woman!"

Not so spoke Ledyard, brave soul,
Our noble commander.
O History, point, on your roll,
To a nobler or grander!
He stepped from his farm-house door,
A hero like those of yore.
Oh, fair was the look of grace that he wore,
And of candor!

Now briskly he spoke to his troops,—
Not a sigh, not a frown.
No thought or of fears or of hopes,
But of honor and duty alone.

No question of gain or loss;—
Only Home and the righteous cause;
So he signalled the handful of gunners across
From the battery under the town.

Few, few, in the big redoubt,
The sons of the Puritans stood,
And over the parapet-wall looked out
Beyond the fringe of the wood;
Saw the enemy's blood-red lines uncoil
And wind out snake-like over the soil;
Heard the shrill fifes piping scorn;
Saw the steel flash back the morn,
And the cruel cross before them borne,—
The cross in a field of blood;
Looked town-ward over the bay;
Along the country roads
Saw women and children running away
With bits of their household goods;
Saw the red-coats and Hessians
Dragging through dust and mire
The spoil of their poor possessions;
And at last—the fire!

* * * * * *

. . . The terrible fight
Had been fought and lost,—
The brave, brave fight for the right,
There upon Groton Height,
And oh, the cost!
Men came from the smouldering town,
From the hills and the woods came down,
When the enemy had crossed;
And there, in the autumn weather,
Lay the dead all tumbled together,
Stripped and mangled and tossed.

Two-score widows of Groton-town
Walked 'mid the corpses up and down;

Turned the dead faces up to the light,
Calling, calling into the night;
Listening for word or voice
From husband, or father, or boys;
Waiting, speaking,
Questioning, seeking
Over the torn sod, reeking
With the blood of Groton Height.

And there by the sally-port,
Where the foe had entered the fort,
Lay Ledyard, gallant knight,
His bosom gored by his own brave sword,
And his hero-blood on the ground outpoured,
For the right.

LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CRESCENTIUS.

(Sismondi, in his "Italian Republics," says that "Crescentius, who obtained the title of Consul A.D. 980, attempted to restore Rome to her former liberty and glory. He capitulated to Emperor Otho III., and was put to death.")

I LOOKED upon his brow,—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a deathless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh,—
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,

And tens of thousands thronged the road,
  And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graved with many a dint, that told
  Of many a soldier's deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood, chained and alone,
  The headsman by his side;
The plume, the helm, the charger gone,
  The sword that had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
  Came from that lip of pride;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
  With an uncovered eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
  Who thronged to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
  A nation's funeral cry,—
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot,—and her latest one.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

OUR FATHERS' GOD.

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAINEERS.

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.
Thou hast made Thy children mighty by the touch of the mountain sod,

Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

We are watchers of a beacon whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar 'midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage, struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

For the dark-resounding caverns, where Thy still, small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forests, that by Thy breath are stirred;
For the storms, on whose free pinions thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

The royal eagle darteth on his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master seeks there his wild delights;
But we for Thy communion have sought the mountain sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

The banner of the chieftain far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman cannot reach our lofty caves;
The dark clouds wrap the threshold of Freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

For the shadow of Thy presence, round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle, bearing record of our dead;
For the snows, and for the torrents, for the free heart's burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

UNION AND LIBERTY.

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in glory,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame.
Chorus.—Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the nation's cry,
Union and Liberty, one evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star.
Chorus.

Empire unsceptred, what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man.
Chorus.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms to thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law.
Chorus.

Lord of the Universe, shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun.
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us the MANY IN ONE.
Chorus.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

POLISH WAR-SONG.

Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready!
Rouse ye, in the name of God!
Onward, onward, strong and steady,
Dash to earth the oppressor's rod!
Freedom calls! ye brave! ye brave!
Rise, and spurn the name of slave.

Grasp the sword! its edge is keen;
Seize the gun! its ball is true:
Sweep your land from tyrant clean,
Haste, and scour it through and through!
Onward! onward! Freedom cries.
Rush to arms, the tyrant flies.

By the souls of patriots gone,
Wake, arise, your fetters break!
Kosciusko bids you on,
Sobieski cries, Awake!
Rise, and front the despot czar,
Rise, and dare the unequal war.

Freedom calls you! Quick, be ready!
Think of what your sires have been.
Onward, onward! strong and steady,
Drive the tyrant to his den.
On, and let the watchword be,
Country, home, and liberty!

James Gates Percival.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

For Scotland's and for freedom's right
The Bruce his part had played,
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismayed.
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost

The meed for which he fought;
And now, from battle, faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place
For him who claimed a throne;
His canopy, devoid of grace,
The rude, rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed,—
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
From couch of eider-down:
Through darksome night till dawn of day,
Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
Which roofed the lowly shed;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread
The wary spider threw;
In vain the filmy line was sped,
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
And yet unconquered still;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last;
The hero hailed the sign,

And on the wished-for beam hung fast
That slender, silken line;
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen, for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read,"
That Perseverance gains its meed,
And Patience wins the race.

BERNARD BARTON.

UNION SONG OF THE CELT.

HAIL! brightest banner that floats on the gale!
Flag of the country of Washington, hail!
Red are thy stripes with the blood of the brave,
Bright are thy stars as the sun on the wave;
Wrapt in thy folds are the hopes of the free.
Banner of Washington! blessings on thee!

Mountain-tops mingle the sky with their snow;
Prairies lie smiling in sunshine below;
Rivers, as broad as the sea, in their pride,
Border thine empires, but do not divide;
Niagara's voice far out-anthems the sea;
Land of sublimity! blessings on thee!

Hope of the world! on thy mission sublime,
When thou didst burst on the pathway of time,
Millions from darkness and bondage awoke;
Music was first born when liberty spoke;
Millions to come shall yet join in the glee:
Land of the pilgrims' hope! blessings on thee!

Traitors shall perish, and treason shall fail;
Kingdoms and thrones in thy glory grow pale!
Thou shalt live on, and thy people shall own
Loyalty's sweet, when each heart is thy throne;
Union and freedom thine heritage be.
Country of Washington! blessings on thee!

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Oh, blest be the days when the green banner floated
Sublime o'er the mountains of free Innisfail,
When her sons, to her glory and freedom devoted,
Defied the invader to tread on her soil,
When back o'er the main they chased the Dane,
And gave to religion and learning their spoil,
When valor and mind together combined.
But wherefore lament o'er the glories departed?
Her star shall shine out with as vivid a ray,
For ne'er had she children more brave and true-hearted
Than those she now sees on St. Patrick's Day.

Her sceptre, alas! passed away to the stranger,
And treason surrendered what valor had held;
But true hearts remained amid darkness and danger,
Which, spite of her tyrants, would never be quelled.
Oft, oft, through the night flashed gleams of light,
Which almost the darkness of bondage dispelled;
But a star now is near, her heaven to cheer,
Not like the wild gleams which so fitfully darted,
But long to shine down with its hallowing ray
On daughters as fair and sons as true-hearted
As Erin beholds on St. Patrick's Day.

Oh, blest be the hour when, begirt by her cannon,
And hailed, as it rose, by a nation's applause,
That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
Asserting for Irishmen, Irish laws!
Once more shall it wave, o'er hearts as brave,
Despite of the dastards who mock at her cause,
And like brothers, agreed, whatever their creed,
Her children, inspired by those glories departed,
No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
But join in her cause like the brave and true-hearted
Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's Day.

M. J. Barry.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory.
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,—
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
Chorus.—To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo, our walls and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
Chorus.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?
Chorus.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,—
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
Chorus.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

THE SPANISH PATRIOTS' SONG.

HARK! hear ye the sounds that the winds, on their pinions,
Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions?
'Tis Columbia calls on her sons to be free!

Behold, on yon summits, where Heaven has throned her,
How she starts from her proud, inaccessible seat,
With nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet!

In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are shaken,
While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song,
From the rock to the valley, re-echo, "Awaken!
Awaken, ye hearts that have slumbered too long!"

Yes, despots! too long did your tyranny hold us
In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known,—
Till we learned that the links of the chain that controlled us
Were forged by the fears of its captive alone.

That spell is destroyed, and no longer availing.
Despised as detested, pause well ere ye dare
To cope with a people whose spirits and feeling
Are roused by remembrance and steeled by despair.

Go, tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw
The proud surges that sweep o'er the strand that confined them;
But presume not again to give freemen a law,
Nor think with the chains they have broken to bind them.

To heights by the beacons of Liberty lightened,
They're a scorn who come up her young eagles to tame;
And to swords, that her sons for the battle have brightened,
The hosts of a king are as flax to a flame.

ANONYMOUS.

VIVA ITALIA! VIVA IL RE!

(Written on the departure of the Austrians from Italy, and the entry of the Italian king, Victor Emmanuel, into Venice, November 7, 1866.)

HASTE! open the lattice, Giulia,
And wheel me my chair where the sun
May fall on my face while I welcome
The sound of the life-giving gun!
The Austrian leaves with the morning,
And Venice hath freedom to-day,—
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Would God that I only were younger,
To stand with the rest on the street,
To fling up my cap on the mola,
And the tricolor banner to greet!
The gondolas, girl,—they are passing!
And what do the gondoliers say?—
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Oh, cursed be these years and this weakness
That shackle me here in my chair,
When the people's loud clamor is rending
The chains that once made their despair!
So young when the Corsican sold us!
So old when the Furies repay!—
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Not these were the cries when our fathers
The gonfalon gave to the breeze,
When doges sate solemn in council,
And Dandolo harried the seas!
But the years of the future are ours,
To humble the pride of the gray,—
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Bring, girl, from the dust of yon closet
The sword that your ancestor bore
When Genoa's prowess was humbled,
Her galleys beat back from our shore!
O great Contarino! your ashes
To Freedom are given to-day!
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

What! tears in your eyes, my Giulia?
You weep when your country is free?
You mourn for your Austrian lover,
Whose face nevermore you shall see?
Kneel, girl, kneel beside me, and whisper,
While to Heaven for vengeance you pray,
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Shame, shame on the weakness that held you,
And shame on the heart that was won!
No blood of the gonfaloniere
Shall mingle with blood of the Hun!
Swear hate to the name of the spoiler,
Swear lealty to Venice, and say,
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

Hark! heard you the gun from the mola?
And hear you the welcoming cheer?
Our army is coming, Giulia,
The friends of our Venice are near!

Ring out from your old campanile,
Freed bells from San Marco, to-day,
"Viva! e Viva Italia!
Viva il Re!"

CHARLES DIMITRY.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

(1822.)

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid?—Be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone:
For we've sworn, by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not:
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us:

If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves:—
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us.
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day—shall ye blush for its story?
Or brighten your lives with its glory?—
Our women—oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken,
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of earth.
Strike home!—and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion;
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring.
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguished in sadness,
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won;

Harmosan, the last of foemen, and the boldest to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble Satrap, "Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst."

In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the victors to explore.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the Caliph: "dost thou dread a
secret blow?
Fear it not; our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealings
know.

"Thou mayest quench thy thirst securely; for thou shalt not die
before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water: this reprieve is thine,—no
more."

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready
hand,
And the liquid sunk,—forever lost, amid the burning sand:

"Thou hast said that mine my life is till the water of that cup
I have drained:—then bid thy servants that spilled water gather
up!"

For a moment stood the Caliph, as by doubtful passions stirred,
Then exclaimed, "Forever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

Bring another cup and straightway to the noble Persian give:—
Drink, I said before, and perish;—now I bid thee drink and live!"

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

WHAT is the German's fatherland?—
Is't Prussian land, or Swabian land?
Where the grape-vine glows on the Rhenish strand?
Where the sea-gull flies o'er the Baltic sand?
Ah, no! ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Bavarian land, or Styrian land?

Now Austria it needs must be,
So rich in fame and victory.
Ah, no! ah no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Pomeranian land, Westphalia land?
Where o'er the sea-flats the sand is blown?
Where the mighty Danube rushes on?
Ah, no! ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Say thou the name of the mighty land.
Is't Switzerland, or Tyrol, tell:—
The land and the people pleased me well.
Ah, no! ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Name thou at length to me the land.
Wherever in the German tongue
To God in heaven hymns are sung!—
That shall it be,—that shall it be;
That, gallant German, is for thee!

That is the German's fatherland
Where binds like an oath the graspéd hand,
Where from men's eyes truth flashes forth,
Where in men's hearts are love and worth!—
That shall it be,—that shall it be;
That, gallant German, is for thee!

It is the whole of Germany.
Look, Lord, thereon, we pray to thee.
Let German spirit in us dwell,
That we may love it true and well.
That shall it be,—that shall it be;
The whole, the whole of Germany!

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

THE WATCH BY THE RHINE.

(German National War-Song.)

A CRY bursts forth like thunder-sound,
Like swords' fierce clash, like waves' rebound,—
To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
To guard the river, who'll combine?
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

From myriad mouths the summons flies,
And brightly flash a myriad eyes:
Brave, honest, true, the Germans come,
To guard the sacred bounds of home.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

And though the strife bring death to me,
No foreign river shalt thou be:
Exhaustless as thy watery flood
Is German land in hero-blood.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

If upward he his glance doth send,
There hero-fathers downward bend.
He sweareth, proud to fight his part,
Thou Rhine, be German, like my heart.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

While yet one drop of blood thou'lt yield,
While yet one hand the sword can wield,
While grasps the rifle one bold hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

The oath peals forth, the wave runs by,
Our flags, unfurled, are waving high.
To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
To keep thee free we'll all combine.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER. (*Trans. by* H. W. DUCKLEN.)

GERMAN BATTLE-PRAYER.

FATHER, I cry to thee.
Cannon-smoke rolleth in clouds o'er me roaring,
War's jetted lightnings around me are pouring:
Lord of the battle, I cry to thee,—
Father, oh, lead thou me.

Father, oh, lead thou me.
Lead me as victor, by death when I'm riven,
Lord, I acknowledge the law thou hast given:
E'en as thou wilt, Lord, so lead thou me,—
God, I acknowledge thee.

God, I acknowledge thee.
So when the autumn leaves rustle around me,
So when the thunders of battle surround me,
Fountain of grace, I acknowledge thee,—
Father, oh, bless thou me.

Father, oh, bless thou me.
Into thy care commend I my spirit;
Thou canst reclaim what from thee I inherit:
Living or dying, still bless thou me,—
Father, I worship thee.

Father, I worship thee.
Not for earth's riches thy servants are fighting,
Holiest cause with our swords we are righting:
Conquering or falling, I worship thee,—
God, I submit to thee.

God, I submit to thee.
When all the terrors of death are assailing,
When in my veins e'en the life-blood is failing,
Lord, unto thee will I bow the knee,—
Father, I cry to thee.

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

PRUSSIAN BATTLE-HYMN.

FATHER of earth and heaven! I call Thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame!
Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,
Thou knowest. If ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower
On my young fame!—Oh, hear! God of eternal power!

God! Thou art merciful.—The wintry storm,
The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,
But show the sterner grandeur of Thy form;
The lightnings, glancing through the midnight gloom,
To faith's raised eye as calm, as lovely come,
As splendors of the autumnal evening star,
As roses shaken by the breeze's plume,
When like cool incense comes the dewy air.
And on the golden wave the sunset burns afar.

God! Thou art mighty!—At thy footstool bound,
Lie, gazing to Thee, Chance, and Life, and Death;

Nor in the angel-circle flaming round,
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
Is one that can withstand Thy wrath's hot breath.
Woe in Thy frown,—in Thy smile victory!
Hear my last prayer!—I ask no mortal wreath:
Let but these eyes my rescued country see,
Then take my spirit, All-Omnipotent, to Thee.

Now for the fight!—now for the cannon-peal!—
Forward!—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!
They shake,—like broken waves their squares retire.
On them, hussars!—Now give them rein and heel!
Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire:—
Earth cries for blood,—in thunder on the wheel!
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The national anthem of Great Britain has become so closely identified with the hymn "America" that they seem inseparable,—the music being common to both. Neither Henry nor George S. Carey can be credited, clearly, with its origin. George S. Carey claimed that his father was the author. The following words by Rev. W. D. Tattersall, harmonized by T. S. Dupuis, Doctor of Music, were used in London in January, 1793, three of the verses being nearly the same as those used about the year 1745, in the reign of George II.

VERSION OF 1793.

GOD save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

Let Discord's lawless train
Know their vile arts are vain,
  Britain is free;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
With equal laws we mix
  True Liberty.

England's stanch soldiery,
Proof against treachery,
  Bravely unite;
Firm in his country's cause,
His sword each hero draws,
To guard our King and laws
  From factious might.

When insults rise to wars,
Oak-hearted British tars
  Scorn to be slaves;
Ranged in our wooden walls,
Ready when duty calls
To send their cannon-balls
  O'er Ocean's waves.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
  And make them fall.
Cause civil broils to cease,
Commerce and trade t' increase;
With plenty, joy, and peace,
  God bless us all.

Gracious to this famed isle,
On our loved Monarch smile,
  With mildest rays;
Oh, let thy light divine
On Brunswick's royal line
With cheering influence shine
  To latest days.

PRESENT VERSION.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
  God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us!
  God save the Queen!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
  And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
  Oh, save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour.
  Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
  God save the Queen!

PATRIOTIC ELOQUENCE.

Heard ye those loud-contending waves
  That shook Cecropia's pillared state?
Saw ye the mighty from their graves
  Look up, and tremble for her fate?

Who shall calm the angry storm?
Who the mighty task perform,
  And bid the raging tumult cease?
See the son of Hermes rise,
With siren tongue, and speaking eyes,
  Hush the noise, and soothe to peace!

Lo! from the regions of the North
The reddening storm of battle pours,
Rolls along the trembling earth,
Fastens on the Olynthian towers.

Where rests the sword?—where sleep the brave?
Awake! Cecropia's ally save
From the fury of the blast.
Bursts the storm on Phocis' walls.
Rise! or Greece forever falls.
Up! or Freedom breathes her last.

The jarring States, obsequious now,
View the Patriot's hand on high,
Thunder gathering on his brow,
Lightning flashing from his eye!

Borne by the tide of words along,
One voice, one mind, inspire the throng:
"To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry,—
"Grasp the shield and draw the sword,
Lead us to Philippi's lord,
Let us conquer him, or die."

Ah, Eloquence, thou wast undone,
Wast from thy native country driven,
When Tyranny eclipsed the sun
And blotted out the stars of heaven.

When Liberty from Greece withdrew,
And o'er the Adriatic flew,
To where the Tiber pours his urn,
She struck the rude Tarpeian rock:
Sparks were kindled by the shock,—
Again thy fires began to burn.

Now, shining forth, thou mad'st compliant
The Conscript Fathers to thy charms,
Roused the world-bestriding giant,
Sinking fast in Slavery's arms.

I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,
Pouring the persuasive strain,
  Giving vast conceptions birth.
Hark! I hear thy thunder's sound
Shake the Forum round and round,
  Shake the pillars of the earth!

First-born of Liberty divine,
  Put on Religion's bright array;
Speak, and the starless grave shall shine,
  The portal of eternal day.

Rise, kindling with the orient beam;
Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme;
  Unfold the garments rolled in blood.
Oh, touch the soul, touch all her chords
With all the omnipotence of words,
  And point the way to heaven—to God.

ANONYMOUS.

THE PATRIOTIC DEAD.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

PART XIII.

AMERICA SURVIVES THE ORDEAL OF CONFLICTING SYSTEMS.

INTRODUCTION.

On the Fourth of July, 1888, the battle-field of Gettysburg was made memorial of the prediction uttered by President Lincoln at its dedication as a national cemetery in 1864, that "The nation shall, under God, have a new birth of power; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The contest of 1861–65 removed from the national life that serious element of danger which the fathers left for their posterity to settle. The rights of all sections rested upon one charter. The moral law of abstract right did not harmonize with the possessory rights of a well-accepted legal status, and only a charity and wisdom more than human could bring a full accord without the crucial test of arms. The more powerful North bent its vast energies of numbers and wealth to preserve the Union of the States. The South, inferior in numbers and resources, affirmed with equal spirit its right of withdrawal, unless the legal tolerations of the Constitution should have their fullest effect. The issue joined, satisfied all interests, after marvellous sacrifice; and the Union is clothed with fresh strength and more permanent beauty. Already a sense of relief from the estrangement of brethren which harassed the original colonies, and worried the nation to the verge of ruin, inspires poets and orators with enlarged faith in the national future. Already the republic, purified by fire and by blood, looks backward, to honor with fresh enthusiasm each recurring anniversary of the nation's birth, and then, in the glory of a second birth, turns forward, to

concentrate its vision, as through the perspective glass of Bunyan, upon the development of an "indestructible Union of indestructible States."

The ordeal of arms came to an end! The lingering ordeal of cooling passion has entered upon a fraternal solution. Impartial history softens the hardness of old-time antagonisms, and magnifies the patriotism of a people which can conquer self to bless the many. Mr. Curtis, the orator of Gettysburg, only voiced the sentiment of all "good-willing men on earth" as he said, "If there be joy in heaven this day, it is in the heart of Abraham Lincoln as he looks down upon the field of Gettysburg." To General Gordon, the very ground seemed holy, as if the union of the Blue and the Gray, in dust, only typified a spiritual union above, and their benediction on the survivors who gain a more enduring fellowship through their mingled blood. "No conflict now!" was the breathing of General Devens when he welcomed the visiting soldiers of the South at the Bunker Hill celebration in Charlestown, Massachusetts, June 17, 1875. "The moral sentiment of the nineteenth century has ended slavery!" was the great utterance of Justice Lamar, as he unveiled the statue of John C. Calhoun, at Charleston, South Carolina, April 26, 1888. The heart-longing of Alexander H. Stephens, as he watched the unveiling of Carpenter's picture of the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, "Separate as billows, but one as the sea!" finds responsive prayer in every loyal American soul. "Again brethren and equals!" rings out, in the voice of ex-Senator Patterson, while he assists to dedicate a monument to the sons of New Hampshire who fell in the great contest. "Under the same banner now, its folds unrent, and its bright stars unobscured," is the sentiment through which Governor Ross, of Texas, calls upon the veterans of Hood's Texas brigade, July 4, 1887, to welcome their brethren of the North into a full identity of interest, State and national. "Let us rejoice together!" is the jubilant refrain of General George A. Sheridan in his apotheosis to "Immortal Heroes," when, with outstretched arm, he swings out the banner of our love, that all shall see in its clustered constellation the full roster of all the planets present.

The homes of the North are still mourning, and the annual Memorial Days are observed with reverence and floral offerings

to its honored dead! The homes of the South are no less truly the shrines where loving hearts and gentle hands entwine garlands for the tombs of heroic lovers, husbands, sons, and fathers! The words of William H. Fleming on a Memorial Day, at Augusta, Georgia, April 28, 1885, need but slight verbal change to embody the sentiment of every charitable, unselfish citizen of America:

"Without abating one jot or tittle of loyal devotion to the memory of our Confederate dead, we can here, in the presence of their graves, turn our eyes to heaven and exclaim, Thank God! slavery, that material curse and moral incubus, has been lifted from our land! Thank God! that black cloud has vanished from our sky! Yes! even though it could spend its fury only in the lightning and thunder of war.

"No State will ever again resort to secession from the Union as a remedy for wrongs, present or prospective. Mr. Webster's prayer is answered; for the sun will never again shine upon 'the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; upon States discordant, dissevered, belligerent.' The motto upon the ensign of the republic, now full high advanced, is, by universal consent, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

The dream of the Massachusetts poet, Duganne, had its marvellous realization; but the soldiers and statesmen of all sections now sympathize with all bereaved ones, and recognize the valor of all who passed under the flail of discipline which his enthusiasm invoked.

HARVEST AND VINTAGE.

I DREAMED of a wonderful harvest,—
I dreamed of a threshing-floor,
Where men, like grain, by Angels twain,
Were gathered in measureless store,
All bound in sheaves, like corn in the leaves,
And flayed from husk to core;

And the Angels sang, with voices sweet,
"Out of the grain, the Dross we beat,
Out of the chaff, we winnow the Wheat;
True souls are the Wheat of the Nation."

I dreamed of a wonderful vintage,—
I dreamed of a wine-press red,
Where men, like grapes, by Angel shapes,
Were trodden with wrathful tread;—
As grapes ye work, to must and murk,
And crush them shred by shred;
And the Angels sang, with tongues divine,
"Out of the murk, the Must we fine,—
Out of the grapes, we mellow the Wine;
Brave hearts are the Wine of the Nation."

I would that my dreams were real,—
That Angels this land might beat,
And scourge our sod with the flails of God,
And scatter the chaff from the wheat,—
And mightily tread, in one wine-press red,
All dross beneath their feet,—
That our souls might sing, in joyous strain,
"Out of the chaff, the Wheat we gain,
Out of the murk, the Wine we drain,
The Wheat and the Wine of the Nation."

I pray that the Angel of Freedom
May strive with the Angel of War,
Till men, like grain, these winnowers twain
Shall flail from husk to core,—
Till men, like wine, in libations divine,
To Thee, O God, they pour,
And forever sing, with tongues divine,—
"God of the True, this Wheat is Thine!
God of the Free, receive this Wine!—
The Heart and the Soul of the Nation!"

AUGUSTINE JOSEPH HINCKLEY DUGANNE.

GETTYSBURG A MECCA FOR THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

(From Address of General Gordon, of Georgia, at Gettysburg, July 3, 1888.)

Mr. President and Fellow-Soldiers,—

I greet you to-night with far less trepidation and infinitely more pleasure than in the early days of July, 1863, when I last met you at Gettysburg. I came then, as now, to meet the soldiers of the Union army. It would be useless to attempt utterance of the thoughts which now thrill my spirit. The temptation is, to draw the contrast between the scenes which then were witnessed, and those which greet us here; to speak of the men with whom I then marched, and of those whom we met; of those who have survived, to meet again, twenty-five years later, and of those who here fought and fell; of the contrast made by this mass of manly cordiality and good-fellowship, with the long line of dusty uniforms which then stood in battle-array beneath bristling bayonets and spread ensigns, moving in awful silence, and with sullen tread, to grapple each other in deadly conflict.

I would speak of all these, and of the motives which impelled each, or of the swaying tides of the three days' battles, and of its preponderating influence in turning the scales of war. The nature of the pleasing duty assigned me forbids this. There is, however, one suggestion which dominates my thought at this hour. Of all the martial virtues, the one which is perhaps most characteristic of the truly brave, is the virtue of magnanimity. "My fairest earldom would I give to bid Clan-Alpine's chieftain live," was the noble sentiment attributed to Scotland's magnanimous monarch, as he stood gazing into the face of his slain antagonist. That sentiment, immortalized by Scott in his musical and martial verse, will associate, for all time, the name of Scotland's king with those of the great spirits of the past.

How grand the exhibitions of the same generous impulses, that characterize this memorable battle-field! My fellow-countrymen of the North, if I may be permitted to speak for those whom I represent, let me assure you that, in the profoundest depths of their nature, they reciprocate that generosity, with

all the manliness and sincerity of which brave men are capable. In token of that sincerity they join in consecrating, for annual patriotic pilgrimage, these historic heights, which drank such copious draughts of American blood, poured so freely in discharge of duty, as each conceived it,—a Mecca for the North, which so grandly defended,—a Mecca for the South, which so bravely and persistently stormed it.

We join you in setting apart this land as an enduring monument of peace, brotherhood, and perpetual union. I repeat the thought, with additional emphasis, with singleness of heart and of purpose, in the name of a common country, and of universal human liberty; and, by the blood of our fallen brothers, we unite in the solemn consecration of these hallowed hills, as a holy, eternal pledge of fidelity to the life, freedom, and unity of this cherished republic.

JOHN BROWN GORDON.

The words of Wellesley Bradshaw, written for the occasion, voice the sentiment of the American people:

"WAKE THEM IN PEACE TO-DAY. GOD BLESS THEM ALL!"

SOUND, bugles! sound again!
Rouse them to life again,
Awake them all!
Here, where the Blue and Gray
Struggled in fierce array,
Wake them in peace to-day:
God bless them all!

Sound, bugles! sound again!
Sound o'er these hills again,
Where gather all;—
Those who are left to-day,
Left of the battle's fray,
Left of the Blue and Gray:
God bless them all!

Sound, bugles! sound again!
Bid all unite again,—
Like brothers, all;—
Here, clasping hands, to-day,
With love for Blue and Gray,
Dead is all hate to-day:
God bless them all!

Sound, bugles! sound again!
Gladly, oh, sound again
And welcome all;—
No matter how they fought,
God us the lesson taught,
He guided what they wrought:
God bless them all!

THE GREAT QUESTION SETTLED.—THROUGH GETTYSBURG TO A GRANDER UNION.

(Extracts from Address of George William Curtis, delivered at the Quarter-Centenary of the Battle of Gettysburg, before the Veterans of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia, July 3, 1888, and by permission edited for the "Patriotic Reader.")

Upon this field, consecrated by American valor, we meet to consecrate ourselves to American Union. In this hallowed ground lie buried not only brave soldiers of the blue and the gray, but the passions of war, the jealousies of sections, and the bitter root of all our national differences,—human slavery. Here, long and angry controversies of political dogma, of material interest, and of local pride and tradition, came to their decisive struggle. . . .

The great question is settled. Other questions, indeed, remain, which will sternly try our patriotism and our wisdom; but they will be appealed to the ordeal of battle no longer. They will be settled in those peaceful, popular, and parliamentary contentions which befit a patriotic and intelligent republican people. . . .

Even the civil war has but quickened and deepened our prosperous activities. Those mighty armies of the blue and the gray, marshalled for the warfare of a generation, if such had been decreed, swiftly and noiselessly disappeared; and all that military energy and discipline and skill, streaming into a thousand industries, are as beneficent in peace, as they were terrible in war. What prouder spectacle is there for America! what vision could more worthily stimulate devout gratitude in every American heart, than that of the States south of the Potomac, which, after the fierce and wasting stress of four years of war upon their soil, after the total overthrow of their ancient industrial system, the destruction of their wealth, the complete paralysis of their business energies, are rising together like a brood of Titans, and, under the inspiration of liberty, peace, and assured union, are renewing the wonderful tale of the earlier years of the century, the progress and development of the great West! The power and resources of those States, in war, seem to have revealed to them their unsuspected skill and force, in peace. The vigor, the tenacity, the ability, that contested victory upon this field, for those famous three days, are now working the greater miracles of industrial enterprise. Never before was the sword beaten into so vast a ploughshare, nor the spear into so prodigious a pruning-hook. . . .

Can we wrest from the angel of this hour any blessing so priceless as the common resolution that we shall not have come to this consecrated spot only to declare our joy and gratitude, nor only to cherish proud and tender memories, but also to pledge ourselves to Union, in its sublimest significance?

Here, at last, is its sacred secret revealed! It lies in the patriotic instinct which has brought to this field the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac. It lies in the manly emotion with which the generous soldier sees only the sincerity and the courage of his ancient foe, and scorns suspicion of a lingering enmity. It lies in the perfect freedom of speech, and perfect fraternity of spirit, which now for three days have glowed in these heroic hearts, and echoed in this enchanted air. These are the forces that assure the future of our beloved country! May they go before us on our mighty march, a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night! Happy for us, happy for

mankind, if we and our children shall comprehend that they are the fundamental conditions of the life of the republic!

Then—long after—when, in a country whose vast population covering the continent with the glory of a civilization which the imagination cannot forecast, the completed century of the great battle shall be celebrated, the generation which shall gather here, in our places, will rise up and call us blessed!

Then, indeed, the fleeting angel of this hour will have yielded his most precious benediction; and in the field of Gettysburg as we now behold it, the blue and the gray blending in happy harmony, like the mingling hues of the summer landscape, we may see the radiant symbol of the triumphant America of our pride, our hope, and our joy!

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

NO CONFLICT NOW.

(From Oration delivered at Charlestown, Massachusetts, June 17, 1875, at the Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, by General Devens, and edited by permission for the "Patriotic Reader.")

WELCOME to the citizens of every State, alike from those which represent the thirteen Colonies, and from the younger States of the Union! In the earnest hope that the liberty, guarded and sustained by the sanctions of law, which the valor of the fathers won for us, and which to-day we hold in solemn trust, may be transmitted to endless generations, we have gathered, in this countless throng, representing in its assemblage every portion of our common country. A welcome, cordial, generous, and heart-felt, to each and all!

Above all, let us strive to maintain and renew the fraternal feeling which should exist between all the States of the Union. The difficulty which the fathers could not eliminate from the problem before them, they dealt with, with all the wisdom and foresight they possessed. Two classes of States had their place, differing radically in this, that in the one, the system of slavery existed. Believing that the whole system would fade before the

noble influence of free government, they watched, that when that day came, the instrument they signed should bear no trace of its existence. It was not so to be; and the system has passed away in the tempest of battle and amid the clang of arms.

The conflict is over! No harsh punishments have sullied the conclusion! Day by day the material evidences of war fade from sight; the bastions sink to the level of the ground which surrounded them; scarp and counterscarp meet in the ditch which divided them. So let them pass away, forever!

To-day, it is the highest duty of all, no matter on what side they were, but, above all, of those who have struggled for the preservation of the Union, to strive that it become one of generous confidence, in which all the States shall, as of old, stand shoulder to shoulder, if need be, against the world in arms. Towards those with whom we were lately in conflict, and who recognize that the results are to be kept inviolate, there should be no feeling of resentment or bitterness. All true men are with the South, in demanding for her peace, order, honest and good government, and encouraging her in the work of rebuilding all that has been made desolate.

We need not doubt the issue. She will not stand as the "Niobe of nations," lamenting her sad fate; she will not look back to deplore a past which cannot, and should not, return; but, with the fire of her ancient courage, she will gird herself up to the emergencies of her new situation; she will unite her people by the bonds of that mutual confidence which their mutual interests demand, and renew her former prosperity, and her rightful influence in the Union.

Beside those of New England, we are gratified to-day by the presence of military organizations from New York and Pennsylvania, from Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina, as well as by that of distinguished citizens from these and other States of the Union. Their fathers were ancient friends of Massachusetts; it was the inspiration they gave which strengthened the heart and nerved the arm of every man in New England. In every proper and larger sense, the soil upon which their sons stand, to-day, is theirs, as much as ours; and wherever there may have been estrangement, here, at least, we have met on common ground. They unite with us in recognition of the

great principles of civil and religious liberty, and in pious memory of those who vindicated them; they join with us in the wish to make of this regenerated Union a power grander and more august than its founders dared to hope.

Standing, always, in generous remembrance of every section of the Union, neither now nor hereafter will we distinguish between States, or sections, in our anxiety for the glory and happiness of all. To-day, upon the verge of the centuries, as together we look back upon that which is gone, in deep and heart-felt gratitude for the prosperity so largely enjoyed by us, so together will we look forward serenely and with confidence to that which is advancing. Together will we utter our solemn aspiration, in the spirit of the motto of the city which now encloses within its limits the battle-field and the town for which the battle was fought: "As God was to our fathers, so may He be to us."

CHARLES DEVENS.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY ENDS SLAVERY.

(From Address of Justice Lamar, of the United States Supreme Court, at the unveiling of the statue of John Caldwell Calhoun, at Charleston, South Carolina, April 26, 1888.)

SLAVERY is dead,—buried in a grave that never gives up its dead. Let it rest! Yet, if I remain silent, it will be taken as an admission that there is one part of Mr. Calhoun's life of which it is prudent for his friends to say nothing to the present generation. No one would disapprove, and even disdain, such silence more than he. With reference to the constitutional status of slavery in the States, Mr. Calhoun never entertained or expressed a sentiment that was not entertained and expressed by Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, and all the eminent statesmen of his time. The only difference between Mr. Calhoun, on the one hand, and Webster, Clay, and such statesmen, on the other, was, that the measures hostile to slavery which they sometimes countenanced, and at other times advocated, he saw and predicted, were in conflict with the guarantees of the Constitution, and that their direct tendency and

inevitable effect, and, in many cases, avowed motive, was the destruction of slavery in the States. And while Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay disclaimed any such motive, and denied any such probable effects, he declared to Mr. Webster, in debate, that the sentiment would grow and increase, until he, Mr. Webster, would himself be compelled to succumb, or be swept down beneath it.

Vain the forms of law, vain the barriers of the Constitution, vain the considerations of State policy, vain the eloquence and the compromises of statesmen! His predictions were verified to the letter. They were all swept away before the irresistible force of the civilization of the nineteenth century, whose moral sentiment demanded the extinction of slavery.

Every benefit which slavery conferred upon those subject to it; all the ameliorating and humanizing tendencies it introduced into the life of the African; all the elevating agencies which lifted him higher in the scale of rational moral being, were the elements of the future and inevitable destruction of the system. The mistake that was made, by the Southern defenders of slavery, was in regarding it as a permanent form of society, instead of a process of emergence and transition from barbarism to freedom. If, at this very day, the North, or the American Union, were to propose to re-establish the institution, it would be impracticable. The South could not and would not accept it, as a boon. Slavery, as it existed then, could not exist under the present commercial systems of Europe and America. The existing industrial relations of capital and labor, had there been no secession, no war, would of themselves have brought about the death of slavery.

LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR.

AGAIN BRETHREN AND EQUALS.

(From Address delivered at Dedication of Soldiers' Monument, at Manchester, New Hampshire, by ex United States Senator Patterson, and edited by permission for the "Patriotic Reader.")

THE true grandeur of passing historic events is not seen till the noise and obstruction of the factitious and perishable are

forgotten. So the relative importance of our late war is not yet realized. Forts and trenches have been obliterated; harvests wave on its battle-fields, and the grass is green above the ashes of its victims. The prejudices and passions kindled by the strife have been laid, and we now contemplate, with serene and undistempered vision, the causes and nature of the sanguinary conflict. We do not forget its burdens; but we remember its compensations. The supremacy of the federal government, within the limitations of the fundamental law, is the only secure and stable foundation of the Union, and it must be maintained without compromise, in peace, as in war.

The sons of the South are a noble stock. We respect the honesty of their convictions, and honor the virility with which they defended them. We would seek the cordial and conciliatory course of kindred, and would let the "dead past bury its dead." When the pride of exploded opinions, and the old war-cries of party, shall have been silenced in the grave of ante-bellum politicians, the new generation will recognize and maintain that sovereignty of the Union which is essential to the development and defence of the highest welfare of all sections. The foreshadowed destiny of the Nation can only be imperilled by the loss of popular intelligence and morality. Common influences and interests will assimilate our whole population in habits and feeling, and they will come to cherish the same objects of pride and aspiration. This will be the future cement of the State, and the source of its united strength and glory. The day is not far distant when the South, equally with the North, will perceive that they builded better than they knew.

As an exhibition of physical prowess, the contention was magnificent! Both armies fought, for their convictions, with a relentlessness of valor, unsurpassed. The campaigns of the war, and the subsequent financial achievements, have revealed to the world a strength and integrity worthy of the ancient mould of men. The blood of the North and the South has mingled in a conflict of political principles. May it nourish no root of bitterness; but may there henceforth be a union of affections and labors to advance and perpetuate the dignity and grandeur of a common country. I protest, in the name of the dead and the peace of posterity, that the issues adjudicated in honorable war-

fare shall not be raised again, like unquiet ghosts, into the arena of politics, to disturb the peace and prosperity of the Nation. We honor the valor and manliness of the South, and will respect her rights. We demand the same, and no more. On that platform we can stand together, and against the world. The substantial interests of both sections are one; and henceforth their union should be one, and inseparable. In the fraternal emulations of business and the healthful rivalries of honorable politics, we must labor for the purity, power, and glory of the republic. The old hearthstone is broad enough for all, and our household gods are worthy of our worship. We feel a special tenderness for our native State; but there is a profounder love and a more comprehensive patriotism than this, that throbs in the heart of every loyal American. The State is but a unit of that organic and august whole, our Country; in whose destiny are involved the welfare and power of each member. The bright examples and splendid achievements of the Nation must remain ours to emulate. "The whole land is the sepulchre of illustrious men," and their hallowed dust, not less than their works, and their fame, are the common treasure of all.

The beacons which we kindle will fade, and the chiselled rock will crumble; but the intellectual and moral life, evolved by the freedom of the State, will transmit the lineaments of the national spirit, in imperishable form of thought. When the sculptured marbles, the gorgeous temples, and the noblest monuments which a proud and grateful country can raise shall have completed their short-lived immortality, these will still survive,— the inextinguishable lights of a Christian Commonwealth.

JAMES WILLIS PATTERSON.

"SEPARATE AS BILLOWS, BUT ONE AS THE SEA."

(From Address by ex United States Senator Stephens at the unveiling of Carpenter's picture illustrating Mr. Lincoln's signing the Proclamation of Emancipation, February 12, 1878.)

I KNEW Mr. Lincoln well. We met in the House, in December, 1847. We were together during the Thirtieth Congress. I was as intimate with him as with any other man of that Congress,

except perhaps my colleague Mr. Toombs. Of Mr. Lincoln's general character I need not speak. He was warm-hearted; he was generous; he was magnanimous; he was most truly, as he afterwards said on a memorable occasion, "with malice toward none, with charity for all." He had a native genius far above his fellows. Every fountain of his heart was overflowing with the "milk of human kindness." From my attachment to him, so much deeper was the pang in my own breast, as well as of millions, at the horrible manner of his "taking off." This was the climax of our troubles, and the spring from which came unnumbered woes. But of those events, no more, now!

As to the great historic event which this picture represents, one thing should be duly noted. Let not History confuse events. It is this: that Emancipation was not the chief object of Mr. Lincoln in issuing the Proclamation. His chief object, the ideal to which his whole soul was devoted, was the preservation of the Union. Pregnant as it was with coming events, initiative as it was of ultimate emancipation, it still originated, in point of fact, more from what was deemed the necessities of war, than from any purely humanitarian view of the matter.

Life is all a mist, and in the dark our fortunes meet us. This was evidently the case with Mr. Lincoln. He, in my opinion, was, like all the rest of us, an instrument in the hands of that Providence above us, that "divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." I doubt very much whether Mr. Lincoln, at the time, realized the great result. The Proclamation did not declare free all the colored people of the Southern States, but applied only to those parts of the country then in resistance to the Federal authorities. Mr. Lincoln's idea as embodied in his Proclamation of September 22, 1862, as well as that of January 1, 1863, was consummated by the voluntary adoption, by the South, of the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. That is the charter of the colored man's freedom. Without that, the Proclamation had nothing but the continuance of the war to sustain it. Had the States, then in resistance, laid down their arms by the 1st of January, 1863, the Union would have been saved, but the condition of the slave, so called, would have been unchanged.

Before the upturning of Southern society by the Reconstruction Acts, the white people, there, came to the conclusion that their domestic institution, known as slavery, had better be abolished. It has been common to speak of the colored race as the wards of the nation. May I not say with appropriateness and due reverence, in the language of Georgia's greatest intellect, "They are, rather, the wards of the Almighty"? Why, in the providence of God, their ancestors were permitted to be brought over here it is not for me to say; but they have a location and habitation here, especially at the South; and, though the changed condition of their status was the leading cause of the late terrible conflict between the States, I venture to affirm that there is not one within the circle of my acquaintance, or in the whole Southern country, who would wish to see the old relation restored.

This changed status creates new duties. Men of the North, and men of the South, of the East, and of the West, I care not of what party, I would, to-day, on this commemorative occasion, urge upon every one within the sphere of duty and humanity, whether in public or private life, to see to it that there be no violation of the divine trust.

During the conflict of arms I frequently almost despaired of the liberties of our country, both North and South. The Union of these States, at first, I always thought was founded upon the assumption that it was the best interest of all to remain united, faithfully performing, each for itself, its own constitutional obligations under the compact. When secession was resorted to as a remedy, I went with my State, holding it my duty to do so, but believing, all the time, that if successful, when the passions of the hour and of the day were over, the great law which produced the Union at first, "mutual interest and reciprocal advantage," would reassert itself, and that at no distant day a new Union of some sort would again be formed.

And now, after the severe chastisement of war, if the general sense of the whole country shall come back to the acknowledgment of the original assumption, that it is for the best interests of all the States to be so united, as I trust it will, the States being "separate as the billows, but one as the sea," this thorn in the body politic being now removed, I can perceive no

reason why, under such a restoration, the flag no longer waving over provinces, but States, we, as a whole, with peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations and entangling alliances with none, may not enter upon a new career, exciting increased wonder in the Old World, by grander achievements hereafter to be made, than any heretofore attained, by the peaceful and harmonious workings of our matchless system of American federal institutions of self-government.

All this is possible, if the hearts of the people be right. It is my earnest wish to see it. Fondly would I gaze upon such a picture of the future. With what rapture may we not suppose the spirits of our fathers would hail its opening scenes, from their mansions above! But if, instead of all this, sectional passions shall continue to bear sway, if prejudice shall rule the hour, if a conflict of classes, of capital and labor, or of the races, shall arise, or the embers of the late war be kept a-glowing until with new fuel they shall flame up again, then, hereafter, by some bard it may be sung,—

"The Star of Hope shone brightest in the West,
The hope of Liberty, the last, the best;
It, too, has set upon her darkened shore,
And Hope and Freedom light up earth no more."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.

BELLIGERENT NON-COMBATANTS.

(From Address in connection with Memorial Day, at New York, 1878, deploring war as only "the last dread tribunal of kings and peoples," and edited by permission for the "Patriotic Reader.")

IT is related of General Scott that when asked, in 1861, the probable duration of the then Civil War, he answered, "The conflict of arms will endure for five years; but will be followed by twenty years of angry strife, by the belligerent non-combatants." The roar of arms only lasted four years, and let us hope that the belligerent non-combatants will give us a correspondingly shorter period of civil contention, than was then predicted. . . .

The flippant manner in which some of our orators and newspaper critics make use of warlike terms, warrants me in warning them of the danger of playing with edged tools. . . . Men who have felt the sting of the bullet, who have heard the crash of the cannon's shot and exploding shell, or have witnessed its usual scenes of havoc and desolation, rarely appeal to war as a remedy for ordinary grievances. Wars are usually made by civilians, bold and defiant in the forum; but when the storm comes, they go below and leave their innocent comrades to catch the "peltings of the pitiless storm." Of the half-million of brave fellows whose graves have this day been strewn with flowers, not one in a thousand had the remotest connection with the causes of the war which led to their untimely death. . . . I now hope, and beg, that all good men, North and South, will unite in real earnest, to repair the mistakes and wrongs of the past; will persevere in the common effort to make this great land of ours to blossom as the garden of Eden. . . .

I invoke all, within the hearing of my voice, to heed well the lessons of this "Decoration Day;" to weave, each year, a fresh garland for the grave of some beloved comrade or favorite hero, and to rebuke any and all who talk of civil war, save as the "last dread tribunal of kings and peoples."

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

ALL UNDER THE SAME BANNER NOW, "ITS BROAD FOLDS UNRENT, AND ITS BRIGHT STARS UNOBSCURED."

(From Address delivered July 4, 1887, at Austin, Texas, before the surviving veterans of Hood's Texas Brigade, and edited by permission for the "Patriotic Reader.")

BUT few of you are here to-day. The great majority of your old comrades fill unknown graves, with naught to mark their silent resting-places; but their names are embalmed in as many loving hearts as ever entwined around living, or lingered around the graves of deceased, patriots. And to-day, as our memory recalls face after face of this vast spectral army, of those who

have preceded us in the line of march to the silent shores, we shed the tear of affectionate remembrance, as echo gives praises to their memory and honor to their dust. Throughout the broad area of the world there never was a field more rich in facts which constitute the fibre of an earnest, active patriotism, than that found in the Southern struggle. And the lofty admiration in which your manhood, valor, and endurance, as well as the sublime resignation with which you accepted disappointment, after great hopes and greater efforts, are held all over the world, shows how much the world yet values true and brave men, who could shake off troubles as great as these were, and by heroic efforts, in a time of peace, make them, to an impoverished country, but as flaxen withs bound around a slumbering giant. What wonder the world has stood amazed at the persistent vitality of our people? for, under your admirable conduct, every barrier to the flow of capital, or check to the development of our unbounded resources, was removed.

We see here, to-day, a free and independent mingling of men from every section of our broad domain, all prejudices of the past forgotten; and while our State has been fortunate in acquiring thousands of those who fought against us, and who are an honor both to the States which gave them birth, and ours which they have made their home, it matters not whence they come; they can exult in the reflection that our Country is the same, and they find floating here, the same banner that waved above them there, with its broad folds unrent, and its bright stars unobscured; and in its defence, if needs be, the swords of those old Confederates, so recently sheathed, would leap forth with equal alacrity with those of the North.

No nobler emotion can fill the breast of any man than that which prompts him to utter honest praise of an adversary, whose convictions and opinions are at war with his own; and where is there a Confederate soldier in our land who has not felt a thrill of generous admiration and applause for the pre-eminent heroism of the gallant Federal admiral, who lashed himself to the mainmast, while the tattered sails and frayed cordage of his vessel were being shot away by piecemeal above his head, and slowly but surely picked his way through sunken reefs of torpedoes, whose destructive powers consigned many of his luck-

less comrades to watery graves? The fame of such men as Farragut, Stanley, Hood, and Lee, and the hundreds of private soldiers who were the true heroes of the war, belongs to no time or section, but is the common property of mankind. They were all cast in the same grand mould of self-sacrificing patriotism, and I intend to teach my children to revere their names as long as the love of country is respected as a noble sentiment in the human breast.

It is a remarkable fact that those who bore the brunt of the battle were the first to forget old animosities and consign to oblivion obsolete issues. They saw that nothing but sorrow and shame, and the loss of the respect of the world, was to be gained by perpetuating the bitterness of past strife; and, impelled by a spirit of patriotism, they were willing, by all possible methods, to create and give utterance to a public sentiment which would best conserve our common institutions and restore that fraternal concord in which the war of the Revolution left us, and the Federal Constitution found us. And I emphasize the declaration that, in most instances, those whose hatred has remained implacable, through all these years of peace, are men who held high carnival in the rear, and, after all danger had passed, emerged from their hiding-places, filled with ferocious zeal and courage, blind to every principle of wise statesmanship, to make amends for lack of deeds of valor by pressing to their lips the sweet cup of revenge, for whose intoxicating contents our country has already paid a price that would have purchased the goblet of the Egyptian queen.

LAWRENCE SULLIVAN ROSS.

LET US REJOICE TOGETHER.

(Extract from Address upon "Immortal Memories," furnished for the "Patriotic Reader.")

MORE than twenty years have passed since the last great battle in our civil contest was fought. The mighty armies of the nation have long since folded their torn banners, stacked their

muskets, and doffed their uniforms. The bugles that of old sounded the charge, and the drums that beat to battle, are now silent. The blades that flashed, and the bayonets that gleamed above their surging columns, no longer catch the sunlight. Grass grows in the fields whereon they struggled, and the rustle of ripened grain is heard where, but a while ago, the ring of steel made music that set men's blood aflame.

What was our war? How should it be looked upon? It was not the result of men's ambition, North or South. It was not a contest for territory. It could not have been prevented, although it might have been postponed, by the action of any political party. Our war was simply fighting out, upon a new field, and under more enlightened auspices, a contest that had been waged for centuries among the people from whose loins we sprung. It was the clash of two civilizations, so antagonistic in their conceptions, so antipodal in their means and methods of development, as to make impossible harmony of action, or peaceful growth side by side. The North and South were in direct opposition, as to the best methods of governing and perpetuating the heritage left them by their fathers. Their conceptions were so radically different, that peaceful measures could not adjust or reconcile them. One or the other must yield.

War came! The land that had known but peace echoed to the tread of armed men! Up from the land of the orange and the myrtle came mighty hosts, harnessed for conflict, chanting songs of battle, eager for the fight, sweeping with as fiery courage and as dauntless bearing to the onset as of old the men from out whose loins they sprung charged Saracenic hosts, or closed in deadly grapple with the knightly sons of France. From the land of the fir and the pine, down from its mountains and out from its valleys, glittering with steel, and bright with countless banners, steady and strong, the men of the North marched to the conflict.

A hush as of death filled the land, as the mighty hosts confronted each other. An instant,—and the heavens seemed rent asunder, and the solid globe to reel. North and South had met in the shock of war! Blood deluged the land; the ear of pity deaf; the springs of love dried up; the throb of mighty guns; the gleam of myriad blades; the savage shouts of men grap-

pling each other in relentless clutch; Death, pale, pitiless, tireless, thrusting his awful sickle into harvest-fields where the grain was human life; bells from every steeple in the land tolling out their solemn notes of sorrow for the slain; fathers, mothers, wives, and little ones smiting their palms in agony together, as they looked upon the features of their loved ones marbled in the eternal sleep!

For four long bitter years the mighty tide of war rolled through the land, engulfing in its crimson flood the best and bravest of the North and South, bearing their souls outwards, with resistless sweep, to that dread sea whose shores, to human eyes, are viewless, whose sombre waves are ever chanting solemn requiems for the dead! In this wild storm of war the banners of the South went down. The bells of liberty through all the land rang out a joyous peal of welcome, and guns from fortress, field, and citadel thundered greeting to the hour that proclaimed America one and indivisible. From southern gulf to northern lakes, from northern lakes to Atlantic and Pacific coasts, we were ONE. The Mississippi flowed not along the borders of a dozen empires; the blue waters of the lakes beat not upon the shores of rival governments; the mountains of the land frowned not down upon hostile territories; the ocean bore not upon its bosom the fleets of contending States; but over all the land a single flag threw out its folds, symbol of victory, index of a reunited people.

We recall the glories and the triumphs of the Union, not for the purpose of humiliating the gallant souls that battled against us. In the providence of God, the struggle they made to rend us asunder has but strengthened the bonds of our union. Those who fought against us are now of us, and enjoy the countless blessings that have come from the triumph of the Union, and with us they should bow their heads and reverently acknowledge that above all the desires of men move the majestic laws of God, evolving, alike from victory or defeat of nations, substantial good for all His children.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SHERIDAN.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

(Written in 1867, when the women of Columbus, Mississippi, strewed flowers impartially on the graves of Confederate and Federal soldiers, and by the courtesy of Ivison, Blakeman & Co., of New York, adopted from "Swinton's Fifth Reader.")

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory;
Those, in the gloom of defeat;
All, with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:

Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of years that are fading
No braver battle was won,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day:
Love and tears, for the Blue;
Tears and love, for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

PART XIV.

NATIONAL CENTENNIAL OBSERVANCES.

CENTENNIAL OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

At a World's Fair, or Exposition, held at Philadelphia, during the year 1876, commencing May 10, and opened with prayer by Bishop Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the following patriotic hymn, composed by the poet John Greenleaf Whittier, was sung:

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Our fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,—
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth, our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all our streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil, beneath the sun,
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here, in concord, furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,—
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with Love's Golden Fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of Peace.

For Art and Labor, met in truce,
For Beauty, made the bride of Use,
We thank Thee; while, withal, we crave
The austere virtues, strong to save,—
The Honor, proof to place or gold,
The Manhood, never bought or sold.

Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In Peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of Freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old.

The Centennial Commissioners appointed by the United States, through Senator Joseph Roswell Hawley, of Connecticut, President of the Commission, accepted the completed buildings from John Welsh, of Philadelphia, President of the Board of Finance, and the following cantata, written by the poet Sidney Lanier, of Macon, Georgia, was rendered:

"THE MEDITATIONS OF COLUMBIA, 1876."

From this hundred-terraced height,
Sight more large, with nobler light,
Ranges down yon towering years;
Humbler smiles and lordlier tears
Shine and fall, shine and fall,
While old voices rise and call
Yonder, where the to-and-fro
Weltering of my Long-Ago
Moves about the moveless base,
Far below my resting-place.

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling westward o'er yon balking sea,
Hearts within, "Farewell, dear England," sighing,
Winds without, "But dear in vain," replying,
Gray-lipped waves, about thee, shouted, crying,
No! It shall not be!

Jamestown, out of thee;
Plymouth, thee; thee, Albany.
Winter cries, "Ye freeze; away!"
Fever cries, "Ye burn; away!"
Hunger cries, "Ye starve; away!"
Vengeance cries, "Your graves shall stay!"

Then old shapes and masks of things,
Framed like Faiths, or clothed like kings;
Ghosts of Goods, once fleshed and fair,
Grown foul Bads in alien air;
War, and his most noisy lords,
Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords,
Error, Terror, Rage, and Crime,
All, in a windy night of time,
Cried to me, from land and sea,—
No! Thou shalt not be!

Hark!
Huguenots whispering "yea," in the dark!
Puritans answering "yea," in the dark!
Yea, like an arrow, shot true to its mark,
Darts through the tyrannous heart of Denial.
Patience and Labor and solemn-souled Trial,
Foiled, still beginning,
Soiled, but not sinning,
Toil through the stertorous death of the Night,
Toil, when wild brother-wars new-dark the Light,
Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight.

Now Praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now Praise to Man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was, I am, and I shall be.

How long, Good Angel, O how long?
Sing me, from heaven, a man's own song!

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thy Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

O Music, from this height of time, my Word unfold;
In thy large signals, all men's hearts Man's heart behold;
Mid-heaven, unroll thy chords, as friendly flags unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

Upon the conclusion of the cantata, Ulysses Simpson Grant, the eighteenth President of the United States, with Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, then the guest of the United States, touched the keys that set in motion responsive machinery under fourteen acres of protecting roof.

INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1876.

Just at meridian, July 4, near Independence Hall, in the presence of one hundred thousand spectators, General Hawley, and, in the absence of the President of the United States, the acting Vice-President, Thomas White Ferry, of Michigan, President of the United States Senate, welcomed the visitors from all lands to a participation in exercises in honor of the Centennial birthday of the Republic. Bishop William Bacon Stevens, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, ecclesiastical successor of the first Chaplain of the Continental Congress, offered prayer; and a Hymn, composed by the poet Oliver Wendell Holmes, was sung:

WELCOME TO THE NATIONS.

Bright on the banners of lily and rose,
Lo, the last sun of our century sets!

Wreathe the bright cannon that scowled on our foes,
All but her friendships the Nation forgets,
All but her friends, and their welcome, forgets.
These are around her: but where are her foes?
Lo, while the sun of her century sets,
Peace, with her garlands of lily and rose!

Welcome! a shout like the war-trumpet's swell
Wakes the wild echoes that slumber around!
Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's bell;
Welcome! the walls of her temple resound!
Hark! the gray walls of her temple resound!
Fade the far voices o'er hill-side and dell;
Welcome! still whisper the echoes around!
Welcome! still trembles on Liberty's bell!

Thrones of the continents! isles of the sea!
Yours are the garlands of peace we entwine;
Welcome once more to the land of the free,
Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine;
Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine,
"Hushed is our strife, in the land of the free;"
Over your children their branches entwine,
Thrones of the continents! isles of the sea!

Richard Henry Lee, grandson of Richard Henry Lee, of Revolutionary history,* read the Declaration of American Independence, from the original manuscript; followed by a "Greeting from Brazil," composed by A. Carlos Gomez, at the Emperor Dom Pedro's request, and by an ode, written by the poet Bayard Taylor.

THIRD CANTO OF BAYARD TAYLOR'S ODE, "LIBERTY'S LATEST DAUGHTER."

Foreseen in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages,
By the truth of the noble dead,

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* See p. 124.

And the faith of the living, fed!
No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features, still,
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to man:
Justice that knew no station,
Belief as soul decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed.
She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain-pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And, broad-based, under all
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went world-ward from the island wall.
Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite;
Tongues melt in hers; hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;
'Twas glory, once, to be a Roman;
She makes it glory, now, to be a man.

The following words, written by Dexter Smith, of Massachusetts, were then sung, the music being composed by Sir Julius Benedict, of England:

OUR NATIONAL BANNER.

O'er the high and o'er the lowly
Floats that banner bright and holy
  In the rays of Freedom's sun,
In the nation's heart embedded,
O'er our Union newly wedded,
  One in all, and all in one.

Let that banner wave forever,
May its lustrous stars fade never,
  Till the stars shall pale on high;
While there's right the wrong defeating,
While there's hope in true hearts beating,
  Truth and freedom shall not die.

As it floated long before us,
Be it ever floating o'er us,
  O'er our land from shore to shore:
There are freemen yet to wave it,
Millions who would die to save it,
  Wave it, save it, evermore.

An oration was also delivered by William Maxwell Evarts, of New York.

THE CENTENNIAL OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.

The one-hundredth anniversary of the framing and promulgation of the Constitution of the United States was observed at Philadelphia, September 17, 1887, with becoming grandeur. Governors of many States, attended by the uniformed militia of their States,—in all, a larger army than served at any one time under the direct command of Washington during the war for American independence,—contributed to the dignity of the occasion. A great choir of school-children sang an opening hymn; prayer was offered by Bishop Henry Codman Potter, of

the Protestant Episcopal Church, and John Adams Kasson, of Iowa, President of the Constitutional Commission, delivered an opening address.

EXTRACT FROM CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

Our chief glory springs neither from the material wealth our progress has developed, nor from the victories our associated arms have achieved. It arises from the general welfare of our people, their contentment with their institutions, their enlightenment, and their general advancement in the virtues of Christian civilization. The scene and ceremonies of this day indicate the moral and intellectual harvest of which our Constitution planted the seeds. Public schools, universal and free, here chant their praises for the endowment of liberal popular instruction. The representatives of the higher education of universities and colleges here attest their gratitude for the free pursuit of knowledge and the unrestricted development of science. Here are found distinguished representatives of all the churches and forms of divine worship, unsupported and uncontrolled by the government, and yet, more prosperous and happy therefor. They offer thanks for the guaranteed blessings of a free church in a free state. The men are also here who represent that private wealth which has endowed hospitals, schools, universities, churches, and other charities, to a degree never before, or elsewhere, witnessed in this round world. Here, too, Labor, the productive sister of Capital, acknowledges allegiance to that great document which makes all men alike free and equal before the law.

Most heartily do we here render thanks to the Almighty, that Washington and his associated patriots did not despair. May their pacified spirits look down from their lofty sphere and perceive in this vast assemblage the universal gratitude of a great nation! To the companionship of this centennial multitude of American patriots we dare summon even the great shade of Washington, chief among chieftains; of Hamilton, his trusted friend, incomparable in statesmanship; of Madison and Jay, great in the power of reason; of Franklin, mighty in wisdom and moderation of temper; of the Adamses, indomitable in resolution; and of other towering forms whom we imagine this

day to be hovering over us. Let their names, crowned with the halo of unfading honor, descend with the ages, and their memory never cease from the hearts of our posterity! May the dawn of the second centennial year be celebrated with increased fervor, and our Union gain strength as the centuries roll on!

Forever live the Constitution and the Union!

Stephen Grover Cleveland, the twenty-second President of the United States, followed with an Address.

EXTRACT FROM PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S ADDRESS.

Every American citizen should, on this centennial day, rejoice in his citizenship. He should rejoice, because the work of framing our Constitution was completed one hundred years ago, and, when completed, established a free government. He should rejoice, because this Constitution and this government have survived, with so many blessings, and have so fully demonstrated the strength and value of popular rule. He should rejoice in the wondrous growth and achievements of the past, and in the glorious promise through centuries yet to come.

We should indeed fail to be duly thankful for all that was done for us one hundred years ago, unless we realize the difficulties then in hand, and the dangers avoided, in the difficult task of forming a "more perfect Union" between disjointed and inharmonious States, with interests and opinions radically diverse, and stubbornly maintained.

In the face of all discouragements, the fathers of the Republic labored on, for four long, weary months, in alternate hope and fear, but always with rugged resolve; never faltering, in a sturdy endeavor, sanctified by a prophetic sense of the value to posterity of their success, and always with unflinching faith in the principles which made the true foundation of a government by the people.

At last their work was done! It is related that back of the chair occupied by Washington, as the President of the Convention, a sun was painted, and that, as the delegates were signing the completed Constitution, one of them said, "I have often, and often, in the course of the session, and in the solicitude of my hopes and fears as to the issue, looked at the design, behind the

President, without being able to tell whether it was a rising or a setting sun; but now I know, at length, that it is a rising, and not a setting, sun."

We stand, to-day, on the spot where that rising sun emerged from political night and darkness; and in its own bright meridian we mark its glorious way. Clouds have sometimes obscured its rays, and dreadful storms have made us fear; but God has held it in its course, and, through its life-giving warmth, has performed His latest miracle, in the creation of this wondrous land and people. As we look down the past century, to the origin of our Constitution, as we contemplate its trials and its triumphs, as we realize how completely the principles upon which it is based have met every national peril, how devoutly should we confess, with Franklin, "God governs in the affairs of men," and how solemn should be the reflection, that to our hands is committed this ark of the people's covenant, and that ours is the duty to shield it from impious hands! We received it, sealed with the tests of a century! It has been found sufficient in the past; and in all the future years it will be found sufficient, if the American people are true to their sacred trust.

Another centennial day will come, and millions, yet unborn, will inquire concerning our stewardship and the safety of their Constitution. God grant that they may find it unimpaired; and, as we rejoice in the patriotism and devotion of those who lived one hundred years ago, so may others, who follow us, rejoice in our fidelity, and in our jealous love for constitutional liberty.

An oration by Justice Samuel Freeman Miller, of the Supreme Court of the United States, followed.

EXTRACT FROM JUSTICE MILLER'S ORATION.

Mr. President and Fellow-Countrymen,—

The people of the United States, for ten or twelve years past, have commemorated certain days of those different years as the centennial anniversaries of important events in their history. These gatherings of the people have been in the localities where the historic events occurred. May it be long before the people of the United States shall cease to take a deep interest in the Fourth of July, as the birthday of our national life, or the event

which then occurred shall be subordinated to any other of our national history!

We are met here to commemorate another event in our progress, inferior to none in importance in our own history, or in the history of the world. It is the formation of the Constitution of the United States, which, on this day one hundred years ago, was adopted by the convention which represented the people of the United States, and which was then signed by the delegates who framed it, and published, as the final result of their arduous labors, of their most careful and deliberate consideration, and of a love of country as unmixed with selfishness as human nature is capable of.

It is the first successful attempt, in the history of the world, to lay the deep and broad foundations of a government for millions of people and an unlimited territory, in a single written instrument, framed and adopted in one great national effort.

Other nations speak of their constitutions, which are the growth of centuries of government, and the maxims of experience, and the traditions of ages. Many of them deserve the veneration which they receive. But a constitution in the American sense of the term, as accepted in all the States of North and South America, means an instrument, in writing, defining the powers of government, and distributing those powers among different bodies of magistrates for their more judicious exercise. The Constitution of the United States not only did this as regards a national government, but it established a federation of many States by the same instrument, in which the usual fatal defects in such unions have been corrected, with such felicity, that during the hundred years of its existence the Union of the States has grown stronger, and has received within that Union other States, exceeding in number those of the original federation.

In the principles of our Constitution, by which the autonomy and domestic government of each State are preserved, while the supremacy of the General Government at once forbids wars between the States and enables it to enforce peace among them, we may discern the elements of political forces sufficient for the rescue of European civilization from this great disorder.

Mr. Bancroft, the eminent historian, says, "As the British

Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from progressive history, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time, by the brain and purpose of man." And while I heartily endorse this, I should fail of a most important duty if I did not say, on this important occasion, that no amount of wisdom in a Constitution can produce wise government, unless there be a wise response in the spirit of the people.

The Anglo-Saxon race, from whom we inherit so much that is valuable in our character as well as our institutions, has been remarkable in all its history for a love of law and order. I but repeat the language of the Supreme Court of the United States when I say that "in this country the law is supreme." No man is so high as to be above law. No officer of the government may disregard it with impunity. To this inborn and native regard for law, as a governing power, we are largely indebted for the wonderful success and prosperity of our people, for the security of our rights; and when the highest law, to which we pay this homage, is the Constitution of the United States, the history of the world has furnished no such wonder of a prosperous, happy civil government.

Let me urge upon you, my fellow-countrymen, and especially upon the rising generation of them, to examine with careful scrutiny all new theories of government and social life, and if they do not rest upon a foundation of veneration and respect for law, as the bond of social existence, let them distrust them, as inimical to human happiness.

And now let me close with what Chancellor Kent said, fifty years ago: "The government of the United States was created by the free voice and joint will of the people of America for their common defence and general welfare. Its powers apply only to those interests which relate to this country in its national capacity, and which depend, for their stability and protection, on the consolidation of the Union. It is clothed with the principal attributes of sovereignty, and it is justly deemed the guardian of our best rights, the source of our highest civil and political duties, and the sure means of our national greatness."

At the conclusion of Justice Miller's address, the following

new words for the tune "Hail Columbia," composed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, were sung by a chorus of two thousand voices:

THE NEW "HAIL COLUMBIA."

Look our ransomed shores around,
Peace and safety we have found!
  Welcome, friends, who once were foes,
  Welcome, friends, who once were foes,
To all the conquering years have gained,
A nation's rights, a race unchained!
  Children of the day new-born,
  Mindful of its glorious morn,
  Let the pledge our fathers signed
  Heart to heart forever bind!
    Chorus.

Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
  All the world their names shall read,
  All the world their names shall read,
Enrolléd with his hosts that led,
Whose blood for us, for all, was shed.
  Pay our sires their children's debt,
  Love and honor, nor forget,
  Only Union's golden key
  Guards the Ark of Liberty.
    Chorus.

  Hail, Columbia, strong and free,
  Firm enthroned from sea to sea!
    Thy march triumphant still pursue,
    Thy march triumphant still pursue,
  With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
  And make the Western land thine own!
    Blest in the Union's holy ties,
    Let our grateful song arise,
    Every voice its tribute lend,—
    In the loving chorus blend!
      Chorus.

A new National Hymn, written by Francis Marion Crawford, was then recited by James Edward Murdoch, and the Marine Band of Washington led singers and the people in the chorus.

CRAWFORD'S NATIONAL HYMN.

Hail, Freedom! thy bright crest
And gleaming shield, thrice blest,
  Mirror the glories of a world thine own.
Hail, heaven-born Peace! our sight,
Led by thy gentle light,
  Shows us the paths with deathless flowers strewn.
Peace, daughter of a strife sublime,
Abide with us till strife be lost in endless time.
Chorus.—Thy sun is risen, and shall not set,
    Upon thy day divine;
  Ages, of unborn ages, yet,
    America, are thine.

Her one hand seals with gold
The portals of night's fold,
  Her other, the broad gates of dawn unbars;
O'er silent wastes of snows,
Crowning her lofty brows,
  Gleams high her diadem of northern stars;
While, clothed in garlands of warm flowers,
Round Freedom's feet the South her wealth of beauty showers.

Sweet is the toil of peace,
Sweet is the year's increase,
  To loyal men who live by Freedom's laws;
And in war's fierce alarms
God gives stout hearts and arms
  To freemen sworn to save a rightful cause.
Fear none, trust God, maintain the right,
And triumph in unbroken Union's might.

Welded in war's fierce flame,
Forged on the hearth of fame,

The sacred Constitution was ordained;
Tried in the fire of time,
Tempered in woes sublime,
An age was passed and left it yet unstained.
God grant its glories still may shine,
While ages fade, forgotten, in time's slow decline!

Honor the few who shared
Freedom's first fight, and dared
To face war's desperate tide at the full flood;
Who fell on hard-won ground,
And into Freedom's wound
Poured the sweet balsam of their brave hearts' blood.
They fell; but o'er that glorious grave
Floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.

In radiance heavenly fair,
Floats on the peaceful air
That flag that never stooped from victory's pride;
Those stars that softly gleam,
Those stripes that o'er us stream,
In war's grand agony were sanctified;
A holy standard, pure and free,
To light the home of peace, or blaze in victory.

Father, whose mighty power
Shields us through life's short hour,
To Thee we pray,—Bless us and keep us free;
All that is past forgive;
Teach us, henceforth, to live,
That through our country we may honor Thee;
And when this mortal life shall cease,
Take thou, at last, our souls to Thine eternal peace.

Cardinal James Gibbons, of the Roman Catholic Church, offered the following concluding prayer, invoking upon America the blessing of Almighty God:

We pray Thee, O God of might, wisdom, and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted, and

judgment decreed, assist with Thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude the President of these United States, that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to Thy people over whom he presides, by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion, by a faithful execution of the laws, in justice and mercy, and by restraining vice and immorality.

Let the light of Thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress, and shine forth in all their proceedings and laws framed for our rule and government, so that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety, and useful knowledge, and may perpetuate to us the blessings of equal liberty.

We pray Thee for all judges, magistrates, and other officers who are appointed to guard our political welfare, that they may be enabled, by Thy powerful protection, to discharge the duties of their respective stations with honesty and ability.

We pray Thee, especially, for the Judges of our Supreme Court, that they may interpret the laws with even-handed justice. May they ever be the faithful guardians of the temple of the Constitution, whose construction and solemn dedication to our country's liberties we commemorate to-day! May they stand as watchful and incorruptible sentinels at the portals of this temple, shielding it from profanation and hostile invasion!

May this glorious Charter of our civil rights be deeply imprinted on the hearts and memories of our people! May it foster in them a spirit of patriotism! May it weld together and assimilate in national brotherhood the diverse races that come to seek a home among us! May the reverence paid to it conduce to the promotion of social stability and order, and may it hold the ægis of its protection over us, and generations yet unborn, so that the temporal blessings which we enjoy may be perpetuated!

Grant, O Lord, that our Republic, unexampled in material prosperity and growth of population, may be also, under Thy overruling providence, a model to all nations, in upholding liberty without license, and in wielding authority without despotism!

Finally, we recommend to Thy unbounded mercy all our

brethren and fellow-citizens throughout the United States, that they may be blessed in the knowledge and sanctified in the observance of Thy most holy law, that they may be preserved in union, and in that peace which the world cannot give, and, after enjoying the blessings of this life, be admitted to those which are eternal.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

May the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon our beloved country and upon all her people, and abide with them forever! Amen.

At the conclusion of the prayer the people sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," and Rev. Jeremiah Witherspoon, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, from Nashville, Tennessee, a descendant of John Witherspoon, one of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence, pronounced the benediction.

CENTENNIAL OF THE ORDINANCE OF 1787.

The late Israel Ward Andrews, for many years President of Marietta College, in a Centennial Historical Address, delivered July 4, 1876, and in an Address delivered before the American National Educational Association, at Chicago, July 13, 1887, the Centennial Anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, states that this "alone, of all the Acts of the American Congress, is known simply by the year of its passage, and, as such, is as significant to most Americans as the Declaration of Independence, or the Constitution of the United States."

In an Address delivered by Edward Everett, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, June 29, 1828, he describes the "long, ark-like-looking, and black-covered wagon, once seen travelling from Salem, Massachusetts, along the roads and through the villages of Essex and Middlesex Counties, "westward bound," and pays tribute to

Nathan Dane, who framed the Ordinance, and to Manasseh Cutler and General Rufus Putnam, who originated and carried into effect the first settlement of the territory overshadowed by that Ordinance.

On the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of April, 1888, there occurred a formal recognition of that settlement. Addresses were delivered by many, including the Governor of Ohio, Joseph Benson Foraker; Ex-Governor and Ex-President Rutherford Burchard Hayes, the nineteenth President of the United States; William Henry Smith; Edward Everett Hale; Francis Charles Sessions, President of the Ohio Historical Society; George Bailey Loring, John Randolph Tucker, Senator George Frisbie Hoar, and others.

THE SUPREMACY OF ORGANIC LAW.—THE CONSTITUTION THE BOND OF UNION.

(Extract from close of Address delivered at Marietta, Ohio, by John Randolph Tucker, April 7, 1888.)

What we need most in this great Republic of republics is to study with earnest diligence the principles of our free institutions; to hold him an enemy to the country who derides fidelity to the Constitution and trifles with his solemn obligation to uphold it; who would use the power of the government to promote personal or party ends; who stirs up the bitterness of buried strifes and engenders sectional or class conflicts among the people of the Union; and who does not hold it to be his best and noblest civil duty to uphold and defend the Constitution, in all its integrity, against all the temptations to its violation by the corrupting influences which surround us.

The time has come, in this period when Centennial anniversaries summon us to look at the genesis of our beginning, as a people, to examine and study the general principles, in the development of which a century has passed, and to ask wherein we have departed from the law of our organic life. Ours is not a Constitution of growth and evolution, but a written compact, unchangeable, except by the mode it ordains.

It is to this duty that I venture to call the sons of New England and of Virginia, and of all the States here and elsewhere, now and always. Let the descendants of the sturdy men who,

here and elsewhere, laid this foundation-stone—the "elect, tried, and precious corner-stone"—for free institutions, bring us back to a higher and more healthful atmosphere of thought and feeling. Let us make this Union so strong, under the faithful observation of the Constitution, so strong in the affections and devotion of the people, that not only none should be able to destroy it, but that none would do so if they could. Believe me, the bond of reverential love is stronger than that of force. The South, to-day, though she could not destroy the Union when she would, would not now, if she could. The States cannot destroy the Union. Let not the Union destroy the States.

THE DECLARATION AND THE ORDINANCE.

"These Acts devote the nation to Equality, Education, Religion, and Liberty."

(Extract from close of Address delivered at Marietta, Ohio, by George Frisbie Hoar, April 7, 1888.)

We are not here to celebrate an accident. What occurred here was premeditated, designed, foreseen. If there be in the universe a Power which ordains the course of history, we cannot fail to see in the settlement of Ohio an occasion when the human will was working in harmony with its own. The events move onward to a dramatic completeness. Rufus Putnam lived to see the little colony, for whose protection against the savage he had built what he described as "the strongest fortification in the United States," grow to nearly a million of people, and become one of the most powerful States of the Confederacy. The men who came here had earned the right to the enjoyment of liberty and peace, and they enjoyed the liberty and peace they had earned. The men who had helped win the war of the Revolution did not leave the churches and schools of New England to tread over again the thorny path from barbarism to civilization, or from despotism to self-government. When the appointed time had come, and

> "God uncovered the land
> That He hid, of old time, in the West,
> As the sculptor uncovers the statue
> When he has wrought his best,"—

then, and not till then, the man, also, was at hand.

It is one of the most fortunate circumstances of our history that the vote in the Continental Congress was substantially unanimous. Without the accompaniment of the Ordinance, the Constitution of the United States itself would have lost half its value. It was fitting that the whole country should share in the honor of that act which, in a later generation, was to determine the fate of the whole country.

We would not forget, to-day, the brave men and noble women who represented Connecticut, and Rhode Island, and New Hampshire, in the band of pioneers. Among them were Parsons, and Meigs, and Varnum, and Greene, and Devol, and True, and Barker, and the Gilmans. Connecticut made, a little later, her own special contribution to the settlement of Ohio. Both Virginia and Massachusetts have the right to claim, and to receive, a peculiar share of the honor which belongs to this occasion. They may well clasp each other's hands anew, as they survey the glory of their work. These two States, the two oldest of the sisterhood,—the State which framed the first written Constitution, and the State whose founders framed the compact on the Mayflower; the State which produced Washington, and the State which summoned him to his high command; the State whose son drafted the Declaration of Independence, and the State which furnished its leading advocate on the floor; the mother of John Marshall, and the mother of the President who appointed him; the State which gave the General, and the State which furnished the largest number of soldiers to the Revolution; the State which gave the territory of the North-West, and the State which gave its first settlers,—may well delight to remember that they share between them the honor of the authorship of the Ordinance of 1787. When the reunited country shall erect its monument at Marietta, let it bear on one side the names of the founders of Ohio, on the other side the names of Jefferson and Richard Henry Lee, and Carrington and Grayson, side by side with those of Nathan Dane and Rufus King and Manasseh Cutler, beneath the supreme name of Washington. Representatives of Virginia and Massachusetts, themselves, in some sense representatives of the two sections of the country which so lately stood against each other in arms, they will bear witness that the estrangements of four years have

not obliterated the common and tender memories of two centuries.

Forever honored be Marietta, as another Plymouth! The Ordinance belongs with the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution. It is one of the three title-deeds of American constitutional liberty. As the American youth, for uncounted centuries, shall visit the capital of his country,—strongest, richest, freest, happiest of the nations of the earth,—from the stormy coast of New England, from the luxurious regions of the Gulf, from the prairie and the plain, from the Golden Gate, from far Alaska,—he will admire the evidences of its grandeur and the monuments of its historic glory. He will find there, rich libraries and vast museums, which show the product of that matchless inventive genius of America, which has multiplied a thousand-fold the wealth and comfort of human life. He will see the simple and modest portal through which the great line of the Republic's chief magistrates have passed, at the call of their country, to assume an honor surpassing that of emperors and kings, and through which they have returned, in obedience to her laws, to take their place again as equals in the ranks of their fellow-citizens. He will stand by the matchless obelisk which, loftiest of human structures, is itself but the imperfect type of the loftiest of human characters. He will gaze upon the marble splendors of the Capitol, in whose chambers are enacted the statutes under which the people of a continent dwell together in peace, and the judgments are rendered which keep the forces of States and nation, alike, within their appointed bounds. He will look upon the records of great wars and the statues of great commanders. But, if he know his country's history, and consider wisely the sources of her glory, there is nothing in all these which will so stir his heart as two fading and time-soiled papers whose characters were traced by the hand of the fathers one hundred years ago.

They are the original records of the Acts which devoted this nation, forever, to Equality, to Education, to Religion, and to Liberty.

One is the Declaration of Independence, the other is the Ordinance of 1787.

"GOD SAVE THE STATE."

(Words by CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS.)

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

PART XV.

PATRIOTISM TO BE BRED IN THE SCHOOLS.

INTRODUCTION.

At no previous time in American history has there been a more pressing demand for the inculcation of patriotic sentiment through the schools, than during these closing years of the nineteenth century. The increasing influx of an illiterate, unsympathetic, foreign element deepens that sentiment. During the years 1887 and 1888, nearly one hundred and fifty colleges provided for special instruction in Civics; thereby passing beyond the technical sphere of Political Economy, to teach the principles of good government and those branches of study which instil pride of country, and prepare youth for responsible and honorable citizenship.*

Hon. Andrew S. Draper, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York, in his Official Report for 1887, says,—

"Let me say a word for a little more patriotism in the schools. We have little in our every-day life to arouse patriotic ardor. We have no frequent or great exhibitions of power; no army to stand in awe of; no royalty to worship; no emblems or ribbons to dazzle the eye; and but few national airs. We have elections so frequently, and then say such terribly hard things of each other and about the management of government, that I imagine the children wonder what kind of a country this is, that they have been born into. There is no such inculcation of patriotism among our children as among the children of some other lands. If I had my way, I would hang the flag in every school-room, and I would spend an occasional hour in singing our best patriotic songs, in declaiming the masterpieces of our national oratory, and in rehearsing the proud story of our national life. I would do something to inspire a just pride in the thrift and development of the first and greatest State of the Union. I would attempt to impress upon all, the

* See note at end of this Part.

supreme value of their inheritance, and the sacred duty of transmitting it untarnished and unimpaired, but rather broadened and strengthened, to the millions who will follow after."

Hon. M. A. Newell, Superintendent of Public Instruction for Maryland, in his Inaugural Address before the National Educational Association, at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1877, commenting upon the strikes and riots of that year, used the following language:

"That free institutions, resting on the basis of universal suffrage, are accompanied and stimulated by universal intelligence, is a truism which I should not be justified in repeating before this audience, were it not that the events of the last few weeks [the July riots] have converted the dormant truism into a pregnant truth. The commission to the Roman Dictator, 'See to it, that the Commonwealth receives no injury,' is now the order of the day to every American citizen, in his own place and sphere of action. To us, as educators, comes with special force the order, 'See to it, that, so far as your office is concerned, the Republic receives no injury.' The question before us at this crisis is, 'Are our public schools doing all that we have a right to demand of them to prepare the young people who have to live by the labor of their hands, to become intelligent, moral, and industrious citizens?'"

State Superintendents Cooper, of Texas; Austin, of Florida; Buchanan, of Virginia; Cornell, of Colorado; Edwards, of Illinois; Kiehle, of Minnesota; Higbee, of Pennsylvania; Tappan, of Ohio; Stockwell, of Rhode Island; Dickinson, of Massachusetts; Patterson, of New Hampshire; Dart, of Vermont, and many other educators in charge of State systems, of colleges, normal schools, city schools, high schools, and grammar-schools, have actively entered upon the plan of making the inculcation of patriotism a special function of their work. It will soon be, if it is not already, a specialty, of universal and cardinal importance.

In 1887, the National Congress, almost without dissent, at the earnest importunity of an organized body of Christian women, known as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, enacted a law having special reference to the teaching of temperance physiology in schools under government control. A systematic "reading-method," known as the Chautauqua, whereby families, and youth beyond school age, could have uniform lines of study promotive of intelligence in life-work, has added its force to the

movement in behalf of a more thorough development of the patriotic sentiment among the American people.

The words of Robert C. McGinn, of Maryland, to Mr. Randall's song, serve to introduce utterances which inspire patriotic sentiment in the training of youth.

MY MARYLAND.

The public schools are scattered o'er,
My Maryland,
Diffusing wide their treasured lore,—
My Maryland.
Oh, may they rise, to fall no more,
And be all other schools before,
In wisdom's never-failing store,
My Maryland!

Hark to thy children's young appeal,
My Maryland,
Our mother State, to thee we kneel,
My Maryland.
For us, our mother, ever feel,
Thy sacred love for us reveal,
By yielding to our young appeal,
My Maryland.

Thou wilt not let thine offspring die,
My Maryland;
Our souls for knowledge loudly cry,
My Maryland.
Oh, hie thee, mother, quickly hie,
To thee, for help, to thee we fly,
Nor let us still neglected lie,
My Maryland.

We hear thee in the distance call,
My Maryland,
To statesmen, lawyers, patriots, all,
My Maryland,

Save ye my children from the gall
Of superstition's bitter thrall,
By educating one and all,
My Maryland.

God bless our State, for what is done,
My Maryland!
God bless her people, every one,
My Maryland!
May Freedom's bright and cheering sun,
Till moon and stars and earth are gone,
Shine brightly down on every one,
My Maryland!

ROBERT COOPER MCGINN.

FREE SCHOOLS INSPIRE LOYALTY TO COUNTRY.

(From the last interview of General Horry with General Marion in 1795.)

ISRAEL of old, you know, was destroyed for lack of knowledge; and all nations, all individuals, have come to naught from the same cause. Happiness signifies nothing, if it be not known and properly valued. Satan, we are told, was once an angel of light; but for want of considering his glorious state, he rebelled, and lost all. And so it is, most exactly, with nations. We fought for self-government; and God hath pleased to give us one, better calculated, perhaps, to protect our rights, to foster our virtues, to call forth our energies, and to advance our condition nearer to perfection and happiness, than any government that was ever framed under the sun. But what signifies even this government, divine as it is, if it be not known and prized as it deserves? This is best done by free schools.

Men will always fight for their government according to their sense of its value. To value it aright, they must understand it. This they cannot do, without education. And as a large portion of the citizens are poor, and can never attain that inestimable blessing without the aid of government, it is plainly the first duty of government to bestow it freely upon them. The more perfect the government, the greater the duty to make it well

known. Selfish and oppressive governments, indeed, as Christ observes, must "hate the light, and fear to come to it, because their deeds are evil." But a fair and cheap government, like our Republic, "longs for the light, and rejoices to come to the light, that it may be manifested to be from God," and well worth all the vigilance and valor that an enlightened nation can rally for its defence.

God knows, a good government can hardly ever be half anxious enough to give its citizens a thorough knowledge of its own excellencies. For as some of the most valuable truths, for lack of careful promulgation, have been lost, so the best government on earth, if not duly known and prized, may be subverted. Ambitious demagogues will rise, and the people, through ignorance and love of change, will follow them.

Look at the people of New England. From Britain, their fathers had fled to America for religion's sake. Religion had taught them that God created men, to be happy; that to be happy they must have virtue; that virtue is not to be attained without knowledge, nor knowledge without instruction, nor public instruction without free schools, nor free schools without legislative order. Among a free people, who fear God, the knowledge of duty is the same as doing it. With minds well informed of their rights, and hearts glowing with love for themselves and posterity, when war broke out, they rose up against the enemy, firm and united, and gave glorious proof how men will fight when they know that their all is at stake.

FRANCIS MARION.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL SYSTEM OF THE FUTURE.—CHARACTER AND PATRIOTISM TO BE INCULCATED.

(From Address before the National Educational Association at Chicago, July, 1887, and by permission edited for the "Patriotic Reader.")

A BEAUTIFUL vine which grows by my study window has given me a thought. Its delicate tendrils floating in the breeze touch the strings stretched for the climbing of the vine. Sensitive to the touch, they instantly coil and by spiral contraction

draw the vine to its support. Other tendrils appear, which, by contact and coiling, spread the vine, and soon the veranda will be covered with a delicate and soothing shade of green. So have I seen for more than forty years the outstretching of our educational work, until the five Northwestern States, developed under the Ordinance of 1787, have already a school-population one-third greater than the entire population of the United States one hundred years ago.

The school system of the future must have life in itself; no dead forms will suffice. It must be American, in its deepest significance, liberty-loving, liberty-promoting. As a friend to true liberty, it must encourage industry, sobriety, impartiality. It must inculcate love of order and respect for law. Its course must widen in the principles of government, the theory of politics, the resources of the people, questions of economy in industries and in finance, the responsibilities of office-holding, with more patriotic and less personal ends in view, the sacredness of the ballot, the emblem of a freeman's power and the pledge of a freeman's honor. The school of the future must impress upon the pupil the value of American citizenship in all political and economic relations. "Intelligence is essential to good government," declared the Ordinance of 1787. Every day the words of John Stuart Mill become more applicable to the American people: "The province of government is to increase to the utmost the pleasures, and to diminish to the utmost the pains, which men derive from each other."

The school of the future must emphasize character. This is but a recurrence to the principles of our fathers. The tendency of the times is towards the worship of the human intellect, the enthronement of reason, and to put aside all religious sanctions and restraints. Admitting the convenience of moral lives, the tendency is to sever morality and religion, to look for the fruit when the stock has been cut off at the root. Washington foresaw his country's danger, when he said, "Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion." Jefferson wrote, "In our early struggles for liberty, religious freedom"—not freedom from religion, but religious freedom—"could not fail to become a primary object." To the formation of character our schools must address themselves, or

our boasted liberties will become unbridled license, and our property and lives be at the mercy of the incendiary and the bomb-thrower. Instruction in our duties to our God and our fellow-men should never degenerate into the inculcation of opinions as to minor and non-essential points of belief or polity. No one questions the right of the State to enforce the positive duty of patriotism; nor is the right less sacred, or the duty less pressing, because he who is to exercise the one, or to enforce the other, has certain views which will make him a partisan in his acts.

What patriotism is to partisanship, religion is to sectarianism. Each is the whole, in its spirit and essence, universally received; while the form may vary with the individual. The genius of our government forbids only the spirit of the proselyter, the trade of the partisan. It favors the life of the patriot, the influence of the man who goes forth in the spirit of that religion which is drawn not from the theories of men, but from the precepts of the Sacred Scriptures. The religion I would emphasize, as an integral part of school-instruction, is that which recognizes man's right to freedom, man's right to rule, subject only to the "immanence of God in society."

The spirit of the school of the future must be catholic in its literal significance,—universal, general; and, in the derived sense, tolerant, sedate, complaisant, but never too easily compliant. Were the men who passed the Ordinance of 1787 to return to earth and journey in a palace-car from New York to Chicago, with but a single night upon their journey, it seems to me that they would say, "Progress as you have begun; be tolerant; but in God's name, in Freedom's name, in humanity's name, as patriots good and true, we bid you make good character the end of your highest efforts, and put into your schools whatever will build up a virtuous character."

JOSIAH LITTLE PICKARD.

OUR EDUCATION MUST BE AMERICAN.

(For the "Patriotic Reader.")

AMERICA, alone, of all the great nations of the earth, is dependent upon the intelligence and loyalty of her humblest classes

for continued existence. Other nations have centralized governmental forces and inherited prestige of authority which make them practically secure against the revolt of ignorance or disloyalty. We have neither. The only appeal is to the vote of the individual, and the humble classes are not only the more numerous, but they always vote, while the prosperous citizens are not to be uniformly depended upon at the polls. No laws will be enacted, none will be interpreted, as none will be executed, to jeopardize the united vote of the humble classes.

In the past thirty years the wealth of America has quadrupled the entire accumulated wealth of the previous two hundred and fifty years, and every ten years adds one-third to the entire population. Millions upon millions are added to our population every ten years, who know little, or nothing, of our institutions, and not only care nothing for our traditions, but are prejudiced against them. They do not mingle with our reading classes, and have no affiliation with those instinctively loyal to American ideas.

The public school is the one force, is the only force, that can unify all classes and conditions of society. Here we have the children of the nation in their entirety, and we can, if we will, teach them in the schools so much of the grandeur of our possessions, of the heroic in our history, of the brilliant in our prosperity, of the fascinating in our traditions, that the fathers of the future will be willing to vote for, and die, if need be, for, the American idea; that the mothers of the future will teach their sons to develop our resources by industry, to honor the historic heroism of our sires, to project the brilliancy of our prosperity into the future, to cherish, with unwavering devotion, the traditions of the land.

We have no other avenue than the public school by which to reach the men of to-morrow; we need no other, if only we improve the opportunities it affords. We have no school system by means of which we can order patriotism into the schools and feel sure that it will be taught. We have, however, an American common-school idea, and this is more effective for good, is more certain to bring results, than if that idea was harnessed to a cumbrous system.

Let there be engrafted upon, incorporated into, that idea, the

privilege, the possibility, the responsibility, of teaching the children and youth of to-day, what American manhood and womanhood will need, to-morrow.

It is said that when General Grant first took command of a large army of troops, he established a rule from which he never swerved, that whenever a battle was to be fought, the last thing before the order of march was to see that every commander had his watch in time with his own. Forty-seven States and Territories are waiting for the standard time of the American school-idea. Let it be Patriotism first, last, and always; Patriotism in the history; in the reading-lesson; in the general exercises; in the flags that adorn the school-rooms.

ALBERT EDWARD WINSHIP.

PATRIOTIC TRAINING IN OUR SCHOOLS.

(From Address delivered at Concord, New Hampshire, and by permission edited for the "Patriotic Reader.")

A REPUBLIC as richly freighted as ours with the hopes and destinies of posterity cannot afford to allow any part of its population to grow up in ignorance of the real nature of republican institutions. A sense of the great interests involved in our splendid inheritance kindles patriotism and furnishes motives to high character. It is a just reproach of our schools, that, in a country where all are responsible for public measures, and may become law-makers or administrators, they do so little, by any direct process, for the training of statesmen and patriots. Diffused political intelligence is essential to national progress and national conservatism. Without this, the people may stumble and fall over unseen obstacles in their path. When capital and industry are at stake, when local jealousies or the frenzy of parties strike at constitutional prerogatives or the freedom of the state, our final appeal must be to the intelligence and patriotism of the people. The people are the depositaries of power, and must determine its course.

If all our youth, springing from whatever nationality, could be brought to know and reflect upon the origin, history, and

nature of our political institutions; if they were early made to realize their cost in treasure and blood, and the unspeakable benefits they have conferred upon the American people, we should have unity and strength of public spirit, and a sensibility to the common reputation and interests, that would be stronger than the pride of dominion, and a surer defence than armies and navies.

This, as nothing else, would banish demoralizing customs, check the spirit of extravagance, give comprehensiveness and discrimination to the popular judgment, and elevate and purify the national feelings. Such teaching would tend to create a sense of personal independence, and give a force to the right of private judgment which would destroy the servitude of party and the blind allegiance to leaders, and put the country into the control of reason and law. It would go beyond this, and not allow the people to say, even to the law of the land, "What thou biddest, unargued, I obey: so God ordains." Such intelligence, such power of personal reflection and moral balance, are the conditions of national well-being, if not of national life.

When the great body of the youth of successive generations are so taught and disciplined, we shall have order without force, government without arms, power without excess, and freedom without license. Manliness is the natural growth of such soils. Mere literary and scientific knowledge, broadcast in society, is not enough for a people who constitute and administer the government. The schools of Prussia are unsurpassed in the diffusion of such knowledge; but they do not impart to the nation the knowledge of the sources of political power, nor teach it how those powers should be organized and maintained.

At ancient Rome the Temple of Honor was entered through the Temple of Virtue. The classic conception is still true. The temple of our civic virtue is through the school-house, and through it we must enter the temple of civic honor. The self-governed must be self-controlled by an intelligence that has been instructed at the oracles of philosophy and religion. The paths that have been trodden by Hamilton and Webster will have a perpetual fascination for the aspiring and ingenuous youth. The record of the past, in the development of civil power, through which we discover the laws of social growth, is marked with

injustice and stained with blood; but it is prophetic of a better day, when universal freedom shall be established upon a common recognition of the rights of man, and a common obedience to the dictates of justice.

JAMES WILLIS PATTERSON.

THE PROBLEM OF TO-DAY.—PATRIOTISM THE GREAT SCHOOL LESSON.

(From Address before the National Educational Association at Chicago, July, 1887, and by permission edited for the "Patriotic Reader.")

A CAREFUL reader of history cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that every race, and, in some measure, every generation, of men, seems to have had some special task, seems to have performed some special function, in the development of the world's civilization. Each race seems to have proclaimed some new or hitherto forgotten truth, or to have established some new institution among men. This is one of the most instructive and cheering testimonies in human annals. The idea of government, for example, was early developed. It was first administered by the patriarch in the family, afterwards in the aggregation of families. Then, amid the strifes of contending households and their leaders, by the wisdom or brute force of some one mightier than the others, a tribe was established. Fired by ambition, some still mightier leader arose, and many tribes were consolidated into a nation. And at last there came forth the great empires of the antique world. Such an empire was Babylon! Such an emperor was Pharaoh! In these later days their rule would be intolerable; but in their day they taught the world the possibility of great States.

This was the lesson of those early times. But it was only one, and that among the lowest, of the lessons that men needed to learn. They needed religion, and the Hebrew race came forth as the teacher of it. It was incorporated into that people's daily life. It was the foundation of their body politic. The children of Abraham were the priests of mankind. They uttered

their sacred sayings with such emphasis that the world was compelled to listen.

Man needed art and philosophy, and the Hellenic race came forward as the interpreter of these higher mysteries. It was the function of this marvellous people to awaken the sleeping intellect of the world; to call into active exercise the reason, the imagination and taste of mankind. And well they performed the task assigned them, for Grecian ideals still rule, to a great extent, the thinking world.

But, in the course of events, the old idea of empire must be replaced by a new and better one. Instead of brute force and the mere will of the despot, the nations must be governed by principles, by wisely-ordained rules. In short, law must take the place of mere personal domination. And, lo, there appeared the great Roman Commonwealth. Thus began the study and the development of jurisprudence. Law and politics began to be a science.

These achievements of past generations we are, to-day, inheriting. The idea of national unity comes to us from the dawn of history. The religion taught by Moses has spread itself over the civilized world. Greek art and Greek thought have schooled mankind to a love and appreciation of beauty and discernment of truth. The legal maxims that rule our course are lineally derived from the Pandects and the Institutes. The nineteenth century is the heir of all the ages.

Now, he is a thriftless heir who does not improve upon his estate. If we have taken from our predecessors, we ought to bequeath to those who come after us. And what shall be our contribution? What shall the nineteenth century and the American Republic bequeath to mankind?

May we not say that the problem of to-day is the educational problem? In what age, in what country, have men made such vast outlays of money for the establishment of schools? In our own country, one hundred millions a year are contributed to this one. Every civilized nation is agitating the question and seeking the best attainable light upon it. If the historian of a thousand years hence, as he sums up the achievements of the different epochs in the world's annals, does not assign to this age the honor of being the teacher of the race, in the philosophy and

practice of education, then it must seem that the record he will make for us will be that, with the noblest opportunities ever enjoyed by men, we have done nothing.

Our great lack in these days is not a lack of material wealth. We have grown wonderfully rich in all outward things. We have compelled all nature to contribute to our comfort. But this material prosperity must be considered, after all, a subordinate thing. The right product of the highest civilization is an improved humanity. What are we doing in the developing of noble men and women, in the way of increasing the worth and enlarging the power of the race? These are the functions of a philosophic education. And these results ought to be achieved by an honest consideration of every proposed improvement. There must be an inspiring, uplifting, but thoughtful progress. When the discussions of these times are closed, when the educational battles of the time have been fought, there ought to be left a priceless and permanent heritage, for the benefit of all mankind,—a new and nobler philosophy of education.

And how can we better subserve the cause of true patriotism than by faithfulness in this great work? What will more effectually redound to the glory and permanent worth of this great Republic, than the development of a sound educational philosophy? To every teacher there is inspiration in the thought that he is laying the surest foundations for true national greatness. To every pupil in the schools there is healthful stimulus in the thought that, by faithful study and worthy conduct, he, too, may prove his loyalty to his country.

And let it not be forgotten that patriotism is one of the positive lessons to be taught in every school. Everything learned should be flavored with a genuine love of country. Every glorious fact in the Nation's history should be emphasized, and lovingly dwelt upon. The names of her illustrious citizens should be treasured in the memory. Every child should feel that he is entitled to a share, not only in the blessings conferred by a free government, but also in the rich memories and glorious achievements of his country.

Richard Edwards.

INSTRUCTION IN CIVICS AS A PATRIOTIC DUTY.

(From Address of the Secretary of the American Institute of Civics, at San Francisco, California, at the Annual Meeting of the National Educational Association, July, 1888. Edited, by permission, for the "Patriotic Reader.")

THE existence and perpetuity of a nation based upon universal suffrage, give the school a prominence, and impose duties and responsibilities upon the educator, that do not exist under any other form of government. The school is not merely local, utilitarian, communal, a place where the pupil goes, simply to acquire specific knowledge and culture that may be useful to him in private life; but, in an eminent sense, is a broad, national institution, upon which the highest weal of the republic depends.

The ideal school is the nursery of intelligent citizenship, and the inspiring source of a sterling type of genuine patriotism. The age is a progressive one. The demands of our advancing civilization require that the curriculum of study should be broadened, from time to time. An enlightened public sentiment confirms this position, prompts the people to munificent donations for schools of every grade, from the kindergarten to the university, and the State willingly stands pledged to pay the necessary cost, while reasonably demanding that the school system should be so complete and comprehensive as to justify the vast expenditure.

The humblest citizen is interested in the maintenance and improvement of the public-school system, because it lies at the foundation of our national existence. The active duties of private and public life are better performed by intelligent and cultivated men and women, than by the ignorant and uncultured.

To make certain these results, the schools must train the young to become intelligent voters, fair-minded jurymen, upright judges, discreet and honest legislators, and incorruptible executive officers.

The early statute laws of Massachusetts had this in view, when they specifically enjoined upon "all instructors of youth to exert their best endeavors to impress upon the minds of the children and youth committed to their care and instruction, the principles

of piety and justice, a sacred regard for truth, love of country, humanity, universal benevolence," and other, enumerated, kindred virtues, "which are an ornament to human society, and the basis upon which a republican constitution is founded."

The time has come when the essential elements of civic instruction should be given in all grades of our public schools. This branch of education will tend to awaken and stimulate sentiments of genuine loyalty to duty, and patriotism in the administration of the affairs of the State and nation. Such teaching will develop principles of action that give dignity to the individual, increase respect and reverence for the home, and exert a salutary influence in the discharge of all public and private obligations. Whatever makes the individual citizen more intelligent and conscientious in the discharge of active personal duty will improve both State and nation.

It may not be necessary to change a school curriculum, if the work of the teacher be permeated by the purpose to make the facts and principles of good citizenship the life, the very soul, of the school. The pupil should absorb the love of country as freely as he breathes in pure air. It should surround him in the teaching atmosphere of the school itself. History, geography, biographical reading, and all departments of science, furnish the opportunities through which to inspire youth with ambition to fit themselves for future usefulness as good citizens. We emphasize the fact that this education must be begun early, to secure the best, the highest results. Lord Bacon said, "Commonwealths and good governments do *nourish virtue, grown*, but do not mend the seeds." The young child, the *enfant terrible*, has to be converted, by education, into a citizen, active and useful, or he will grow up to become an adult, of ignorance, the tool of demagogism.

But lessons must be given, calculated to make the children and youth of our land honest and upright, as well as active members of the body politic. Instruction in character-building cannot be given through a few inert formulæ, solemn maxims, or even by special exhortations. It must blossom out in all school training, and be combined with that other fundamental law,—that good manners, the amenities of polite society, and the graces of fraternity and kindness of heart, must enter into

the preparation of the young for the trying ordeals of active world-life.

The true wealth of a nation is not found in its material accumulations, or in the skill of its people to make money, but in its men and women of character and culture who aim in all the relations of life to elevate and ennoble humanity. Such a training will prepare the young to become a blessing to themselves, ornaments to society, and the bulwarks of the State.

WILLIAM EVARTS SHELDON.

THE PATRIOTIC CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT.

(From "The Chautauqua Movement," edited, by permission, for the "Patriotic Reader.")

WE need an alliance and a hearty co-operation of Home, Pulpit, School, and Shop; an alliance consecrated to universal culture for young and old; for all the days and weeks of the year; for all the varied faculties of the soul, and in all the possible relations of life.

Love of country and the spirit of a pure and exalted patriotism must find their quickening and their highest development in the ideas which these institutions embody and represent, the home idea of mutual love and tenderness, the church idea of reverence and conscientiousness, the school idea of personal culture, and the shop idea of diligence, economy, and mutual help. The young and the old need these things. The rich and the poor need them. Capital and labor need them.

Chautauqua has, therefore, a message and mission for all. It exalts education, the mental, social, moral, and religious culture of all, everywhere, without exception. It pleads for a universal education; for plans of reading and study; for all legitimate enticements and incitements to ambition; for all necessary adaptations as to time and topics; for ideal associations which shall at once excite the imagination and set the heart aglow. Chautauqua stretches over the land a magnificent temple, broad as the continent, lofty as the heavens, into which homes, churches,

schools, and shops may build themselves, as parts of a splendid university, in which people of all ages and conditions may be enrolled as students. It says, "Unify such eager and various multitudes. Let them read the same books, think along the same lines, sing the same songs, observe the same sacred days, —days consecrated to the delights of a lofty intellectual and spiritual life."

A plan of this kind, simple in its provisions, limited in its requirements, accepted by adults as well as youth, appealing to the imagination as well as the conscience, must work miracles, intellectual, social, and religious, in household, neighborhood, and nation. It brings parents into fuller sympathy with their children, at the time when sympathy is most needed,—sympathy with them in their educational aims, sympathy with them in lines of reading and study. It incites and assists youth, at school, to do good work in preparation and recitation, protects against the temptations of play-ground and class-room, inspires them to higher courses of study and a grander conception of the responsibility and honor of American citizenship.

Such education must increase the power of the people in politics, augmenting the independent vote which makes party leaders cautious where lack of conscience would make them careless concerning truth and honesty. It must tend to a better understanding between the classes of society, causing the poor to honor wealth won by honest work, economy, and skill; to despise winners of wealth, when greed and trickery gather the gold; to hate sham and shoddy; to avoid struggles between capital and labor, and to promote, in all possible ways, the glorious brotherhood of honesty, sympathy, and culture,—a culture that addresses itself to all sides of a man's nature.

The Chautauqua movement is based upon the idea that the whole of life is a school, and that a broad catholic basis of reading and study is attainable, alike promotive of the principles of the noblest Christian citizenship, and true to the law of all noble living, that "he who most wisely loves his own denomination or party is likely to love others generously," so that the fruitage for his country, and the world, shall be that glorious liberty with which Christ shall make all men free.

JOHN HEYL VINCENT.

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION THE PATRIOT'S ALLY.—THROUGH OUR YOUTH THE NATION LIVES.

(Extract from Address of Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, Superintendent of Scientific Instruction of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, before the Committee on Education and Labor, United States Senate, January 26, 1886, in favor of the bill "providing for the study of Physiology and Hygiene and the effects of intoxicating, narcotic, and poisonous substances upon the life, health, and welfare, by the pupils in the public schools of the Territories, and of the District of Columbia, and in the Military and Naval Academies." Edited, by permission, for the "Patriotic Reader."

Similar enactments have been secured, under the same auspices, in nearly all the States of the Union,—that of Louisiana as late as July, 1888. The imitative Japanese have reproduced some of the books so endorsed, and in Europe the same work has been organized, as appealing to every paternal and patriotic instinct that protects home and country. The Sandwich Islands, as well as Japan, have these text-books in their own language; and the school-book-publishing houses of America are in harmony of purpose to advance the cause.)

Our fathers believed a government of the people possible, and thus the Republic was born, with all its great destinies anchored to the masses, with all its possibilities dependent upon the capacity of individual citizens for self-government, and that capacity again dependent upon the enlightenment of the conscience and the understanding. Our fathers were far-seeing men. They did not leave this enlightenment of the conscience and understanding to the hap-hazard teaching of the street, of society, or even of the home or the church. Their underlying philosophy was the now accepted axiom, that "whatever we should have appear in the character of citizenship must be wrought into that character through the schools." As those times were simple, so were their schools.

But the curriculum of our schools has kept pace with the demands of our citizenship. When the war of 1861 burst upon us, it found a nation of civilians on both sides of the Potomac. That struggle was greatly prolonged, while "the boys in blue and in gray" were being transformed into soldiers. Taught by that experience, many a State said, "This must never happen again," and added military drill for schools where boys were old enough to carry a musket.

But a greater evil is in all our land, to-day, than the one that temporarily estranged us in *ante-bellum* days. Uncle Tom could say, "This body is Massa Legree's slave, but this soul is God's free man." No slave of alcohol can say that. Enslaved soul and body are its victims, who are not an alien race, thus subjugated, but are our own sons and brothers, husbands and fathers, the best-beloved from the homes of an otherwise happy and prosperous people. A "first-born has been slain" by this destroyer, in all this fair land, between the oceans, the lakes, and the gulf. Never has any evil so undermined the character of our citizenship, and therefore proved so great an evil to our free institutions. Alarmed at the inroads of this enemy, the friends of this reform are knocking at the doors of the schools for relief. We come to ask for an enactment that shall result in the enlightenment of the consciences and understanding of the people, not as to the vice and evil of drunkenness, of which all are now assured, but as to the nature of alcohol, and of its effects upon the human system, that, thus forewarned, our youth may be forearmed.

It is one of the most hopeful characteristics of our people, as a whole, that when they are convinced of evil they rise, rebuke, and correct even their own vices. The States of Vermont, Michigan, and New Hampshire in one year made their school-houses the legal allies of the temperance reform. New York followed in 1884. The people said, "This is a sensible method of dealing with the evil. It is prevention. It is taking the whole question out of the realm of conflicting sentiment, and putting it on the basis of intelligence." There are one million five hundred thousand children in the schools of New York, and, since the passage of the law, those children are being pre-empted for sobriety. A decade will change the political situation on the alcohol question, in that and every State thus training its children and youth. The intent is, that when the pupil learns about the various organs of the body he shall learn the consequences following to those organs from the use of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics. If, when the conscience and understanding are enlightened, the individual citizen will not choose the right, then this movement is a mistake, and our government will fall; for either alcohol must go under, or the government of the people will perish.

I am here, gentlemen, not merely as a person, but in a representative capacity. There are two hundred thousand Christian women who are praying this morning for the results of this hour. They are in every city, in every town, all over this broad land, in every State and every Territory. They represent the homes, the Christian homes, of America. If we save the children to-day, we shall have saved the nation to-morrow. In the name, then, of this womanhood, I stand here, to plead for the children who will be taught in the specified territory covered by this bill, and likewise for the influence of such legislation. Wherever our flag shall be unfurled over this and other lands throughout all Christendom, will be felt the blessed example, if this Congress of the United States shall thus provide for the Temperance Education of the children under its jurisdiction.

MARY HANNAH HUNT.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY SHAPES THE TWENTIETH.—PATRIOTISM IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

(From Address of President Gates, of Rutgers College, New Jersey, 1887. Edited, by permission, for the "Patriotic Reader.")

THE eighteenth century said, at its close, "All men shall govern." The nineteenth century, as it draws to a close, seems to sound out as key-note to the twentieth century, "Now that all men govern, it is decreed that all men must be laborers, too." "If all are to govern, all must serve. Fitness for kingship is proved only by ability to serve." This is the emphasized utterance of our time. Inculcated in the moral training of our youth, it will develop such love of country that the young men of to-day, while they hasten the march of America towards higher planes of power, will repress the spirit of war and hasten the era of universal peace.

The youth of to-day, by God's appointing, belong to the twentieth century,—that century whose vast titanic forces the thundering machinery of this age of steam but half foretells; while the flashing light and subtle force of electricity, which we are only beginning to draw from its exhaustless reservoirs, give us

lightning-like glimpses of the vast potentialities and the intensified activities of that unknown, coming age, in which the youth of the present are to be actors.

In the next century, America is to give form and color to the world. The nation, which a hundred years ago was but feeling its way through the dark dawning of our history, now stands among the mightiest of earth's powers. Thoughtful men, the world over, are convinced that the closing decade of this century, like that of the last, will be a transition-period, ushering in great social and economic changes in Europe and throughout the world. It is clear that America is to be the arena for great experiments in legislation, for mighty battles of ideas, peaceful, we hope, but certainly intense struggles, which shall decide what is possible and what impossible in social reforms. Already men are taught that the ballot is not a panacea for all evils. We have received into our national life certain desperate men, bred under Old-World despotisms, who wish to press freedom on into dangerous license. "There is nothing beyond republicanism, but anarchy," says a thoughtful writer; and here, where the ultimate evolution of government has taken place, will restless men first attempt to live without government. We believe that this mighty evolution of government "of the people, by the people, for the people," is of God's own evoking; and that He will continue so to order affairs for us, that only such institutions as are founded in justice and sound sense will be supported or favored for such a consummation; but it is in the right training of American youth that we are to find the assurance of this glorious fruition. The problem of self-culture is to improve to the utmost one's own powers; but the highest law is, "Each one for others, and for all." Every man is bound to labor steadily and earnestly at something for the common good. They who seek to limit too narrowly the use of the word "labor," and shut out from the term that close, accurate thinking, which is the hardest work a man can do, are levelling down, not up. The basis for brotherhood among men is not that mere power of brawn which marks the horse or the ox. When it is understood that "labor" includes all who work with hands or brain, and that every man, rich or poor, is under obligation to "labor" for the common weal, all dangerous socialistic talk of the natural

antagonism between labor and capital will become pointless. No man is truly educated until he has learned to work from other than purely selfish motives; and a truly liberal course of study gives a man a broader and deeper sense of fellowship with other men. It culminates in what one has well called "the subordination of culture to the nobler aim of building up the institutions of humanity." Scholars need not be dreamers. College-bred men have this advantage over competitors of equal natural ability, that they have learned to take broad views and to forecast the future from the wise study of the past. The past awakes and lives again for good in such men.

To the school and the college attaches vast responsibility for the future of America. A wholesale regeneration of the race is not possible. Society will be purified, institutions will be made better, and kept better, only as men are made better, one by one. And to teachers, co-operating with Christian homes and the Church of the living God, is intrusted the preparation for noble, patriotic service, of those who shall be "the men of light and leading" in the century so close at hand.

The people must be educated, for the people rule. With us, in the form of government which Providence has given us, and in which we believe, THE PEOPLE are King; and the loyal hope and prayer of our heart is, "May God save the King!"

MERRILL EDWARD GATES.

TO THEE, O COUNTRY.

(Written by Miss Anna Philipine Eichberg, at the age of fifteen. Music by Professor Julius Eichberg, of the Boston Conservatory of Music. Used, by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co., for the "Patriotic Reader.")

To thee, O country great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices, tuned by joyous love,
Thy power and praises sing;
Upon thy mighty, faithful heart
We lay our burdens down;
Thou art the only friend who feels
Their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our love,
For thee with fervor deep we pray
To Him who dwells above.
O God, preserve our Fatherland,
Let Peace its Ruler be,
And let her happy kingdom stretch
From north to southmost sea.

NOTE.—The American Institute of Civics was incorporated in order to organize and develop systematic study of Civics in American schools and colleges. The Board of Trustees for 1888, elected at the annual meeting in Washington, in March, embraced the following-named members: Chief-Justice M. R. Waite, President; Mellen Chamberlain, Boston, Vice-President; W. E. Sheldon, Boston, Secretary; Henry B. Carrington, U.S.A., Boston, Treasurer; Rev. Josiah Strong, New York City, Auditor; also, ex-Justice William Strong, Washington; A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, Washington; N. H. R. Dawson, United States Commissioner of Education, Washington; ex-Governor H. S. Thompson, South Carolina, Assistant United States Treasurer, Washington; Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, Washington; W. N. Trenholm, Washington; ex-President Noah Porter, Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut; President F. A. P. Barnard, Columbia College, New York; President M. E. Gates, Rutgers College, Brunswick, New Jersey; President William Preston Johnson, Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana; Professor Alexander Winchell, Michigan University, Ann Arbor, Michigan; Chancellor Henry MacCracken, University of the City of New York; John Jay, New York City; John Bigelow, New York City; Rev. W. H. Du Puy, New York City; President J. H. Seelye, Amherst College, Massachusetts; W. W. Scarborough, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. W. Dickinson, Secretary State Board of Education, Massachusetts; M. A. Newell, Secretary State Board of Education, Maryland; J. L. Buchanan, State Superintendent of Schools, Virginia; Andrew Carnegie, Cresson, Pennsylvania; Senator J. R. Hawley, Connecticut; Senator H. W. Blair, New Hampshire; Senator J. S. Morrill, Vermont; Senator J. F. Wilson, Iowa; and H. R. Waite, New York City.

The consulting faculty consisted of Henry Randall Waite, Ph.D., President, New York City; Henry Barnard, Hartford, Connecticut; Professor Bernard Moses, University of California, Berkeley, California; Edwin Stanwood, Brookline, Massachusetts; Professor W. W. Folwell, University of Minnesota; Professor Alexander Johnston, College of New Jersey, Princeton, New Jersey; Francis M. Burdick, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York; Superintendent E. E. White, Public Schools of Cincinnati, late President Purdue University, Indiana; Professor E. J. James, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; Professor E. B. Andrews, Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island; and President John Eaton, Marietta College, Ohio.

A foundation has been laid for an annual prize-medal to some college graduate proficient in the study of Civics, by the investment of funds contributed by Mr. Calcb G. Hall, of New Berlin, New York.

Associations in harmony with the purposes of the Institute exist in several States, and State Councils have been organized auxiliary to its general plan.

PART XVI.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA FORESHADOWED.

INTRODUCTION.

During the year 1780, Thomas Pownall, a former governor of Massachusetts and New Jersey, revisited America, and upon his return to England depicted American destiny, as one of "world-wide control," in these emphatic terms:

"Nature has removed America from the Old World and all its embroiling and wrangling politics; without an enemy or a rival, or the entanglement of alliances. This New System has taken its equal station with the Nations of the earth. Here, no laws frame conditions on which a man is to exercise this or that trade. The civilizing activity of the human race forms the growth of the State. We see all the inhabitants not only free, but allowing universal naturalization to all who wish to be so. In agriculture and mechanical handicrafts, the New World has been led to the improvement of implements, tools, and machines; leading experience by the hand, to many a new invention. In a country like this, where every man has the free and full exertion of his powers, an unabated application and perpetual struggle sharpen the wits and give training to the mind. This spirit of analyzing the mechanical powers hath established a kind of instauration of science in their hands. Here, many a philosopher, politician, warrior, emerges from the wilderness, as the seed rises out of the ground where it hath lain buried for a season.

The Independence of America is fixed as fate. The government of the new empire is young and strong, and will struggle by the vigor of internal principles of life against disorders, and surmount them. The nature of the coast, and of the winds, renders navigation a perpetual, moving intercourse of communication; and the waters of the rivers render inland navigation but a further process of that communication; all of which becomes, as it were, one vital principle of life, extending through one organized being, one Nation. Will that enterprising spirit be stopped at Cape Horn, or not pass beyond the Cape of Good Hope? Before long, they will be found trading in the South Sea, in the Spice Islands, and in China. Commerce will open

the door to emigration. By constant intercommunication, America will approach, every day, nearer and nearer to Europe.

"North America has become a new Primary Planet, which, while it takes its own course, must shift the centre of gravity."

Ex-President Theodore Dwight Woolsey, of Yale College, a most eminent scholar in all that bears upon international relation and prospect, has uttered a similar sentiment, in this form:

"The United States may well be envied by the other nations of Christendom, for the very reason that it is not forced by its position to form a league with other weak States against some unscrupulous conqueror; and still more for the reason that they have had no policy, as yet, such as would force other States into a league against them. We may felicitate our country in that neither its form of government, nor its position and neighborhood in the world, nor any conceivable aims of its own, will be likely to make questions touching a balance of power, anything more than historical speculations. We can be sure that there are no existing States in the world which would purposely pick a quarrel with us, when they must send their fleets and armies across a thousand leagues of sea to decide it. We can be equally certain that no unions of remote and neighboring powers will seek to engage in serious wars against us; nor can we, at present, conceive of any such madness as would urge us out of our sphere, to enter into the wars of the European world, or into any foreign war."

This comparative isolation of America, for the time being, removes temptations to colonize, and so develops domestic intimacies that an irresistible force would promptly repel assault. Education is so universal, that peaceful industry and honorable dealing at home and abroad have become an appreciated policy, as well as a substantial armor. Diversified industries rapidly aid in the assimilation of varied labor. The predominant race and language quickly absorb others. Even banners and watchwords, at first strange, are soon interpreted by that quick sympathy which has already converted millions, coming from other lands and climes, into useful and loyal citizens of the Great Republic. America may yet become, as the grandest possible fruition of her destiny, the Pacificator of all international disputes. It is the mission of a perfected Christian civilization to realize

"THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE WORLD."

The forecast of Governor Pownall, in 1780, and the wise conservatism of President Woolsey, are based upon the relations of

America to Europe, chiefly. Europe, herself, already accepts as a fact the absolute independence of America, but watches with more intense concern the new, the *civilized* Asia. At the Berlin Conference in 1878, Count Schouvaloff, the Russian member, urged upon his colleagues a united effort to prevent the exportation of modern arms and machinery to China and India; especially declaring that the famines which desolate those countries, coupled with the limited range of diet common to their peoples, would at no distant day lead them to inquire into the cause of contrast between their position and that of the wealthy nations of the West, and that, if they once had arms, and modern material of war, the entire armies of Europe could not preserve the treasure in their capitals from a destructive invasion.

A published outlook, in 1876, used this language:

"The ever-increasing responsibilities that attend the rapid increase of the world's population, and the commercial enterprise which brings half-civilized and semi-barbarous peoples into intimacy and interfusion with less populous but better educated nations, are pregnant with issues which provoke human passion and human conflict. Tidal waves of armed ignorance, superstition, and brutalism are not impossible simply because a select minority of the earth's inhabitants are enlightened as well as civilized. History has recorded such events, under circumstances no more difficult than the future may evolve. The final issue must be resolved by an intelligent recognition of a common obligation, to be just to all; or the conflicts of physical force will go beyond their true mission and introduce unparalleled conflict."

Already the foundries, machine-shops, docks, and modern appliances by which to equip her armies and control her own Pacific seas, have renewed the agitation in Europe as to the ultimate issue of an open rupture with China. She can spend a million of men a month and not feel it. Her doors were forced open, against her will, at the behest of opium. The outflow from those open doors has even forced upon America the *largest possible latitude of domestic police regulations*, within the range of international comity. President Woolsey has used the term "neighborhood in the world." In fact, there is no such possibility as an isolated nation, any more. All are neighbors. Neither is the experience of Cortez with Mexico to be realized by any power, in dealing with China. Her wisdom, her learning, her mechanical genius, her intense nationality, and her exceptional

veneration for her own past history, can give to her an aggressive force not easily estimated. It is for America wisely to guard her home institutions from the taint of Eastern demoralization, while never losing her consciousness that in her impartiality, as well as in her pervasive Christianity, lie her invincible strength and her true glory.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OUR LANGUAGE.

Now gather all our Saxon bards, let hearts and harps be strung,
To celebrate the triumphs of our good Saxon tongue;
For, stronger far than hosts that march with battle-flags unfurled,
It goes, with Freedom, thought, and truth, to rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays on every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears it echoing far as Orkney's breakers roar;
From Jura's crags, and Mona's hills, it floats on every gale,
And warms with eloquence and song the homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck, it scales the rough wave's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage, the fresh and fruitful West;
It climbs New England's rocky steeps, as victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice, still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows on bleak Canadian plains,
And where, on Essequibo's banks, eternal summer reigns;
It glads Acadia's misty coasts, Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where, gay with flowers, green Texan prairies smile.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake, Missouri's turbid stream,
Where cedars rise on old Ozark, and Kansas' waters gleam;
It tracks the loud swift Oregon through sunset valleys rolled,
And soars where Californian brooks wash down rich sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves, on seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood, and towns of proud Bombay;
It wakes up Eden's flashing eyes, dark brows, and swarthy limbs;
The dark Liberian soothes her child with English cradle-hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won in gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life by Sydney's sheltered beach;
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird the wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart, that, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn's fruits, and those with flowers of spring;
It quickens lands whose meteor lights flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross hangs its orbed fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told, and righteous kings desired,
With all that great apostles taught, and glorious Greeks admired,
With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse, and Milton's loftier mind,
With Alfred's laws and Newton's lore, to cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom, and Error flees away,
As vanishes the mist of night before the star of day;
But, grand as are the victories whose monuments we see,
They are but as the dawn which speaks of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame, take heed, nor once disgrace,
With deadly pen or spoiling sword, our noble tongue and race.
Go forth prepared, in every clime, to love and help each other,
And judge that they who counsel strife would bid you smite a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time by good men prayed for long,
When Christian States, grown just and wise, will scorn revenge and wrong,—
When Earth's oppressed and savage tribes shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words,—Faith, Freedom, Heaven, and Home.

JAMES GILBOURNE LYON.

THE ANGLO-SAXON AND THE WORLD'S FUTURE.

(Revised, from "Our Country," by the author, for the "Patriotic Reader.")

EVERY race which has deeply impressed itself on the human family has been the representative of some grand idea which has given direction to the nation's life, and form to its civilization. The noblest races have always been lovers of liberty. That love ran strong in the German blood, and has profoundly influenced the institutions of all the branches of the great German family; but it was left for the Anglo-Saxon branch fully to recognize the right of the individual to himself, and formally declare it the foundation-stone of government.

The two great needs of mankind, that men may be lifted into the light of the highest Christian civilization, are,—first, a pure, spiritual Christianity, and, second, civil liberty. These are the forces which have contributed most to the elevation of the human race, and must continue to be the most efficient ministers to its progress. The Anglo-Saxon, as the great representative of these two ideas, sustains peculiar relations to the world's future; and in the fact of his rapidly-increasing strength, we have wellnigh a demonstration of his destiny. During two hundred years since the reign of Charles the Second, our population has increased two-hundred-and-fifty-fold. Already the Anglo-Saxon race, though comprising only one-fifteenth part of mankind, rules more than one-third of the earth's surface, more than one-fourth of its people, and increases more rapidly than all the races of continental Europe. Emigration from Europe,

which is certain to increase, exerts a modifying influence on the Anglo-Saxon stock; but their descendants are sure to be Anglo-Saxonized. North America is to be his great home, the principal seat of his power, the centre of his life and influence.

Charles Sumner wrote of the coming time, when "the whole continent with all its various States shall be a Plural Unit, with one Constitution, one Liberty, and one Destiny," and when "the national example will be more puissant than Army or Navy, for the conquest of the world." It needs no prophet's eye to see that the civilization of the United States is to be the civilization of America, and that the future of the continent is ours.

Our national genius is Anglo-Saxon, but not English. The race is already more effective here than in the mother-country, and this superiority is due, in a large manner, to its highly-mixed origin. What took place a thousand years ago, and more, in England, again transpires to-day, in the United States. There is a new commingling of races of substantially the same element that constituted the original Anglo-Saxon mixture, and Herbert Spencer says, "It is to be inferred from biological truths that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race will produce a more powerful type of man than has hitherto existed,—a type more plastic, more adaptable, and more capable of understanding the modification needful for complete social life, and that, whatever tribulations they may have to pass through, the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known." "Already," says Dr. Clarke, "the English language, saturated with Christian ideas, gathering up into itself the best thought of all the ages, is the great agent of civilization throughout the world, and moulding the character of half the human race." Jacob Grimm, the German philologist, said of this language, "It seems chosen, like its people, to rule in future times, in a still greater degree, in all the corners of the earth." He predicted, indeed, that the language of Shakespeare would eventually become the language of all mankind. Is not Tennyson's noble prophecy to find its fulfilment in Anglo-Saxondom's extending its domain and its influence

> "Till the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
> In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world"?

Let us weld together in a chain the links of our logic which bind us to our destiny. It is manifest that the Anglo-Saxon holds in his hands the destinies of all mankind for ages to come. It is evident that the United States is to be the home of this race, the principal seat of his power, the great centre of his influence. It is equally true that the great West, because it contains twice the room and resources of the East, is to dominate the Nation's future, and that this very generation is to determine the character, and hence the destiny, of the West. May God, therefore, open the eyes of this generation to behold the possibilities within the Christian patriot's grasp; to foster in our youth that love of country which finds its grandest fruition in purity as well as power, and assimilates all incoming races to the type which can be perfected only through a pure Christianity and universal civil liberty!

When Napoleon drew up his troops before the Mamelukes, under the shadow of the Pyramids, pointing to the latter, he said to his soldiers, "Remember that from yonder heights forty centuries look down upon you!" Men of this generation, from the pyramid-top of opportunity on which God has set us, we look down on forty centuries! We stretch our hand into the future with power to mould the destinies of unborn millions.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

We, of this generation and nation, occupy the Gibraltar of the ages which commands the world's future.

JOSIAH STRONG.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

IT is but a few years since we entered upon the conquest of a country wilder than Germany in the days of Cæsar, and ten times more extensive; and yet in that short space we have

reached a point of physical development which twenty centuries have not accomplished there. The forests have fallen down, the earth has been quarried, cities and towns have sprung up all over the immense extent of our land, thronged with life, and resounding with the multitudinous hum of traffic. The awful forces evolved by chemical and dynamic science have been subdued to man's dominion, and have become submissive to his will and more powerful than the old fabled genii of the Arabian tales. Little did our fathers, little did we ourselves, even the youngest of us, dream, in the days of our childhood, when we fed our wondering imaginations with the prodigies wrought by those elemental spirits evoked by the talismanic seal of Solomon, that these were but faint foreshadowings of what our eyes should see in the familiar goings-on of the every-day life about us. Yet so it truly is. Ha! the steam-engine is your true elemental spirit; it more than realizes the gorgeous ideas of the old Oriental imagination. That had its different orders of elemental spirits, genii of water, of earth, and of air, whose everlasting hostility could never be subdued to unity of purpose. This combines the powers of all in one, and a child may control them! Across the ocean, along our coast, through the length of a hundred rivers, we plough our way against currents, wind, and tide; while, on iron roads, through the length and breadth of the land, innumerable trains, thronged with human life and freighted with the wealth of the nation, are urging their way in every direction, flying through the valleys, thundering across the rivers, panting up the sides or piercing through the hearts of the mountains, with the resistless force of lightning, and scarcely less swift!

All this is wonderful! The old limitations to human endeavor seem to be broken through. The everlasting conditions of time and space seem to be annulled. Meanwhile, the munificent achievements of to-day lead but to grander projects for to-morrow. Success in the past serves but to enlarge the purposes of the future; and the people are rushing onward in a career of physical development to which no bounds can be assigned.

Caleb Sprague Henry.

THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

I HAVE faith in the future, because I have confidence in the present. With our growth in wealth and in power, I see no abatement in those qualities, moral and physical, to which so much of our success is owing; and while thus true to ourselves, true to the instincts of freedom, and to those other instincts which, with our race, seem to go hand in hand with Freedom, love of order, and respect for law (as law, and not because it is upheld by force), we must continue to prosper.

The sun shines not upon, has never shone upon, a land where human happiness is so widely disseminated, where human government is so little abused, so free from oppression, so invisible, intangible, and yet so strong. Nowhere else do the institutions which constitute a State rest upon so broad a base as here; and nowhere else are men so powerless, and institutions so strong. In the wilderness of free minds, dissensions will occur; and in the unlimited discussion in writing and in speech, in town-meetings, newspapers, and legislative bodies, angry and menacing language will be used; irritations will arise and be aggravated; and those immediately concerned in the strife, or breathing its atmosphere, may fear, or feign to fear, that danger is in such hot breath and passionate resolves. But outside, and above, and beyond all this, is the People,—steady, industrious, self-possessed, caring little for abstractions, and less for abstractionists, but with one deep, common sentiment, and with the consciousness, calm but quite sure and earnest, that in the Constitution and the Union, as they received them from their fathers, and as they themselves have observed and maintained them, is the sheet-anchor of their hope, the pledge of their prosperity, the palladium of their liberty; and with this, is that other consciousness, not less calm and not less earnest, that in their own keeping exclusively, and not in that of any party leaders, or party demagogues, or political hacks or speculators, is the integrity of that Union and that Constitution. It is in the strong arms and honest hearts of the great masses, who are not members of Congress, nor holders of office, nor spouters at town-meetings, that resides the safety of the State; and these masses, though slow to move, are irresistible, when the time and the occasion for moving come.

I have faith, therefore, in the Future; and when, at the close of this half-century, which so comparatively few of us are to see, the account shall again be taken, and the question be asked, What has New York done since 1850? I have faith that the answer will be given in a city still advancing in population, wealth, morals, and knowledge,—in a city free, and deserving, by her virtues, her benevolent institutions, her schools, her courts, and her temples, to continue free, and still part and parcel of this great and glorious Union, which may God preserve till Time shall be no more!

CHARLES KING.

THE DESTINY OF OUR REPUBLIC.

LET no one accuse me of seeing wild visions and dreaming impossible dreams. I am only stating what may be done, and what will be done. We may most shamefully betray the trust reposed in us,—we may most miserably defeat the fond hopes entertained of us. We may become the scorn of tyrants and the jest of slaves. From our fate, oppression may assume a bolder front of insolence, and its victims sink into a darker despair.

In that event, how unspeakable will be our disgrace,—with what weight of mountains will the infamy lie upon our souls! The gulf of our ruin will be as deep, as the elevation we might have attained is high. How wilt thou fall from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Our beloved country with ashes for beauty, the golden cord of our union broken, its scattered fragments presenting every form of misrule, from the wildest anarchy to the most ruthless despotism, our "soil drenched with fraternal blood," the life of man stripped of its grace and dignity, the prizes of honor gone, and virtue divorced from half its encouragements and supports,—these are gloomy pictures, which I would not invite your imaginations to dwell upon, but only to glance at, for the sake of the warning lessons we may draw from them.

Remember that we can have none of those consolations which sustain the patriot who mourns over the undeserved misfortunes of his country. Our Rome cannot fall, and we be innocent.

No conqueror will chain us to the car of his triumph; no countless swarm of Huns and Goths will bury the memorials and trophies of civilized life beneath a living tide of barbarism. Our own selfishness, our own neglect, our own passions, and our own vices will furnish the elements of our destruction. With our own hands we shall tear down the stately edifice of our glory. We shall die of self-inflicted wounds.

But we will not talk of themes like these. We will not think of failure, dishonor, and despair. We will elevate our minds to the contemplation of our high duties, and the great trust committed to us. We will resolve to lay the foundations of our prosperity on that rock of private virtue, which cannot be shaken until the laws of the moral world are reversed. From our own breasts shall flow the salient springs of national increase. Then our success, our happiness, our glory, will be as inevitable as the inferences of mathematics. We may calmly smile at all the croakings of all the ravens, whether of native or foreign breed.

The whole will not grow weak, by the increase of its parts. Our growth will be like that of the mountain-oak, which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it with a closer grasp, as its lofty head is exalted, and its broad arms stretched out. The loud burst of joy and gratitude, which on this, the anniversary of our Independence, is breaking from the full hearts of a mighty people, will never cease to be heard. No chasms of sullen silence will interrupt its course, no discordant notes of sectional madness mar the general harmony. Year after year will increase it, by tributes from unpeopled solitudes. The farthest West shall hear it, and rejoice; the Oregon shall swell it with the voice of its waters; the Rocky Mountains shall fling back the glad sound from their snowy crests.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

A HAPPY COUNTRY.

(By permission, from the "North Carolina Speaker" of Alfred Williams & Co., Raleigh, North Carolina.)

IN the allotments of Providence we have been placed in a pleasant and beautiful country,—a country washed on either

hand by the waters of the circling seas, and teeming with all the elements of prosperity and power. This glorious country, this chosen seat of science and of art, this happy and peculiar residence of civil and religious liberty, has been won for us by the constancy and courage of our ancestors; it is the birthplace of blood and battle and prolonged disaster; and it is ours to defend, ours to enjoy, and ours to transmit in untarnished splendor to posterity.

We can only do this by looking back and drawing wisdom from that fountain of sacred and mighty memories which gushes from the rock upon which our government is based, and by looking forward and anticipating what our children and our children's children will expect at our hands when they shall have reached the shores of existence.

The republics that have gone before speak to us from amid the long dark sleep of ages, and warn us to shun those breakers of licentiousness, anarchy, and violence, over which they went down in the fathomless chambers of ruin and oblivion. If we will listen with reverence to the warnings which they utter; if we will profit by the teachings of our ancestors; if we will seek for the old paths, and, when we find them, walk in them; if we will put from us everything which tends to foster frivolity and pride; if, as a people, we will cherish and cultivate towards each other a spirit of kindness, forbearance, and generosity; if the States will be satisfied with those powers which belong to them, and if the General Government will perform the duties its framers intended it should perform; if we will labor to disseminate the blessings of education and the lights of religion and morality among all the people; above all, if every citizen in the Republic, from the President in his palace to the day-laborer in his cottage, will execute the laws where it is his duty to execute them, and submit to the laws where it is his duty to submit; and if he will enshrine all the virtues in his heart, as he may do, and ought to do, and wear his titles as he now wears them, only on his brow, then may we proudly and confidently hope that the renown and the glory which burst in splendor from the darkness of the Revolution shall never die.

Then the nations, as they rise and fall, and all the generations yet to be, as they come up and sweep onward to the shores of

the untrodden world, may behold no land more free, more prosperous, or more glorious than this, our own beloved, independent America.

WILLIAM WOODS HOLDEN.

OUR COUNTRY.—PRACTICAL HINTS FROM GENERAL SHERMAN'S SCRAP-BOOK.

(By permission, edited for the "Patriotic Reader.")

OUR LANGUAGE AND LAW TO BE SUPREME.

(Two extracts from Speech at Banquet of Knights of St. Patrick, St. Louis, Missouri, March 17, 1884.)

WE have had our War of Independence, we have had wars of conquest with Mexico and the Indians, and, the hardest of all, we have had a war with ourselves, to maintain our glorious Union of States, the Palladium of Liberty for the whole world. As one of the means to guard this Union, we must preserve the Anglo-Saxon language, the best medium of expression yet invented by man. It is the language of Shakespeare, Milton, and Burns; it is the language in which Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and O'Connell pleaded for the common rights of Irishmen; the same in which our Irving, Webster, Clay, and Lincoln made their impress on the minds and hearts of the whole human race. This is the work of peace; but "peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war."

The amount of labor done in "Our Country" in the last century is simply herculean. But increase of population, wealth, and physical resources does not necessarily imply strength and progress, unless attended by a corresponding advance in intellectual and moral qualities. There is no doubt of the existence of too much crime, which should command universal attention, if we intend to make our country what it should be, not only free, but safe to life and property. I am convinced that our people are quite as good as their fathers; but the telegraph collects from the four quarters of the globe everything that is exciting, every morning; whereas our fathers only heard of the murders and robberies in their immediate neighborhood. I do

hope and pray that our judges and lawyers, without endangering the innocent, will make punishment follow crime so sharp as to rob mobs and vigilance committees of their pretence to interfere, thereby bringing disgrace on our country, if not on civilization itself.

NO MORE WEST TO HUNT FOR OR TO HUNT IN.

In my day, and within my memory, more than one hundred thousand miles of railroad have been built, over which steam-cars travel in a single day more than a horse-wagon used to do in a month. The country is literally gridironed with railroads, so that every valley and gulch is accessible to the emigrant, without the tedious delay of even ten years ago. The old trappers and hunters that used to rendezvous at St. Louis find their occupations gone, and most of them have departed for the happy hunting-ground of the Indians; and the Indian finds himself corralled, transformed into a good Christian, or, if he still yearns to satisfy his native instincts, he must join some perambulating circus.

It is reported of Mr. Horace Greeley that to an applicant for place he said, "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country." At the beginning of this century, Ohio and Kentucky were the "Far West." As late as 1836, General Jackson, one of the most keen, shrewd, and penetrating observers, advised his old Indian enemies, for whom he had a friendship, to emigrate to their present territory west of Arkansas, where they "would never be disturbed by white settlers." But now the West is obliterated, and our country is divided, like a great army, into a right, centre, and left,—the Atlantic, Mississippi, and the Pacific States. Thus organized, we are admirably prepared for the battle of life, which is defined, by highest authority, "to go forth, increase, multiply, and replenish the earth,"—not to kill and lay waste, but to bring out of the mountains their hidden treasures, to shape them to the use of man, to build up bright and cheerful homes for the families yet to come.

There has been a tendency, of late years, for our people to gather into cities and towns, so that lands are cheaper in Maryland, Virginia, and in St. Louis County, Missouri, than thirty years ago, and the average wages of a clerk or shopkeeper

are less than those of a carpenter, mason, or even a day-laborer. Therefore I advise young men, instead of tramping over the continent in search of "the West," to go into the country near their homes, get possession of a piece of land, and there accumulate property, instead of money.

"OUR COUNTRY NOT BIG ENOUGH TO DIVIDE."

(Responsive to Toast at Carriage-Makers' Banquet at Southern Hotel, St. Louis, October 16, 1884.)

. . . This subject is very large, geographically, mineralogically, industrially, or in any other sense. This is a beautiful country,—beautiful in its form, in its majesty, in its diversity. I believe that the tone of public sentiment will gradually change, and that we will, finally, have no designation of North and South. We regard the whole country as a unit; whosoever dwells upon a foot of the soil over which the flag of the United States floats, is a citizen of the United States and of a common country. There were a few people once who thought we were big enough to divide into two, or maybe four, sections. They found themselves dreadfully mistaken; because there shall be a single United States, and each and every part have its constitutional rights, unquestioned, and no more. The people of New York and Louisiana shall have the right to live in peace and quiet, and shall be protected against any foreign enemy by the General Government; and as for segregating themselves away, they might as well attempt to move the Alleghany Mountains; they cannot do it. They may die, or migrate to other lands; but they cannot carry their country with them.

LOCALISM.

(From Letter in New Orleans *Picayune*, May 26, 1879.)

To love one's country, one's place of birth, is universal and natural, and actually seems intensified in the inverse ratio of the advantages of location, in a common-sense view. The natives of Scotland and Switzerland are famous for their love of birthplace, although in either country it calls for a life-struggle to eke out of earth enough to keep body and soul together. So in

South Carolina and Vermont the natives are most boastful of their birthplace, when, in fact, they are among the poorest of the States; whereas the natives of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky, rich in soil and prolific in food, migrate like bees from an overcrowded hive. There is no event in life over which man has less control than his birthplace, and yet he will fight for its prejudices and traditions; whereas the land of his adoption in manhood, in the full possession of all his faculties, and with deliberate judgment, is regarded with a kind of indifference.

Mathematically, the whole is greater than a part, and is worthy of more respect and affection. Instead of boasting of the spot where one is born, by an accident over which he has no control, I should suppose the boast would be of the former; that is, every American should be proud of his whole country, rather than a part. How much more sublime the thought that you live at the root of a tree whose branches reach the beautiful fields of western New York and the majestic cañons of the Yellowstone, and that with every draught of water you take the outflow of the pure lakes of Minnesota, and the drippings of the dews of the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains!

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

(Extracts from Letter to Judge Braughn, of New Orleans, Louisiana.)

As a matter of course, each State may be the best judge of the interests and well-being of its inhabitants, and to that extent may be "sovereign;" but its area may, like that of Louisiana, astride the mouth of a river common to twenty other "sovereign" States, have interests away beyond its own borders, and far outside the knowledge and interests of local population and authorities. The people of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Montana, and the whole central part of the continent have a word to say in whatever concerns the mouth of the Mississippi. I believe the war settled this great question finally, and forever, just as much as it did the question of slavery. The power of the National Government must be coextensive with its dominions. It may abuse such power and be tyrannical, as all power may be abused; but this does not alter the case. Unless it possess the right and power to enforce its own laws, everywhere, and at all times, it

ceases to be a government, and will become contemptible, resulting in anarchy and downfall. Rivalry among the States, and pride at the intellectual and physical development of each, by its own inhabitants, are right and proper, but if a State, "One of the Many," claims to be above the whole, and usurps such power, the Nation must suppress it, first by judicial process, and, if that be not sufficient, then by force. If this conclusion be universally recognized as the law and the fact, it never will occur.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

GENERAL GRANT'S OUTLOOK FOR AMERICA.

(From Address delivered at the Vendome Hotel, Boston, April 27, 1888, by ex-Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, once a member of President Grant's Cabinet. By permission, for the "Patriotic Reader.")

ONE feature of General Grant's character he never fully developed to the public, but hints of which you will observe in his writings: his belief in the greatness of this country, in its institutions, in the capacity of the English-speaking people to spread the cause of Christianity and of republican institutions over the surface of the globe. He had not an opportunity, in his public life, to do what was in his thought; he had opportunity only for one act, not much observed, but an act which is to have a very important influence in the fortunes of this country,—the acquisition of a protecting power over the Hawaiian Islands, centrally situated in the Pacific Ocean.

He accepted the opportunity for that acquisition, upon the idea that, as a country, we should turn our faces westward; that Europe was already occupied; that it had a population already quite equal to its capacity; that for the future it was of but little consequence to us; that the peoples with whom we should cultivate associations and alliances were the people south of us, upon this continent, and the people west of us, upon the Asiatic continent, where there are hundreds of millions of people waiting for an opportunity to enjoy the advantages of commerce, and social and, in time, political intercourse with us.

To those people, to those countries, to those future events, his eye was turned, and, although he had not the opportunity, in his public life, to develop those ideas, and certainly only a transient opportunity to seize upon an event, as a preliminary step to this great future, still he believed in the capacity of this country to take a central position in the affairs of the world, and not by arms, for he was a man of peace, but by the forces of civilization, led by commercial intercourse, to exercise a power for good over this continent; forming alliances, not for purposes of war, or, necessarily, of defence, but for the purpose of infusing our institutions and our ideas, which he believed to be better than the institutions and the ideas of any other country, south, over this continent, and westward, over Asia.

It may not be for some of us, who are not exactly in the prime, to say nothing of the youth, of life, but there are those, now in active pursuits, who will see some of the results towards which the eye of General Grant in faith was turned.

George Sewall Boutwell.

OUR TERRITORIAL GROWTH HAS MARKED OUR DUTY AND DESTINY.

(For the "Patriotic Reader.")

The Revolutionary War had been fought, and our independence had been won. Adams, Jay, and Franklin were to negotiate with Great Britain and France the treaty of peace. The Spanish Count D'Aranda suggested as our frontier boundary the western line of Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia. The Bourbon upon the throne of France was not unwilling to play into the hands of the other Bourbon upon the throne of Spain. Had they succeeded, the little American republic would have been "cribbed and confined" east of the Appalachian Range, controlling less than three hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles of territory. Possibly France and Spain might have consented to the line of the rivers Ohio and the lower Mississippi. This would have given us five hun-

dred and fifty thousand square miles. But our three consummate diplomatists cut the knot, and agreed with the British commissioner upon other boundaries, and the treaty was signed *without the knowledge of France.* By this diplomatic action we secured the Mississippi River as our western frontier. This gave us the entire territory northwest of the Ohio, a country of great fertility, and, eventually, of the utmost importance, embracing nearly, or quite, two hundred and seventy thousand additional square miles.

Thus it came to pass that the young republic began its national career with a territory extending from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the "Father of Waters," and covering an area of eight hundred and twenty thousand square miles,—a territory almost as large as Great Britain, France, Spain, Germany, and Italy, combined.

There seems to be no evidence that the statesmen of that early day ever thought that our country would, through all time, need or receive any increase of territory. But an overruling and beneficent Providence shaped the destiny of the new Nation better than the plans of the wisest of statesmen. The century closed. Washington lived only in the memory of his grateful countrymen. Jefferson was President. Robert R. Livingston, our Minister to France, endeavored to purchase the little island of New Orleans. Napoleon was First Consul of France. He was on the eve of war with Great Britain. He saw clearly that England could not better open her aggressive action than by the seizure of New Orleans. To prevent this, and to replenish the overtasked French exchequer, he sold, in 1803, to the United States, the entire Province of Louisiana, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to latitude 49°, and from the river to the "Stony Mountains," covering an area of more than nine hundred thousand square miles.

When Napoleon had signed the treaty, he laid down his pen, saying, "There; I have, this day, forever increased the power of the United States, and have given to England a maritime rival that shall, some day, humble her pride." Prophetic words!—ten years later recalled by the victory of Commodore Perry on Lake Erie!

In 1819 followed the purchase of Florida from Spain; in 1845,

the annexation of Texas; in 1846, the final settlement of the Oregon boundary; in 1848, the purchase of New Mexico and California from Mexico; in 1853, the Gadsden purchase; and in 1867 Secretary Seward negotiated the purchase, from Russia, of Alaska. This completes our present immense territory. The "Stars and Stripes" now float over a vast continent, extending from the Atlantic to the Great Ocean, and from the Gulf to the Frozen Seas of the North. The Great Republic may now be considered as embracing four nearly equal quarters, of about nine hundred thousand square miles each:—the first being the original territory east of the Mississippi River; the second, the Louisiana Purchase; the third, Texas and the Mexican Provinces; and the fourth covering Oregon and Alaska.

It is easily seen that this remarkable increase of territory has been at once the opportunity and the occasion for our rapid growth in power, resources, and wealth. It has given us the gold-mines of California, the wheat-fields of Dakota, the seal-fisheries of Alaska, and the timber-regions of Puget Sound. It has offered homes and freeholds to millions of emigrants from all lands, and has increased beyond measure our productions and our exportations.

The question now confronts us, "What shall the future be?"

Thomas W. Dorr, of Rhode Island, writing in 1853, used the following language:

"The world is now rapidly tending to the aggregation or consolidation of nations into a few great Empire-States. France is aiming at further accessions of territory. Germany will be, before many years, united in a confederation. Asia, west of the British dominions, will fall into the hands of Russia or England. China and Japan will be Anglicized, or Americanized. The United States will take in the whole continent of America. Nor is it less certain that our republic . . . will give the casting vote, with a mailed hand, in favor of the freedom and progress of the race. . . . Let our republic be in readiness, when called upon in the future to decide the fate of nations, to hold up, for their imitation, the example of a state whose institutions are more conducive to the greatest freedom and welfare of mankind than all the world has ever seen."

William Augustus Mowry.

AMERICA AND ASIA IN THE FUTURE.—AMERICA THE "GREAT PACIFIC POWER."*

(By the Author of "The Mikado's Empire," "Corea, the Hermit Nation," "Japanese Fairy-World," "Matthew Calbraith Perry," etc. For the "Patriotic Reader.")

Divine Providence ordained in human history two great types of civilization,—one progressive and Western, the other conservative and Oriental.

Following the course of the sun, the nations moving into Europe towards the Atlantic have had careers of rapid advancement, mastery over nature, permanency of historical monuments, but also of decay, death, ruins, silence. This we read in the history of Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Carthage, Phœnicia, Greece, and Rome.

The other peoples, moving eastward from their highland homes of Asia, have filled the peninsulas, river-basins, and plains of the continent and islands of the Pacific, settling down into fixed forms of social life that have outlasted wars, dynasties, and political revolutions. With a less rapid and brilliant history, unmarked as in the West by conquests over nature, they gave themselves to thought and work, tenaciously adhering to certain great social principles. Custom made law; writing fixed speech; the reverence of the child to the parent, the subordination of the young to the old and of innovation to ancient and hallowed custom, developed a type of civilization in which conservatism prevailed.

The salt of national preservation is the spirit of the fifth Sinai Commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Hence the long life of the national fabrics of Asia and the steady persistence of the social type. The Asiatic empires are hoary with uncounted years. Many have been the conquerors of Persia, of Arabia, of Syria; yet how little is the type of life in those countries altered! Out of the changeless East come religion and wisdom. Only for a little while

* "Great Pacific Power,"—words used by President Arthur.

does the soldier from the West disturb the student of the East. Again and again has she

> "Let the legions thunder past,
> Then bowed in thought again."

India, despite her strata of nations, her jungle of religions, her undergrowth of caste, is an ancient country. China is the ever-old empire that easily absorbs conquerors and dynasties, yet remains one, marvellous in unity. Corea claims a civilization as ancient as the Hebrews. The oldest dynasty in the world still reigns, in Ever-lasting, Great Japan!

The East, then, is stationary; the West, progressive. Satisfaction and conservatism belong to the one; restlessness and advancement belong to the other. The former looks to the past; the latter, to the future. Are not these elements worthy of admiration and imitation, in each? Nay, more, will not the final glorious form of civilization reconcile and include both types, making one new ideal and consummation, in which all good in the past is preserved, and made the body in which the spirit of the future shall dwell?

Where do the two types meet and confront each other? On what continent will the once divergent forces of history, having reached their utmost verge at either end of the Old World, unite, and form the new resultant?

Is it a wild dream to suggest that it may be the Almighty's purpose to give this mission of harmony and reconciliation to the United States of America? Her people now face both oceans, with the Old on the East, and the Oldest on the West. In the van of the progressive movement of civilization, our country alike greets the most ancient of nations, and the social fabric whose many centuries know no change. Further, she has gathered within her borders all colors, creeds, and minds. Providence has bidden America to train, educate, uplift, blend in fraternity, eastern and western, northern and southern humanity. Here, in these United States, is the grandest school of the brotherhood of man! Here, the conscience and religion are free! Here, the Fatherhood of God is best illustrated in church, in government, and in the human institutions which interpret Him! In the old countries the people are feared or despised;

here, the people are trusted, made responsible, allowed to govern themselves. Here, in marvellous harmony, local forms of freedom are blended with central power.

Beyond her own borders, the mark which the chief nation of America leaves on the world is not that of war, conquest, or self-aggrandizement. Were her procedure that of selfish greed; were her reliance for influence on army or navy; were her methods imperial, as of Rome, Russia, Britain, we might dream, again, only of a political agglomeration, to rise and fall, as of old the robber nations and swollen empires rose and fell. Aggression, conquest, luxury, corruption, disease, decay, and death, have, in monotonous order, marked the careers of the proud nations of the past. They that have taken up the sword, for lust, have perished by the sword.

In strong contrast with such careers is the mission of the United States. Has it not been "peace on earth, good-will to men"? Is not our country worthy of the name of "The Great Pacific Power"? Are not her emissaries, teachers, missionaries, physicians, engineers,—peaceful diplomatists? Are not her institutions abroad, hospitals, schools, colleges, instead of forts, arsenals, and the apparatus of conquest?

Other civilizations have wrought out ideas that have become the permanent property of the race. Egypt gave us architecture and agriculture; the Hebrews, religion; the Phœnicians, letters; the Hindoos, philosophy; the Arabs, mathematics; the Chinese, filial reverence; the Greeks, beauty; the Romans, law; the Germanic nations, personal liberty.

America has demonstrated that self-government is possible to man. The United States declares that "man can rule himself." *The people may be trusted!*

A study of the history of the United States, in her home development or foreign policy, gives solid ground of hope that her mission is to blend in one the two types of civilization, and thus realize the highest, the Christian ideal, under which the earth will be replenished and subdued, and history mount to the goal. America, by her amazing mastery of physical forces, will stimulate Asia and Africa to win from the earth the almost untouched resources of two continents. The abundance of cotton, petroleum, flour, machinery, and inventions, with the constant in-

crease of our national wealth, has already powerfully impressed the people and governments of Asia. It has provoked thought, and stimulated them to develop the riches beneath their feet, and in air, and sea, and cosmos, in order to lift humanity out of the curse of poverty, to feed the hungry, to enjoy life in its higher possibilities, and to resist the conqueror. Thus the primal command of the Creator is taught, to those who do not know, or have forgotten it.

Higher than these lessons in material things are the quickenings of mind. The influence of the American public school education, of the newspaper and periodical, of text-books in science, of popular and standard literature, borne over the earth by the vehicle of the English language, is already perceptible in Asia, from Japan to Syria. Ours is the one nation which does most for the people, and to us the awakening nations do and will look, for the best methods of educating the masses. Ours is the future *world-language*, already used, for speech or reading, by one-fourth, and in a century to be employed by two-thirds, of the people of the globe. Already the political impulse to reform, the gentle currents that awaken new pulses of life in the effete systems of despotism, have been felt by the governments of Asia. Japan has cast off feudalism and out of irresponsible monarchy is passing into representative national organization; while the old *loyalty of her people has already become intelligent patriotism.* The study of the political writings of American leaders, of their biographies, and of the Constitution of the United States, with the exemplars of "the Great Pacific Power,"—Washington, after victory declining a crown, Grant, the leader of a million of men, yet the lover of peace and arbitration, —has already moved China's leaders. The influence of the successful American experiment of self-government, already working as leaven, is yet to move all Asia in the direction of government that shall secure "the greatest good to the greatest number."

In a word, our hope and faith is, that America, by peaceful methods, and influences not material, will, more than all other forces in the civilizations of the past, be, under Divine Providence, the means of Asia's renascence into liberty, self-government, and all that belongs to the elevation of man. The mission

of the United States is, to combine the Oriental ideas of conservatism and stability with the Western thought of rapidity and progress; making one new career for mankind, in which the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man shall be the animating truths, and reverence for all that is tried and true in the past, blend harmoniously with the spirit of free inquiry, America being the "Great Pacific Power," under God, to that glorious end.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

FUTURE GENERATIONS SUMMONED TO WITNESS OUR WORK.

(From Mr. Webster's Address at Plymouth, Massachusetts, on the bright and happy breaking of the auspicious morn which commenced the third century of the history of New England.)

THE hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and

improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutations ere yet they have arrived on the shore of Being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

AMERICA.

(Words by SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. Air, "God save the King.")

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our Fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
  To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The original Preface requires no change. To public men and educators of every State and Territory who, in 1887, gave assurance that the family and school would welcome an arrangement of patriotic sentiment such as was then outlined, sincere thanks are due. Less than one-fourth of the material suggested, and collated, could be used; but, as a rule, living authors have approved the form in which their papers or addresses have been adjusted to the space at disposal. Three, not contributors, but named in the Index, have special mention: Hon. N. H. R. Dawson, U. S. Commissioner of Education, for active interest; Rev. Dr. Crane, Morristown, New Jersey, Oriental scholar, and Rev. P. B. Davis, Hyde Park, Massachusetts, a careful Bible student and an experienced educator, for their advice as to Introductions, arrangement, and proof.

Old Testament translations have had responsible approval. Dr. Geikie's "Hours with the Bible" supplied one selection, through the courtesy of James Potts & Co., of New York, his publishers. Latin and Greek renderings are verified by Harper's Classical Library. The "Choice American Books" of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, including those of Henry Ward Beecher and Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," were also accessible. Charles Scribner's Sons permitted a selection from Sidney Lanier's poems, published by them in the interest of Mrs. Mary Lanier. By special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, such selections were permitted from the works of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, and Bret Harte, published by them, as seemed to have historical and logical place in the volume. Other credits accompany context, or Index.

Hon. Henry Barnard, of Hartford, Connecticut, the Nestor of Educational Literature, is gratefully remembered for wise suggestions as the plan developed.

Some of the compilations, prior to 1860, are cited, in memory of those whose labors shaped American character during three generations:

American Selections, 1796, Noah Webster; The Columbian Orator, 1797, and The American Preceptor, 1799, Caleb Bingham; The Speaker, 1803, William Enfield; The English Reader, 1807, 1823, 1831, Lindley Murray; The American Reader, 1810, Asa Lyman; The American Orator, 1811–1813, Increase Cooke; The Historical Reader, 1825, J. L. Blake; The Classical Reader, 1826, Greenwood & Emerson; Ebenezer Porter's Analysis, 1828; Studies in Poetry, 1830, Studies in Prose, George B. Cheever; The National Reader, 1829, 1833, 1834, John Pierpont; The Popular Reader, 1834, Jason Olney; The First Class Reader, 1834, B. D. Emerson; The United States Speaker, 1835, John E. Lovell; The National Preceptor, 1835, Ansel Phelps; The Rhetorical Reader, 1835, Ebenezer Porter; The School Readers (a series), 1836, Charles W. Sanders; The American Elocutionist, 1844, William Russell; The American Common School Reader, 1844, Goldsbury & Russell; McGuffie's Rhetorical Guide, 1844 (The Eclectic Series); The Elementary School Reader, 1846, Samuel J. Randall; Town's Readers, 1848, Salem Town; The Southern Speaker and Reader, 1848, William R. Babcock; The Mandeville Series, 1849, Henry Mandeville; Webb's Normal Reader, 1850, J. Russell Webb; Parker's School Readers (a series), 1851, Richard G. Parker; The National Speaker, 1851, Henry B. Magathlin; The American Orator (with five hundred and sixty-seven fac-simile autographs), 1852, L. C. Munn; Book of Eloquence, 1852, Charles Dudley Warner; Sargent's Standard Speaker, 1852, Epes Sargent; Sargent's Standard Readers (a series), 1854, Epes Sargent; The American First Class Book, 1854, John Pierpont; The American School Reader, 1855, Asa Fitz; The American Comprehensive Reader, 1856, William D. Swan; The Progressive Readers (a series), 1856, Town & Holbrook; The National Readers (a series), 1857, Parker & Watson; The North American Reader, 1858, David B. Tower; The Progressive Speaker, 1858, Oliver Ellsworth; Willson's Readers (chiefly scientific), 1859, Marcius Willson.

Shortly after 1860, the "old-time favorites," Biblical, classical, British, and American, gave place for such as commanded current, or sectional sympathy,—the conservative element still controlling a few. Thus, in 1863, Hillard's Readers (Taintor, Merrill & Co., New York); in 1865, The American Speaker, by that accomplished educator, John D. Philbrick (Thompson, Brown & Co., Boston); and in 1869, J. Madison Watson's Independent Series, outgrowth from Parker & Watson's National Series (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York), retained much which early compilers employed to inculcate a right estimate of the Cost of Human Liberty.

Illustrated Series soon multiplied, with less space for the serious lessons of the fathers. To supplement these by an independent access to "old-time favorites" cannot discredit, but must rather enlarge their freedom in the choice and illustration of modern matter.

While tribute is paid to such compilers as Webster the lexicographer, Olney the geographer, Murray the grammarian, and others cited, there should not be overlooked the historical fact that, as in some ancient guild, many of the school-book publishers of to-day still represent the old publishers. D. Appleton

& Co., A. S. Barnes & Co., and Harper Brothers, of New York; Cowperthwaite & Co., J. B. Lippincott Co., and E. H. Butler & Co., of Philadelphia, have been related to them, and to educators, for half a century. In Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co., Robert S. Davis & Co., and Taggart & Thompson, are succeeded by Lee & Shepard; Leech, Shewell & Sanborn; and Thompson, Brown & Co. In New York, Mark H. Newman & Co., Ivison & Phinney, and Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman, disappear; but Ivison, Blakeman & Co. still represent the Sanders Readers, brought out in 1836, and Porter's Rhetorical Reader of 1857; and Sheldon & Co. prosecute School Reader work. In Philadelphia, De Silver's Sons perpetuate the Standard Speaker of Epes Sargent, and the old house of E. H. Butler & Co. is represented in the Butlers of to-day. In Cincinnati, Wm. B. Smith & Co., and Hinkle, Wilson & Co., re-live in Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co. and the works of W. B. McGuffie; and in California, the pioneer house of A. L. Bancroft & Co. finds development through H. H. Bancroft & Co. New and equally energetic publishers, North and South, many of them trained in the older houses, and representative of their pioneer work, are supplying reading material, as the demand increases. It is not an invidious, but a just sentiment which prompts a brief reference to the historical development of family and school reading; that development which is to reinforce American physical prosperity, through the attainment of a well-instructed, intelligent citizenship.

HYDE PARK, MASS., October 19, 1888.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

[Abbreviations are explained by words first used in full. Literary degrees are only specially used. Full names are generally given. Educational course, when known, is stated within parentheses. The term "soldier" includes various grades,—general officers being specified when so known to the public.]

Adams, John, orator, diplomatist; Signer of the Declaration of American Independence; second President of the United States; born at Braintree, Massachusetts, 1735; (Harvard College, now Harvard University, Mass., 1755;) died July 4, 1826. Tribute to (Webster), p. 337; Colleagues of (Webster), p. 339; Supposed Speech of (Webster), p. 311.

Adams, John Quincy, orator, diplomatist, statesman; United States Senator, Mass., sixth Pres. U. S.; b. Braintree, Mass., 1767; (Leyden, Netherlands, and Harv. Coll., 1788;) d. Feb. 23, 1848, in the Capitol. "A Nation born in a Day," p. 136; "The Washington and Franklin Memorials linked," p. 163; "Seventeen Years of Independence," p. 263; Death of (Holmes), p. 340.

Adams, Samuel, orator; Sign. Dec. Ind.; Governor Mass.; b. Boston, 1722; (Harv. Coll., 1740;) d. 1808. "Independence explained," p. 126; Tribute to (Curtis), p. 329; Tribute to (Webster), p. 339.

Addison, Joseph, essayist, author; b. Wiltshire, England, 1672; (Oxford Univ.;) d. 1719. "Virtuous Liberty is Priceless," from the Tragedy of "Cato," p. 58.

Alexander, Charles W. See BRADSHAW.

Alfred the Great, king of England; b. 848; d. 901. Tribute to (Dickens), p. 317; Address to his men (Knowles), p. 394.

Allston, Washington, artist, poet; b. Waccamaw, S.C., 1779; (Harv. Coll., 1800;) d. 1843. "America's Greeting to England," p. 306.

Ames, Fisher, orator, statesman; b. Dedham, Mass., 1758; (Harv. Coll., 1774;) d. 1808. "The Character of Brutus," p. 66; "Patriotism assures Public Faith," p. 241.

Andrews, Israel Ward, Congregational minister; historical student, educator; Pres. Marietta Coll., Ohio; b. Danbury, Conn., 1815; (Williams Coll., Mass., 1837.) "The Ordinance of '87," p. 526.

Arndt, Ernst Moritz, political writer, poet; b. island of Rügen, Prussia, 1769; d. 1860. "The German's Fatherland," p. 476.

Bacon, Leonard Woolsey, Cong. min., essayist, lecturer; b. New Haven, Conn., 1830; (Yale Coll., now Yale University, 1850.) "The Lesson of Groton Heights," p. 192; "The Lay of Groton Height," p. 458.

Bancroft, George, diplomatist, scholar, historian; b. Worcester, Mass., 1800; (Harv. Coll., 1817.) "The Revolutionary Alarm," p. 117; "The Perry Monument dedicated," p. 181; "God in History," p. 208; "The Government of the People," p. 270.

Barlow, Joel, diplomatist, poet; b. Reading, Conn., 1755; (Yale Coll., 1778;) d. 1812. "Address before the Connecticut Society of the Cincinnati," p. 262.

Barnard, Henry, "The Nestor" of American educational literature, and Father of the American graded school system; b. Hartford, Conn., 1811; (Yale Coll., 1830.) His aid acknowledged, p. 583.

Barré, Colonel Isaac, soldier, member of British Parliament; b. Dublin, Ireland, 1726; d. 1802. Defends the American Colonists, p. 97.

Barry, M. J., reputed author of song "St. Patrick's Day," p. 469.

Barton, Bernard, of the Society of Friends, "The Quaker Poet;" b. London, Eng., 1784; d. 1849. "Bruce and the Spider," p. 466.

Beckwith, John Watrous, Protestant Episcopal bishop, writer; b. Raleigh, N.C., 1831; (Trinity Coll., Hartford, Conn., 1852.) "The Age adverse to War," p. 256.

Beecher, Henry Ward, Cong. min., lecturer, journalist, orator, author; b. Litchfield, Conn., 1813; (Amherst Coll., Mass., 1834;) d. 1887. Tribute to Grant, p. 363.

Beecher, Lyman, Cong. min., pulpit orator, theologian; b. New Haven, Conn., 1775; (Yale Coll., 1797;) d. 1869. "Moral Reform the Hope of the Age," p. 232.

Blaine, James Gillespie, journalist, politician, statesman; b. Washington Co., Penn., 1830. "Independence Day," p. 96; Tribute to Garfield, p. 361.

Bolivar, Simon, Liberator of South America; b. Caracas, 1783; d. 1830, p. 311.

Bonaparte, Napoleon, soldier, Emperor of France; b. Ajaccio, Corsica, 1769; d. at St. Helena, 1821. Did not inspire true patriotism, p. 311.

Booth, Newton, lawyer, politician; Gov. California; U. S. Sen., Cal.; b. Salem, Indiana, 1825. "America the Colossus of the Nations," p. 289.

Boutwell, George Sewall, lawyer, statesman; Gov. Mass.; b. Brookline, Mass., 1818. "Recollections of Grant," p. 572.

Bozzaris, Marco, Greek patriot; b. Albania, Greece, 1790; killed in battle, 1823. Tribute to (Halleck), p. 345.

Bradford, Colonel William, lawyer, soldier; b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1755; (Princeton Coll., N.J.;) d. 1795. "Washington's Lament over Lafayette," p. 334.

Bradshaw, Wellesley, *nom de guerre* for CHARLES W. ALEXANDER, Phila., Penn., journalist, poet; b. 1837. On his motion the Old Liberty Bell was sent to New Orleans in 1884. "Bugles of Gettysburg; or, Wake them in peace to-day," p. 491.

Bright, John, radical reformer, statesman; b. near Rochdale, Eng., 1811. "America's Intrinsic Strength," p. 284.

Brooke, Henry, dramatic poet; b. Rantavan, Ireland, 1706; d. 1788. "Gustavus Vasa to the Swedes," p. 403.

Brooks, Charles Timothy, Unitarian min., poet; b. Salem, Mass., 1813; (Harv. Coll.;) d. 1883. "God Save the State," p. 531.

Brown, Henry Armitt, lawyer, orator; b. Phila., Penn., 1844; (Yale Coll., 1865;) d. 1878. Centennial Tribute at Burlington, N.J., p. 90.

Bryant, William Cullen, journalist, poet; b. Cummington, Mass., 1794; (Williams Coll., Mass., 1813;) d. 1878. "The Antiquity of Freedom," p. 2; "America," p. 308; "The African Chief," p. 378.

Burke, Edmund, orator, statesman; b. Dublin, Ireland, 1738; (Trin. Coll., Dub., 1748;) d. 1797. "Despotism and Democracy incompatible," p. 219.

Burns, Robert, poet; b. Ayr, Scotland, 1758; d. 1796. "Address of Robert Bruce," p. 397.

Byron, Lord George Gordon Noel, poet, adventurer; b. London, Eng., 1790; d. 1824. "The Destruction of Sennacherib." p. 25; Tribute to Washington (quoted by Choate), p. 161; "Great Examples," p. 310.

Cæsar, Julius, soldier, orator, dictator; b. Rome, Italy, 100 B.C.; assassinated by Brutus, 44 B.C. "Death of" (Shakespeare), p. 65; "Crosses the Rubicon" (Knowles), p. 67.

Caius Canuleius, Roman Tribune (about 443 B.C.). Maintains the rights of the plebeians, p. 41.

Caius Gracchus, Roman statesman, orator; b. 154 or 159 B.C.; murdered, 121 B.C. Maintains the rights of the people, p. 47, and note.

Calhoun, John Caldwell, politician, statesman; U. S. Sen., S.C.; Vice-Pres. U. S.; (Yale Coll., 1804;) b. Abbeville Dist., S.C., 1788; d. 1850. "True Liberty measured by Intelligence," p. 218; "Internal Improvement a Bond of Union," p. 302; Tribute to (Webster), p. 347; Tribute to (Lamar), p. 496.

Campbell, Thomas, poet; b. Glasgow, Scotland, 1777; d. 1844. "The Downfall of Poland," p. 369; "What's Hallowed Ground?" p. 432; "The Soldier's Dream," p. 461; "Song of the Greeks," p. 474.

Carrington, Henry Beebee, lawyer, soldier, author; b. Wallingford, Conn., 1824; (Yale Coll., 1845.) "Introductions," and contents not otherwise credited.

Carroll, Charles, of Carrollton, patriot, statesman; Sign. Dec. Ind.; U. S. Sen., Md.; b. Annapolis, Md., 1737; (Paris and London;) d. 1832. Tribute to (Lippard), p. 341.

Cass, General Lewis, lawyer, soldier, statesman; Gov. Mich.; U. S. Sen., Mich.; b. Exeter, N.H., 1782; d. 1866. "The Old World and the New," p. 254.

Catiline, Lucius Sergius, Roman demagogue and traitor; b. 108 B.C.; killed 62 B.C. Denounced by Cicero, p. 55; His supposed Defiance (Croly), p. 56.

Cato, Marcus Portius, patriot, philosopher; b. Utica, Italy, 95 B.C.; d. 46 B.C. "Industry and Integrity the Hope of the State," p. 53.

Channing, William Ellery, Unit. min.; writer, orator; b. Newport, R.I., 1780; (Harv. Coll., 1797;) d. 1842. "National Distinction depends upon Virtue," p. 230.

Chapin, Edwin Hubbell, Universalist min., pulpit orator, writer; b. Washington Co., N.Y., 1814; d. 1880. "Heroes and Martyrs to be honored," p. 245.

Child, Lydia Maria (*née* FRANCIS), writer; b. Medford, Mass., 1802; d. 1880. Supposed Speech of the Patriot James Otis (taken from her novel "The Rebels"), p. 102.

Choate, Rufus, lawyer, scholar, advocate; U. S. Sen., Mass.; b. Ipswich, Mass. (now Essex), 1799; (Dartmouth Coll., N.H., 1819;) d. 1858. "The Birthday of Washington," p. 160.

Cicero, Marcus Tullius, orator, statesman; b. 106 B.C.; d. 43 B.C. Denounces Catiline, p. 55.

Clay, Henry, lawyer, orator, statesman; Speaker U. S. House of Rep.; U. S. Sen., Ky.; b. Hanover Co., Va., 1777; d. 1852. "Patriotism inculcates Public Virtue." p. 240; Tribute to (Crittenden), p. 348; Sympathy with Ireland, p. 367.

Cleveland, Stephen Grover, lawyer, politician; Gov. N.Y.; twenty-second Pres. U. S.; b. Caldwell, N.J., 1837. Address at Constitutional Centennial, 1887, p. 518.

Cooke, Increase, author, publisher; b. Wallingford, Conn., 1773; (Yale Coll., 1793;) d. 1814. Published "American Orator," dedicated to the Youth of America, October 19, 1811, the anniversary day of Washington's visit to Wallingford. "Patriotism Broad as Humanity," p. 243.

Copp, John Joseph, lawyer; b. Groton, Conn., 1840; (Amherst Coll., Mass., 1860;) Address at Groton Heights Centennial, p. 189.

Corday, Charlotte, (d'Armans,) patriotic enthusiast; b. Normandy, France, 1768; executed 1793. "Last Words to France," p. 407, and note.

Cornwall, Barry. See PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER.

Cowper, William, poet; b. Hertfordshire, Eng., 1731; d. 1800. "Address to Liberty," p. 427.

Crafts, Wilbur Fisk, Meth. Epis. min.; religious writer; b. Fryeburg, Me., 1850; (Wesleyan Univ., Middletown, Conn.) "Two Centuries from the Landing of the Pilgrims," p. 77.

Crane, Oliver, Presb. min., Oriental scholar, author, poet; b. West Bloomfield (now Montclair), N.J., 1822; (Yale Coll., 1845.) His aid in this work acknowledged by his classmate, p. 583.

Crawford, Francis Marion, novelist, poet; b. Italy, 1845. "National Hymn," p. 523.

Crittenden, John Jordan, lawyer, statesman; Gov. Ky.; U. S. Sen. Ky.; b. Woodford Co., Ky., 1787; d. 1863. Tribute to Clay, p. 348.

Croly, George, Eng. Church rector, orator, author, poet; b. Dublin, Ireland, 1780; d. 1860. "Death of Leonidas," p. 36; Catiline's supposed Defiance, p. 56.

Curran, John Philpot, lawyer, orator; b. Newmarket, near Cork, Ireland, 1750; d. 1817. "Religious Distinctions behind the Age," p. 410.

Curtis, George William, journalist, scholar, traveller, author; b. Providence, R.I., 1824. "The Saratoga Battle Lesson," p. 185; "Patriotism is Unselfish," p. 237; Tribute to Samuel Adams, p. 329; "The Great Question settled," p. 492.

Cutter, George Washington, poet; b. Kentucky, 1814; d. 1865. "E Pluribus Unum," p. 416.

Davis, Perley Bacon, Cong. min., educator, Biblical scholar, preacher; b. New Ipswich, N.H., 1832; (Andover Sem., Dartmouth, and Middlebury, M.A.) Valuable aid recognized in preparation of this volume, p. 583.

Dawson, Nathaniel H. R., lawyer, soldier, educator, legislator; U. S. Comr. Ed., Washington, D.C.; b. Charleston, S.C., 1849; (St. Joseph's Coll., Mobile, Ala.) His cordial aid acknowledged, p. 583.

Deborah, Hebrew prophetess, judge, and leader, about 1285 B.C. Song of Triumph, p. 16.

De Lisle, Claude Joseph Rouget, soldier, musician, poet; b. at Lons-le-Saulnier, France, 1760; d. 1836. "Marseilles Hymn," p. 470.

Demosthenes, orator; b. near Athens, Greece, 383–385 B.C.; d. 322 B.C. "Popular Vigilance the Bulwark of the Constitution," p. 45.

De Peyster, General John Watts, soldier, military critic, poet; b. New York, 1821; (Columbia Coll.) "The Surrender of Burgoyne," extract from Centennial poem, p. 205.

De Tocqueville. See TOCQUEVILLE, and p. 220.

Devens, General Charles, lawyer, soldier, statesman, jurist; b. Charlestown, Mass., 1820. "No Conflict now," p. 494.

Dewey, Orville, Unit. min., journalist; b. Sheffield, Mass., 1794; (Williams Coll., 1814;) d. 1867. "Liberty a Responsibility," p. 214; "The Nobility of Labor," p. 246.

Dickens, Charles, journalist, novelist; b. Landport, Eng., 1812; d. 1870. Tribute to Alfred the Great, p. 317.

Dickerman, Lysander, Cong. min., Egyptologist, lecturer; b. West Bridgewater, Mass., 1825; (Brown Univ., R.I.) "Loyalty to Country," p. 6; "Hymn to Ammon Ra," p. 7.

Dimitry, Charles, novelist, poet; b. Washington, D.C., 1838. "Viva Italia," p. 472.

Doane, George Washington, Prot. Epis. bish., theologian, poet; b. Trenton, N.J., 1799; d. 1859. Tribute to Taylor, p. 357.

Drake, Charles Daniel, lawyer, jurist; U. S. Sen., Mo.; b. Cincinnati, O., 1811. "The Nature of the Union," p. 272.

Drake, Joseph Rodman, poet; b. New York, 1795; (Columbia Coll.;) d. 1820. "The American Flag," p. 441.

Draper, Andrew S., educator, Supt. Pub. Ins., New York; b. Westford, Otsego Co., N.Y., 1848. "Patriotism in the Schools," p. 532.

Duganne, Augustine Joseph Hinckley, philosophical writer, poet; b. Boston, 1823; d. 1884. "Harvest and Vintage," p. 488.

Duponceau, Peter S., critical writer; b. France, 1760; d. 1844. Tribute to Penn, p. 324.

Dwight, Timothy, Cong. min., theologian, author; Pres. Yale Coll.; b. 1752; (Yale Coll., 1769;) d. 1817. "Columbia," (a poem), p. 266; "Moses the First Liberator," p. 314.

Edwards, Richard, Cong. min., educator; Supt. Pub. Ins., Illinois; b. Cardiganshire, Wales, 1822; (Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst., Troy, N.Y.) "The Problem of To-Day," p. 542.

Eichberg, Philipine (now Mrs. J. B. KING, Boston); b. Geneva, Switzerland. "To Thee, O Country," written at the age of fifteen, p. 553.

Emmet, Robert, orator, patriot; b. Cork, Ireland, 1780; d. 1803. Vindicated, p. 412.

Evarts, William Maxwell, lawyer, orator; U. S. Sen., N.Y.; b. Boston, Mass., 1818; (Yale Coll., 1837.) Delivered Centennial Oration, 1876, at Philadelphia, p. 516.

Everett, Edward, orator, scholar, statesman; U. S. Sen., Mass.; b. Dorchester, Mass., 1792; (Harv. Coll., 1811;) d. 1865. "The Pilgrims," p. 72; "The Memory of Washington," p. 154; "Liberty defined," p. 207; "The Age of Revolutions," p. 209; "Temperance Reform demanded," p. 234; "Great Examples," p. 309.

Ewing, Thomas, lawyer, orator, statesman; U. S. Sen., Ohio; b. Ohio Co., Va., 1791; (Ohio Univ., 1813;) d. 1871. "The American Patriot's Hope," p. 291.

Ferry, Thomas White, politician, orator; U. S. Sen., Mich.; Pres. U. S. Sen., 1876; b. Mackinaw, Mich., 1827. Presided at Centennial Exercises, July 4, 1876, p. 513.

Finch, Francis Miles, lawyer, poet; b. Ithaca, N.Y., 1827; (Yale, 1849). Tribute to Nathan Hale (historical poem), p. 456; "The Blue and the Gray," p. 508.

Fleming, William Henry, educator, lawyer; b. Augusta, Ga., 1856; (Univ. Ga., 1875; tutor at same.) "Memorial Address, 1885," extract, p. 488.

Fox, Charles James, orator, statesman; b. London, Eng., 1749; (Oxford Univ., 1766;) d. 1806. "Continued War with America is Folly," p. 133.

Franklin, Benjamin, diplomatist, discoverer in physics, statesman; b. Boston, 1706; d. 1790. "The Federal Constitution," p. 273; Tribute to (Mirabeau), p. 326; "Epigrams of Poor Richard," p. 327.

Galgacus (Calgacus), Caledonian general, A.D. 84. Address to his Troops (Tacitus), p. 393.

Gates, Merrill Edward, educator, writer; Pres. Rutgers Coll., N.J.; b. Warsaw, N.Y., 1848; (Rochester Univ., N.Y.) "The Nineteenth Century shapes the Twentieth," p. 551.

Garfield, Gen. James Abram, Min. Church of the Disciples, soldier, politician, legislator; twentieth Pres. U. S.; b. Orange, O., 1831; (Williams Coll., Mass., 1856;) assassinated, July 2, 1881; d. Sept. 19, 1881. Tribute to (Blaine) p. 361.

Geikie, Cunninghame, Presb. min., Biblical scholar, author; b. Edinburgh, Scotland, 1826; (Univ. Ed.) "The Equality of Man," p. 4.

Gibbons, James, Roman Catholic Archbishop, Vicar Apostolic, Cardinal, b. Baltimore, 1834; (Balt. Colleges and St. Mary's

Seminary.) Closes the Constitntional Centennial with prayer, p. 524.

Gideon, Hebrew general, judge, deliverer; about 1245 B.C. Delivers his country, but declines a crown, p. 21.

Gladstone, William Ewart, financier, orator, statesman; b. Liverpool, Eng., 1809. "Home Rule for Ireland," p. 375.

Gordon, General John Brown, lawyer, soldier, statesman; Gov. Ga.; U. S. Sen., Ga.; b. Upson Co., Ga., 1832. The Jasper Monument Unveiled, p. 200; "Gettysburg a Mecca for the Blue and the Gray," p. 490.

Gracchus, Caius. See CAIUS GRACCHUS, and p. 47.

Graham, Sylvester, Presb. min., reformer, writer; b. Suffield, Conn., 1794; d. 1851. "The Hebrew Jubilee," p. 15.

Grant, General Ulysses Simpson, soldier; Commanding General U.S.A.; eighteenth Pres. U. S.; b. Point Pleasant, O., 1822; (U. S. Mil. Acad., West Point, 1843;) d. 1885. Tribute to (Beecher), p. 363.

Griffis, William Elliot, Dominie Reformed (Dutch) Church, 1877-1886; Cong. min., Boston; educator, historical writer, Orientalist; b. Phila., Penn., 1843; (Rutgers Coll., N.J., 1869.) "America and Asia in the Future," p. 576.

Gurley, Phineas Dinsmore, Presb. min.; b. Hamilton, N.Y., 1816; (Union Coll., N.Y., 1837;) d. 1868. Tribute to Lincoln, p. 358.

Hale, Edward Everett, Unit. min., essayist, lecturer, journalist, author; b. Boston, Mass., 1822; (Harv. Coll., 1839.) Tribute to Nathan Hale, p. 332.

Hale, Captain Nathan, soldier, patriot; b. Coventry, Conn., 1755; (Yale Coll., 1773;) executed by the British, 1776. Tribute to (Hale), p. 332; Tribute in verse (Finch), p. 456 (by the courtesy of Ivison, Blakeman & Co., from Swinton's Fifth Reader).

Hall, Caleb G., farmer, founder of various prizes for proficiency in the knowledge of the Constitution and patriotic historical utterances; b. Pittsfield (New Berlin), Otsego Co., N.Y., 1824. See note on p. 554.

Halleck, Fitz-Greene, journalist, poet; b. Guilford, Conn., 1790; d. 1867. Tribute to Marco Bozzaris, p. 345.

Hamilton, Colonel Alexander, soldier, financier, statesman; b. in the West Indies, 1757; d. 1804. Tribute to (Hawks), p. 335.

Harrison, General William Henry, soldier; Gov. Indiana Ter.; U. S. Sen., O.; ninth Pres. U. S.; b. Charles City Co., Va., 1773; d. 1841. Tribute to (Stephens), p. 355.

Harte, Francis Bret, journalist, poet; b. Albany, N.Y., 1839. "Caldwell of Springfield" (British raid of June 6, 1780), p. 457.

Hawks, Francis Lister, Prot. Epis. bishop, journalist, author; b. New-Berne, N.C., 1798; (Univ. N.C., 1866.) Tribute to Hamilton and Jay, p. 335.

Hawley, General Joseph Roswell, journalist, lawyer, soldier; Gov. Conn.; U. S. Sen., Conn.; b. Stewartville, N.C., 1826; (Hamilton Coll., N.Y., 1847;) Pres. Centennial Com., pp. 511-513.

Hayne, Robert Young, lawyer, orator; Gov. S.C.; U. S. Sen., S.C.; b. St. Paul's, S.C., 1781; d. 1840. "The South in the Revolution," p. 305.

Hemans, Felicia Dorothea (*née* BROWNE), poetess; b. Liverpool, Eng., 1784; d. 1835. "The Spartans' March," p. 35; "The Greeks' Return from Battle," p. 38; "For the Strength of the Hills we bless Thee, our God, our Fathers' God," p. 463.

Henry, Caleb Sprague, Prot. Epis. min., educator, author; b. Rutland, Mass., 1804; (Dartmouth Coll., N.H.;) d. 1884. "The Development of our Country," p. 562.

Henry, Patrick, orator, statesman; Gov. Va.; b. Studley, Hanover Co., Va., 1736; d. 1799. "Appeal to Arms, 1775," p. 109.

Henry V., king of England; b. Monmouth, Eng., 1388; d. 1422. Address to his Troops (Shakespeare), p. 402.

Herford, Brooke, Unit. min., Boston, preacher, author; b. Manchester, Eng., 1830; (Manchester New Coll.) "The Patriotic Maccabees," p. 27.

Herodotus, Greek historian, 484 B.C. Quotes Otares in favor of a Republic, p. 31.

Hillard, George Stillman, lawyer, orator, writer; b. Machias, Me., 1808; (Harv. Coll., 1828;) d. 1879. "The Destiny of our Republic," p. 565.

Hoar, George Frisbie, lawyer, author, statesman; U. S. Sen., Mass.; b. Concord, Mass., 1826; (Harv. Coll., 1846.) "Centennial of Ordinance of 1787," p. 528.

Hogg, Alexander, educator; Supt. Schools, Fort Worth, Texas; b. Yorktown, Va., 1830; (Randolph-Macon Coll., Va., 1854.) "The Union a Geographical Necessity," p. 295.

Holden, William Woods, journalist, scholar; Gov. N.C.; b. Orange Co., N.C., 1818. "A Happy Country," p. 566 (from the "North Carolina Speaker" of Alfred Williams & Co.)

Holmes, Isaac Edward, lawyer, politician, orator; b. Charleston, S.C., 1796; d. 1867. Tribute to John Quincy Adams, p. 340.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, poet, author, wit, scholar; b. Cambridge, Mass., 1809; (Harv. Coll., 1829.) "Old Ironsides," p. 445; "Union and Liberty," p. 465; "Welcome to the Nations," p. 513; "New 'Hail Columbia,'" p. 522.

Homer, Greek poet, flourished about 968 B.C. "The Best Omen our Country's Cause" (original translation from the "Iliad"), p. 32.

Hopkinson, Joseph, lawyer, jurist; b. Phila., Penn., 1770; (Univ. Penn.;) d. 1842. "Hail Columbia," p. 436.

Howe, Julia (*née* WARD), poetess; b. N.Y., 1819. "Battle-Hymn of the Republic," p. 448.

Howland, George, educator, Supt. Schools, Chicago, Ill.; b. Conway, Franklin Co., Mass., 1824; (Amherst Coll., Mass., 1850.) "Washington's Birthday," p. 161.

Hugo, Victor Marie, poet, novelist, writer; b. Besançon, France, 1802; d. 1885. "Rome and Carthage locked in strife," p. 49; "The United States of Europe," p. 252.

Hunt, Mary Hannah (*née* HANCHETT), educator, lecturer, Supt. Sci. Temperance Instruction of the W. C. T. U.; (Patapsco Inst., Md., and Prof. Nat. Sci. in same;) b. South Canaan, Conn., 1830. "Temperance Education the Patriot's Ally," p. 549.

Jackson, General Andrew, lawyer, soldier, statesman; U. S., Sen., Tenn.; seventh Pres. U. S.; b. Waxhaw settlement, S.C.,

1767; d. 1845. "Union linked with Liberty," p. 297.

Jay, John (of Huguenot stock), diplomatist, statesman, jurist; Gov. N.Y.; b. N.Y., 1745; (King's—now Columbia—Coll., 1764;) d. 1829. "Necessity of the Union," p. 271; Tribute to (Hawks), p. 335.

Jefferson, Thomas, diplomatist, political writer, statesman; Sign. Dec. Ind.; Gov. Va.; third Pres. U. S.; b. Shadwell, Va., 1743; d. July 4, 1826. "A Republic the Strongest Government," p. 275; Tribute to (Webster), p. 357.

Job, an ancient patriarch (Book of Job). "The Patriot Citizen's Challenge," p. 24.

Johnson, Reverdy, lawyer, diplomatist, legal writer; U. S. Sen., Md.; b. Annapolis, Md., 1796; (St. John's Coll., Md.;) d. 1876. "Liberty restrained by Law." p. 367.

Jones, Sir William, Orientalist, scholar, author; b. London, Eng., 1746; (Oxford Univ.;) d. 1794. "What constitutes a State?" p. 211.

Kasson, John Adams, diplomatist, legislator; b. Burlington, Vt., 1822. Opening Address at the Constitutional Centennial, Phila., 1887, p. 517.

Keller, Matthias, musician; b. Würtemberg, Germany, 1813; d. Boston, 1875. "American Hymn," p. 448.

Kellogg, Elijah, Cong. min., lecturer, author; b. Portland, Me., 1813; (Bowdoin Coll., 1840.) "Regulus before the Senate of Carthage," p. 389; "Spartacus to the Gladiators," p. 391.

Key, Francis Scott, lawyer, jurist, poet; b. Frederick Co., Md., 1779; d. 1843. "The Star-Spangled Banner," p. 443.

King, Charles, journalist, scholar; Pres. Columbia Coll., N.Y.; b. N.Y., 1789; d. 1867. "The Future of the United States," p. 564.

Kirkland, John Thornton, Cong. min., scholar, author; Pres. Harv. Coll.; b. Little Falls, N.Y., 1770; (Harv. Coll., 1789;) d. 1840. "True Patriotism embraces Mankind," p. 238.

Knowles, James Sheridan, dramatist, actor; b. Cork, Ireland, 1784; d. 1862. "Cæsar crossing the Rubicon," p. 67; "Alfred the Great to his Men," p. 394.

Knox, William, writer, poet; b. Roxburgh, Scotland, 1789, d. 1825. "Oh, why should the Spirit of Mortal be proud?" p. 359.

Körner, Karl Theodor, soldier, poet; b. Dresden, Saxony, 1781; (Leipsic and Berlin;) d. 1813. "German Battle-Prayer," p. 479; "Prussian Battle-Hymn," p. 480.

Kossuth, Louis, orator, statesman, patriot; b. Monok, Hungary, 1802. "Heroism of the Hungarian People," p. 371.

Lamar, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, lawyer, statesman, jurist; b. Putnam Co., Ga., 1825; (Emory Coll., Ga., 1845.) Tribute to Sumner, p. 353; "The Moral Force of the Nineteenth Century ends Slavery," p. 496.

Lamartine, de, Alphonse, poet, orator, historian; b. Mâcon, France, 1792; (Coll. of Belley;) d. 1869. "The Last Words of Charlotte Corday," p. 408.

Landon, Letitia Elizabeth (Mrs. McLean), poetess; b. near London, 1802; d. 1839. "Crescentius," p. 462.

Landor, Walter Savage, author; b. Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, Eng., 1775; d. 1864. "Pericles and Aspasia," p. 42.

Lanier, Sidney, lawyer, soldier, poet; b. Macon, Ga., 1842; (Oglethorpe Coll., Ga., 1860;) d. 1881. "The Meditations of Columbia, 1876," p. 511.

Lasker, Raphael, Rabbi, educator, Talmudist; b. Zirke, Prussia, 1835; (Gleiwitz and Giessen, Germany.) "The Memorial Day of the Exodus," p. 8.

Lathrop, John, Cong. min., scholar; b. Norwich, Coun., 1740; (Princeton Coll., N.J., 1763;) d. 1816. Address, July 4, 1796, p. 265.

Lee, Richard Henry, orator, statesman; Sign. Dec. Ind.; b. Westmoreland Co., Va., 1732; d. 1794. "Independence a Solemn Duty," p. 124.

Legaré, Hugh Swinton, scholar, lawyer, writer, statesman; b. Charleston, S.C., 1797; (S.C. Coll., 1815; Paris, Edinburgh;) d. 1843. "Our Country One Grand Poem," p. 301.

Lincoln, Abraham, lawyer, politician, statesman; sixteenth Pres. U. S.; b. Hardin Co., Ky., Feb. 12, 1809; assassinated April 14, d. April 15, 1865. Tribute to (Gurley), p. 358; His favorite poem, p. 359; At Gettysburg, p. 486; Tribute to (Stephens), p. 499.

Lippard, George, author, novelist; b. Yellow Springs, Penn., 1822; d. 1854. "Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the Last of the Signers," p. 341.

Logan, Cayuga chief; b. 1725; d. 1780. Story of (Jefferson), p. 404.

Long, John Davis, lawyer, orator, statesman; Gov. Mass.; b. Buckfield, Me., 1838; (Harv. Coll., 1857.) Tribute to Webster, p. 350.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, scholar, poet; b. Portland, Me., 1807; (Bowdoin Coll., 1825;) d. 1882. "Paul Revere's Ride," p. 112; "Pulaski's Banner," p. 455.

Lunt, William Parsons, Unit. min., writer, poet; b. Newburyport, Mass., 1805; d. 1857. "The Ship of State," p. 304.

Lyon, James Gilbourne, clerg. Eng. Church; b. England; d. Penn., 1868. "The Triumphs of our Language," p. 558.

Maccabæus, Mattathias, and sons. "The Patriotism of" (Herford), p. 27.

Madison, James, political writer, statesman; fourth Pres. U. S.; b. King George Co., Va., 1751; (Princeton Coll., 1771;) d. 1836. "The American Experiment," p. 269.

Marion, General Francis, soldier, patriot; b. S.C., 1732; d. 1795. Address on Suppressing Mutiny, p. 406; "Our Schools," p. 535.

Marius, Caius, Roman general; b. near Arpinum, Italy, 157 B.C. "Merit before Birth," p. 50.

Mason, Jonathan, lawyer, statesman; b. Boston, 1752; U. S. Sen., Mass.; (New Jersey Coll.;) d. 1831. "America seated among the Nations," p. 136.

Mazzini, Giuseppe, Italian patriot; b. Genoa, 1808; d. 1872. Address, p. 414.

McDuffie, George, lawyer, politician; Gov. S.C.; U. S. Sen., S.C.; b. Columbia Co., Ga., 1788; d. 1851. "American Liberty on a Permanent Basis," p. 280.

McGinn, Robert Cooper, educator, Md.; b. Ireland, 1832. "The Public Schools are scattered o'er My Maryland," p. 534. (In imitation of "My Maryland," written by James Ryder Randall, journalist and poet, of the Baltimore *American*.)

McLean, John, lawyer, jurist, statesman;

b. Morris Co., N.J., 1735; d. 1861. "Moral Power the Mightiest," p. 231.

McLellan, Isaac, Jr., lawyer, journalist; b. Portland, Me., 1806; (Bowdoin Coll., 1826.) "New England's Dead," p 80.

Meagher, General Thomas Francis, Irish patriot, American soldier; b. Waterford, Ireland, 1823; d. 1867. "Treason disavowed," p. 417.

Meek, Alexander Beaufort, poet, historical writer, jurist; b. Charleston, S.C., 1814; d. 1865. "The Red Men of Alabama," p. 381; "The Land of the South," p. 451.

Mellen, Grenville, poet; b. Biddeford, Me., 1799; (Harv. Coll., 1818;) d. 1841. "In Memory of the Pilgrims," p. 78.

Mercier, Louis Sébastien, dramatic poet; b. Paris, France, 1740; d. 1814. "Delayed Liberty," p. 227.

Miller, Samuel Freeman, lawyer, jurist; b. Richmond, Ky., 1816; (Transylvania Univ., Ky., 1838.) Oration at Constitutional Centennial, Phila., 1887, p. 519.

Milton, John, patriot, poet, scholar, author; b. London, Eng., 1608; d. 1674. "True Glory," p. 208; "Gives Eyesight to Liberty" (Sprague), p. 319.

Mirabeau, de, Honoré Gabriel Riquetti, versatile writer, orator, statesman; b. Bignon, near Nemours, France, 1749; d. 1791. Tribute to Franklin, p. 326.

Mitford, Mary Russell, ready writer; b. Hampshire, Eng., 1786; d. 1855. "Rienzi to the Romans" (from the drama of "Rienzi"), p. 398.

Montgomery, James, poet, b. Ayrshire, Scotland, 1771; d. 1864. "The Patriot's Elysium," p. 423.

Moragne, Colonel William Cain (of Huguenot stock), lawyer, soldier, scholar; b. Abbeville Co., S.C., 1816; (France and Germany;) d. 1862. "The Huguenot Exodus," p. 87; "Landing of the Huguenots," p. 89.

Morris, George (P.) Empson, journalist, poet; b. Philadelphia, Penn., 1802; d. 1864. "The Rock of the Pilgrims," p. 83.

Moses, heir-apparent to throne of Egypt, Hebrew scholar, statesman, jurist, general; b. about 1570 B.C., lived one hundred and twenty years, delivered his people. "Song of Triumph," p. 10; "In Sight of the Promised Land" (Peabody), p. 12; "The First Liberator" (Dwight), p. 314.

Motley, John Lothrop, historian; b. Dorchester, Mass., 1814; (Harv. Coll., 1831;) d. 1877. "William the Silent," p. 318.

Mowry, William Augustus, educator, soldier, educational journalist, author; b. Uxbridge, Mass., 1829; (Brown Univ., R.I., 1858.) "Our Territorial Growth has marked our Duty and Destiny," p. 573.

Newell, McFadden Alexander, educator, Supt. Pub. Ins., Md.; b. Belfast, Ireland, 1824. "The Sphere of our Public Schools," p. 533.

O'Brien, William, orator, journalist; b. Mallow, Ireland, 1852; (Queen's Coll., Cork; Cloyne Diocesan Coll.) "Ireland near the Goal 1888," p. 376.

O'Connell, Daniel, orator, patriot; b. Cahirciveen, Kerry, Ireland, 1775; d. 1847. "Justice to Ireland," p. 415; Tribute to (Phillips), p. 343.

O'Reilly, John Boyle, Irish patriot, American journalist, poet; b. at Castle Dowth, County Meath, 1844. "Resurgite," p. 418.

Osgood, Frances (*née* SARGENT), poetess; b. Boston, 1812; d. 1850. "Labor is Worship," p. 247.

Otis, James, patriot, orator, statesman; b. West Barnstable, Mass., 1725; (Harv. Coll., 1743;) d. 1783. Supposed speech against England (Child), p. 102 and context.

Patterson, James Willis, legislator, orator, educator; U. S. Sen., N.H.; Supt. Pub. Ins., N.H.; b. Hennicker, Merrimac Co., N.H., 1823; (Dartmouth Coll., 1840.) "Again Brethren and Equals," p. 497; "Patriotic Training in our Schools," p. 540.

Peabody, Andrew Preston, Cong. min., theological writer, educator; b. Beverly, Mass., 1811; (Harv. Coll., 1826.) "Moses in Sight of the Promised Land," p. 12.

Pedro II. de Alcantara, Dom, Emperor of Brazil; b. 1825. At Philadelphia Centennial, 1876, p. 513.

Penn, William, philanthropist, founded Pennsylvania; b. London, Eng., 1644; d. 1718. Tribute to (Duponceau), p. 324.

Percival, James Gates, scholar, poet, physician, chemist, geologist; b. Berlin, Conn., 1795; (Yale Coll., 1815;) d. 1856. "Liberty to Athens," p. 372; "Sweet to die for Country," p. 431; "The Graves of the Patriots," p. 433; "The Eagle," p. 437; "Polish War-Song," p. 466.

Phelps, Sylvanus Dryden, Bapt. min., preacher, writer, poet; b. Suffield, Conn., 1816; (Brown Univ., 1844.) "The New Song of Freedom," p. 449.

Phillips, Charles, lawyer, orator, author; b. Sligo, Ireland, 1788; d. 1859. "The Attributes of Washington," p. 157.

Phillips, Wendell, scholar, reformer, lecturer, orator; b. Boston, 1811; (Harv. Coll., 1831;) d. 1884. Tribute to O'Connell, p. 343.

Pichat, Michel, dramatic poet; b. Vienne, France, 1786; d. 1828. "Sacrifice for Country" (Tragedy of 'Leonidas"), p. 34.

Pickard, Josiah Little, scholar, educator; Pres. Iowa Univ.; b. Rowley, Mass., 1824; (Bowdoin Coll., Me., 1844.) "The American School System of the Future," p. 536.

Pierpont, John, Unit. min., poet; b. Litchfield, Conn., 1785; (Yale Coll., 1804;) d. 1866. "The Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?" p. 82; "Warren's Address," p. 405.

Pitt, William (Lord Chatham), orator, statesman, America's friend; b. Westminster, London, Eng., 1708; d. 1778. "Great Britain warned of Danger," p. 98; "Removal of the Boston Garrison demanded," p. 105; Address in 1777, p. 127; Opposes the use of savages in warfare, p. 132; Anonymous Tribute to, p. 322.

Potter, Henry Codman, Prot. Epis. bishop, author; b. Schenectady, N.Y., 1835. Officiated at Constitutional Centennial, Phila., 1887, p. 516.

Pownall, Thomas, antiquarian, author; Gov. Mass. Bay Col., 1757; Gov. N.J., 1759; b. Lincoln, Eng., 1722; d. 1805. Predicts America's future, p. 555.

Pratt, Charles (Lord Camden), statesman, jurist; b. 1715; d. 1794. Sustains Lord Chatham, p. 99.

Procter, Bryan Waller ("BARRY CORNWALL"), lawyer, dramatic poet; b. Eng., about 1790; d. 1874. "The Overthrow of Belshazzar," p. 26.

Randall, James Ryder, journalist, poet, b. 1839, author of "My Maryland," p. 534.

Randolph, John, orator, statesman; b. U. S. Sen., Va.; b. Chesterfield Co., Va., 1773; d. 1833. "Vast Territory no Bar to Union," p. 302.

Ransom, General Matthew Whitaker, lawyer, soldier, legislator; U. S. Sen., N.C.; b. Warren Co., N.C., 1826; (Univ. N.C., 1847.) "The Value of the Union.—The Battle of New Orleans," p. 299 (from "North Carolina Speaker").

Raymond, Robert Raikes, educator, author; b. N.Y., 1817; (Union Coll., N.Y., 1837.) "Christianity and Democracy harmonize," p. 222 (from Raymond's "Patriotic Speaker").

Read, Thomas Buchanan, artist, poet; b. Chester Co., Penn., 1822; d. 1872. "The Rising in '76," p. 118.

Regulus, Marcus Attilius, Roman general, consul about 260 B.C. Supposed speech before Senate of Carthage (Kellogg), p. 389.

Revere, Paul, patriot; b. Boston, 1735; d. 1818. "Paul Revere's Ride" (Longfellow), p. 112.

Rice, Alexander Hamilton, merchant, orator; Gov. Mass.; b. Newton Lower Falls, Mass., 1818; (Union Coll., N.Y., 1844.) Tribute to Sumner, p. 352.

Richardson, William Merchant, lawyer, jurist; b. Pelham, N.H., 1774; (Harv. Coll., 1797); d. 1838. "The Founders of our Government," p. 71.

Rienzi, Nicola Gabrini, Roman Tribune; birth indefinite; d. 1354 Supposed address to the Romans (Mitford), p. 398.

Robespierre, Maximilien Marie Isidore, demagogue, visionary, revolutionist; b. Arras, France, 1758; executed, 1794. His Last Speech, p. 409, translated by Epes Sargent.

Robinson, Henry Cornelius, lawyer, orator, writer; b. Hartford, Conn., 1832; (Yale Coll., 1853.) "Dedication of Putnam's Monument, 1888." p. 202.

Robinson, William Erigena, lawyer, journalist, politician; b. Unagh, Ireland, 1814; (Yale Coll., 1841.) "Union Song of the Celt," p. 468.

Ross, General Lawrence Sullivan, lawyer, soldier, of Va. and Ky. parentage; Gov. Texas; b. Bentonsport, Iowa, 1838; (Wesleyan Univ., Ala., 1858.) "All under the same Banner now," p. 503.

Sargent, Epes, journalist, scholar; b. Gloucester, Mass., 1812; d. 1880. Compiler of Standard Speaker and Readers. (Courtesy of James O. Sargent, executor, and Silver Brothers, Burdett & Co., Publishers, acknowledged.)

Schiller, von, Johann Christoph Friedrich, dramatic poet; b. Marbach, Germany, 1759; d. 1805. "Tell's Address to the Swiss," p. 395.

Scott, Sir Walter, novelist, poet; b. Edinburgh, Scotland, 1771; d. 1832. "Love of Country," p. 422.

Sennacherib, king of Assyria; killed, 681 B.C. His Army destroyed (Byron), p. 25.

Seward, William Henry, lawyer, orator, statesman; Gov. N.Y.; U. S. Sen., N.Y.; b. Florida, N.Y., 1801; (Union Coll., 1820.) d. 1872. "America's True Greatness," p. 283.

Seymour, Horatio, lawyer, politician, statesman; Gov. N.Y.; b. Onondaga Co., N.Y., 1811; d. 1886. "The Saratoga Monument begun," p. 183.

Shakespeare, William, dramatic poet; b. Stratford-on-Avon, Eng., 1564; d. 1616. "Cassius instigates Brutus against Cæsar," p. 60; "Antony's Speech over the Body of Cæsar," p. 62; "Brutus's Speech on the Death of Cæsar," p. 65.

Sharp, Daniel, Bapt. min., journalist, preacher; b. Huddersfield, Eng., 1783; d. Boston, Mass., 1853. "Popular Government the Most Just," p. 228.

Shaw, David T., "Columbia the Land of the Brave," "The Gem of the Ocean," "The Red, White, and Blue," p. 435.

Sheil, Richard Lalor, patriot, orator; b. Dublin, Ireland, 1797; (Trin. Coll., Dubl.;) d. 1851. "The Irish Insurrection," p. 373.

Sheldon, William Evarts, scientist, educator, educational journalist; Sec. Am. Inst. Civics; b. Dorset, Vt., 1833. "Instruction in Civics as a Patriotic Duty," p. 545.

Sheridan, General George Augustus, soldier, lecturer, orator; b. Millbury, Mass., 1840. "Let us rejoice together," p. 505.

Sherman, General William Tecumseh, soldier, Commanding General U.S.A.; b. Lancaster, O., 1820; (U. S. Mil. Acad., 1840.) "Belligerent Non-Combatants," p. 502; Practical Hints from his Scrap-Book, p. 568.

Sigourney, Lydia (*née* HUNTLEY), poetess, author; b. Norwich, Conn., 1781; d. 1865. "Stars in my Country's Sky, are ye all there?" p. 444.

Simms, William Gilmore, novelist, poet, writer; b. Charleston, S.C., 1806; d. 1870. "The Battle of Eutaw," p. 453.

Simpson, Matthew, Meth. Epis. bishop, journalist, writer; Pres. Indiana Asbury (now De Pauw) Univ.; b. Cadiz, O., 1810; d. 1884. Officiated at Opening of Centennial Exposition, Phila., 1876, p. 510.

Smith, Samuel Francis, Bapt. min., journalist, lyric poet; b. Boston, Mass., 1808. "My Country, 'tis of thee," p. 581.

Smith, William Dexter, Jr., poet, musical journalist, author; b. Salem (now Peabody), Mass., 1840; (Salem High School.) "Centennial Hymn, 1876.—Our National Banner," p. 516.

Smyth, William, scholar, poet; b. Liverpool, Eng., 1766; (Cambridge Univ.;) d. 1849. "The Character of Washington," p. 152.

Socrates, soldier, philosopher; b. Athens, Greece, 470 B.C.; d. 399 B.C. "Virtue before Riches," p. 43; "The Last Hours of" (Sargent), p. 316.

Sparks, Jared, biographer, historian; Pres. Harv. Coll.; b. Willington, Conn., 1789; (Harv. Coll., 1815;) d. 1866. "The Example of our Forefathers," p. 268.

Spartacus, a Thracian soldier, 71 B.C. "Address to the Gladiators" (Kellogg), p. 391.

Sprague, Charles, poet; b. Boston, Mass., 1791; d. 1875. "The Fathers of New England," p. 85.

Sprague, Colonel Homer Baxter, educator, soldier, author; Pres. Univ. North Dakota; b. Sutton, Mass., 1829; (Yale Coll., 1852.) "Milton gives Eyesight to Liberty," p. 319.

Stephens, Alexander Hamilton, politician, legislator, statesman; b. Taliaferro Co., Ga.,

1812; d. 1883. "Separate as billows, but one as the sea," p. 499.

Stevens, William Bacon, Prot. Epis. bishop, pulpit orator, historical writer; b. Bath, Me., 1815; (Dartmouth Coll., 1837;) d. 1887. Officiated at Centennial Exercises, Phila., 1876, p. 513.

Stewart, John Wolcott, lawyer, legislator; Gov. Vt.; b. Middlebury, Vt., 1825; (Middlebury Coll., 1846.) Address at Bennington Monument Exercises, 1887, p. 198.

Stone, William Leete, Jr., historical writer; b. N.Y., 1835; (Brown Univ., 1858.) Took part in Saratoga Centennial, p. 170.

Story, Joseph, legal author, jurist; b. Marblehead, Mass., 1779; (Harvard Coll., 1798;) d. 1845. "American Responsibility measured," p. 277.

Strong, Josiah, Cong. min., journalist, author; b. Hudson, O., 1847; (Western Reserve Coll., now Univ., or Adelbert Coll., Cleveland, O.) "The Anglo-Saxon and the World's Future," p. 560.

Stuart, Isaac William, classical scholar, orator, author; b. New Haven, Conn., 1809; (Yale Coll., 1828;) d. 1861. Tribute to Jonathan Trumbull, p. 325.

Sumner, Charles, lawyer, orator, statesman; U. S. Sen., Mass.; b. Boston, 1811; (Harv. Coll., 1830;) d. 1874. "The Reign of Peace foreshadowed," p. 257; Tribute to (Rice), p. 352; Tribute to (Lamar), p. 353.

Tacitus, Julius Cornelius, Roman historian; b. 55 A.D.; d. uncertain. "Galgacus [or, on good authority, Calgacus] to the Caledonians," p. 393.

Taylor, Bayard, writer, poet, traveller; b. Chester Co., Penn., 1825; d. 1878. "Liberty's Latest Daughter," p. 514.

Taylor, Henry, Eng. clergyman; b. 1710; d. 1775. "What Makes a Hero?" p. 314.

Thomson, Charles West, Prot. Epis. clerg.; b. Phila., Penn., 1798; d. 1879. "The American Eagle," p. 439.

Tocqueville, de, Alexis Charles Henri Clerel, statesman, political philosopher; b. Paris, France, 1805; d. 1859. "Socialism and Democracy incompatible," p. 220.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, Liberator of St. Domingo; b. 1743, in Hayti (St. Domingo); betrayed and starved by Napoleon Bonaparte, 1803. Noticed, p. 311.

Trench, Richard Chenevix, Prot. Epis. Archbp. of Dublin, Ireland; poet, philologist, theologian; b. 1807; d. 1886. "Harmosan," p. 475.

Tucker, General John Randolph, lawyer, soldier, orator; b. Winchester, Va., 1823; (Univ. Va.) "The Supremacy of Organic Law," p. 527.

Tupper, Martin Farquhar, epigrammatic writer and poet; b. London, 1810. "America an Aggregate of Nations," p. 290.

Upham, Thomas Cogswell, Cong. min., scholar, author; b. Deerfield, N.H., 1799; (Dartmouth Coll.;) d. 1872. "The Song of the Pilgrims," p. 84.

Van Buren, Martin, politician, statesman; U. S. Sen., N.Y.; sixth Prest. U. S.; b. Kinderhook, N.Y., 1782; d. 1862. "America without a Parallel," p. 286.

Vance, Zebulon Baird, politician, statesman; Gov. N.C.; U. S. Sen., N.C.; b. Buncombe Co., N.C., 1830; (Wash. Coll., Tenn., and Univ. N.C.) Commends Washington to youth, p. 139.

Vasa, Gustavus, king of Sweden; b. 1496; d. 1559. Appeal to the Swedes (Brooke), p. 403.

Verplanck, Gulian Crommelin, essayist, scholar; b. N.Y., 1786; d. 1870. "America's Contributions to the World," p. 293.

Victoria Alexandrina, Queen-Empress; b. at Kensington Palace, Eng., May 24, 1819. Tribute on Jubilee of reign (Winthrop), p. 365.

Vincent, John Heyl, Meth. Epis. bish., lecturer, author; founder of Chautauqua Reading Method; b. Tuscaloosa, Ala., 1832; (Wesleyan Inst., Newark, N.J.) "The Patriotic Chautauqua Movement," p. 547.

Ware, Henry, Jr., Unit. min., writer; b. Hingham, Mass., 1794; (Harv. Coll. Prof.;) d. 1843. "The Vision of Liberty," p. 428.

Washington, General George, engineer, soldier, statesman; Colonel, Va.; General commanding U.S.A.; First Pres. U.S.; b. Westmoreland Co., Va., Feb. 22, 1732; d. 1799. Commended to youth (Vance), p. 139; "Brightest Name" (Cook), p. 140; "Before Battle of Long Island," p. 142; "Farewell to the Army," p. 143; "Resignation as Commander-in-Chief," p. 144; First speech in Congress, p. 145; Receives the French colors, p. 147; "Farewell to the People," p. 148; Character of (Smyth), p. 152; Memory of (Everett), p. 154; Glory of (Brougham), p. 156; Attributes of (Phillips), p. 157; Foreign policy of (Fox), p. 159; Birthday of (Choate), p. 160; Birthday ever honored (Howland), p. 161; "Washington and Franklin Memorials linked" (J. Q. Adams), p. 163; "Centennial Birthday" (Webster), p. 164; "Memorabilia," pp. 166–67; "At White Plains," note, p. 167; "The Mt. Vernon Tribute," p. 168; Monument ceremonies (Winthrop), pp. 177–181; "Relations to Lafayette" (Winthrop), p. 194; "He still lives" (Everett), p. 209; His Lament for Lafayette (Bradford), p. 334.

Wayland, Francis, Bapt. min., scholar, political economist, author; Pres. Brown Univ., Providence, R.I.; b. N.Y., 1796; (Union Coll., N.Y.;) d. 1865. "International Sympathies on the Increase," p. 250.

Webster, Daniel, lawyer, orator, politician, statesman; U. S. Sen., Mass.; b. Salisbury, N.H., 1782; (Dartmouth Coll., N.H., 1801;) d. 1852. Bunker Hill Monument Addresses, pp. 175–177; Centennial of Washington's Birthday, p. 164; "The Present Age," p. 206; "Europe and America," p. 251; "America in the Front Rank of Nations," p. 287; "Liberty and Union One and Inseparable," p. 298; "Webster still lives" (*Boston Courier*), p. 310; Supposed speech of John Adams, p. 311; Revolutionary Veterans honored, p. 330; Adams and Jefferson honored, p. 337; "The Colleagues of John Adams," p. 339; Tribute to Calhoun, p. 347; "Our Obligations to Greece," p. 368; "Future Generations summoned to witness our Work," p. 580.

Wert, John Howard, educator, essayist, poet; b. near Gettysburg, Penn., 1841; (Pennsylvania Coll., 1861.) "The Indian Warrior's Last Lament," p. 384.

Whipple, Edwin Percy, essayist, lecturer, author; b. Gloucester, Mass., 1819; d. 1886. "American Liberty Reasonable and Just," p. 276.

Whittier, John Greenleaf, member of "Society of the Friends," philanthropist, poet; b. Haverhill, Mass., 1808. "The Battle of Lexington," p. 116; "Centennial Hymn," p. 510.

Wightman, John Thomas, Meth. min., writer, pulpit orator; b. Charleston, S.C., 1826; (Charleston Coll., 1846.) Fort Moultrie Centennial Poem, Extract, p. 172.

Wilkes, John, politician, orator; b. London, Eng., 1737; (Leyden Univ.;) d. 1797. "American Enterprise.—The Fisheries," p. 294.

Winship, Edward Albert, Cong. min., soldier, lecturer, educational journalist; b. West Bridgewater, Mass., 1845. "Our Education must be American," p. 538.

Winthrop, John, patriot, statesman; Gov. Mass., 1629, and nine times in succession until his death; b. Suffolk, Eng., 1588; d. 1649. "True Liberty honors Authority," p. 215.

Winthrop, Robert Charles, scholar, historian, statesman; Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives; U. S. Sen., Mass.; b. Boston, Mass., May 12, 1809; (Harv. Coll., 1826.) Addresses at laying the corner-stone and at completion of the Washington Monument, pp. 177-181; Addresses at Yorktown Centennial, pp. 194-197; Jubilee Ode to Queen Victoria, p. 365.

Witherspoon, Jeremiah, min. Cumberland Presb. Church, takes part in Constitutional Centennial, Phila., 1887, p. 526.

Woodbury, Levi, lawyer, jurist, statesman; Gov. N.H.; U. S. Sen., N.H.; b. Francestown, N.H., 1789; (Dartmouth Coll., N.H., 1809;) d. 1851. "American Citizenship and its Duties," p. 281.

Woolsey, Theodore Dwight, Cong. min., Greek scholar, standard writer upon international law, author of classical works; Pres. Yale Coll. twenty-five years; b. New York City, October 31, 1801; (Yale Coll., 1820; also in Germany.) "The True Position of America," p. 556.

THE END.